SEPTEMBER, 1948
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Special College Feature

12 graphic pages of what-to-wear and how-to-live on campus—page 71

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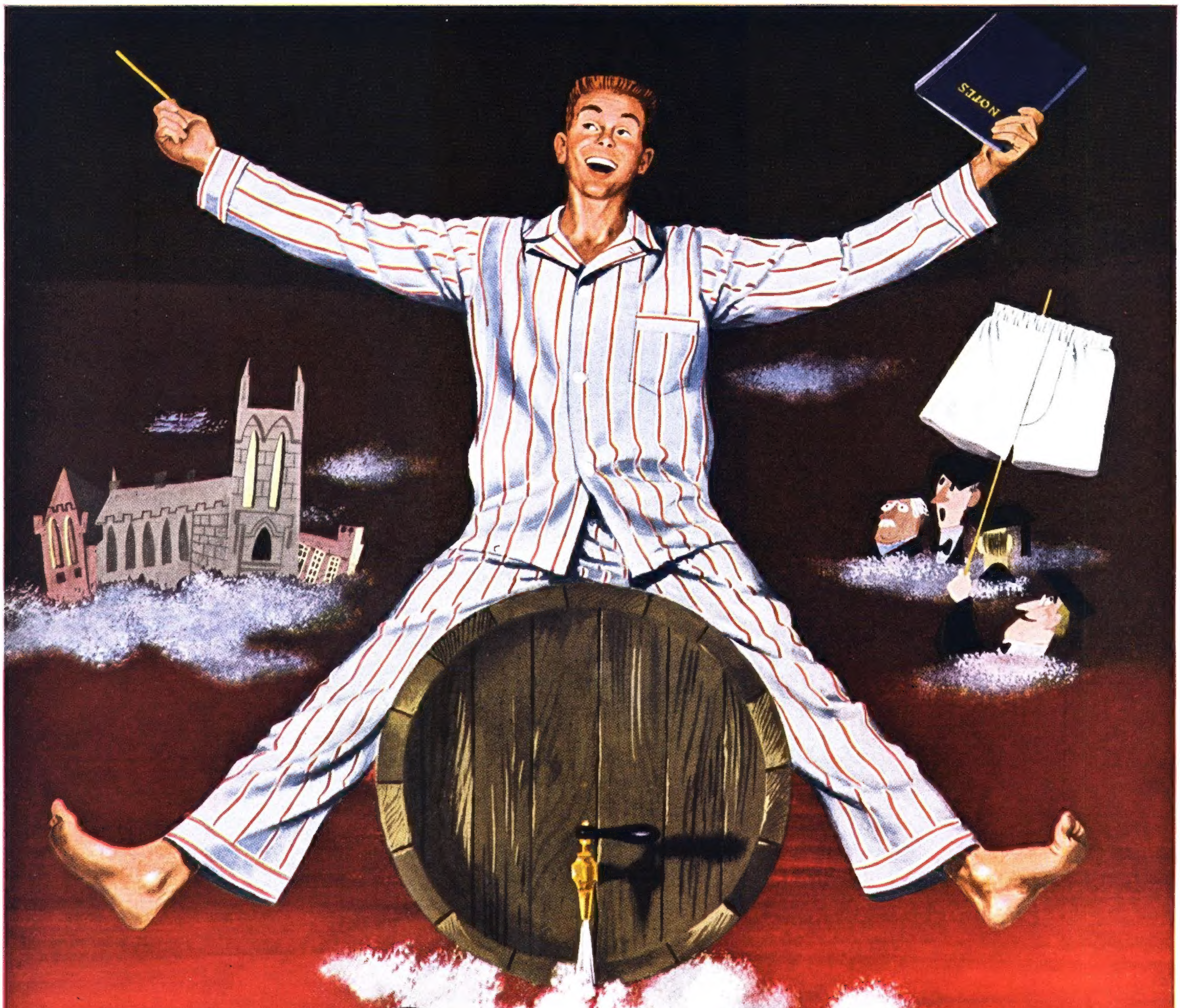

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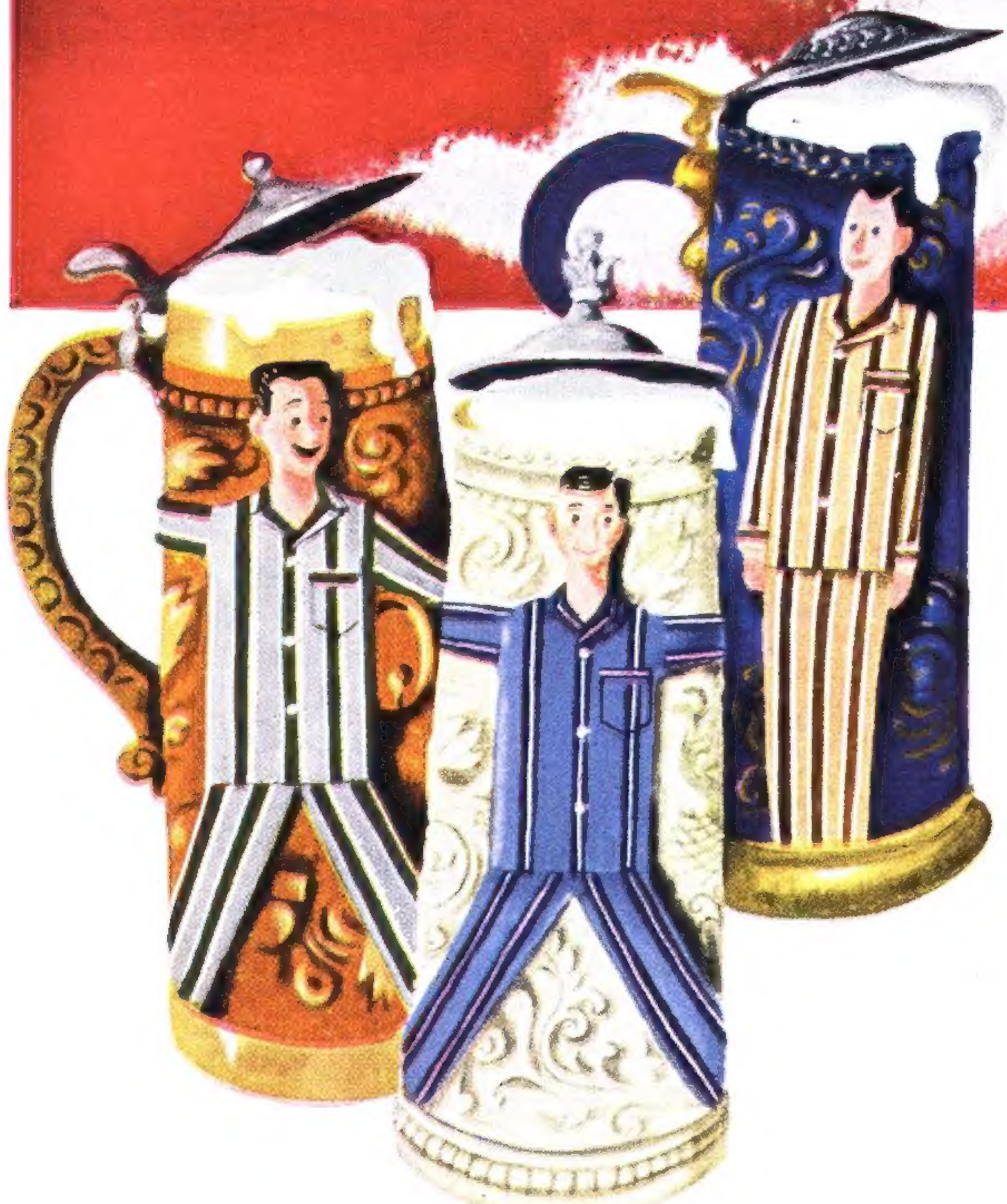

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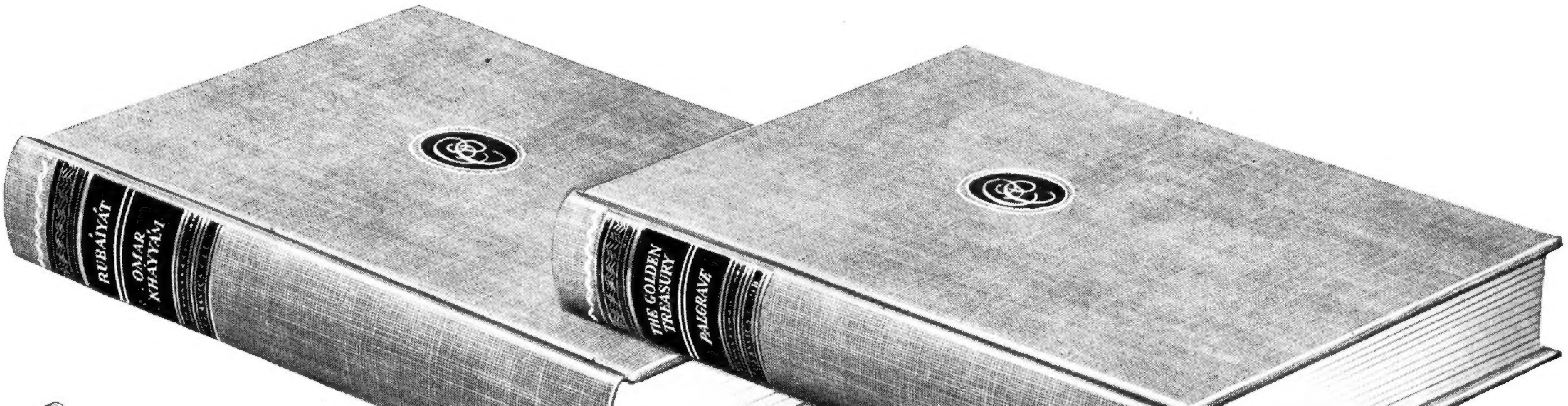

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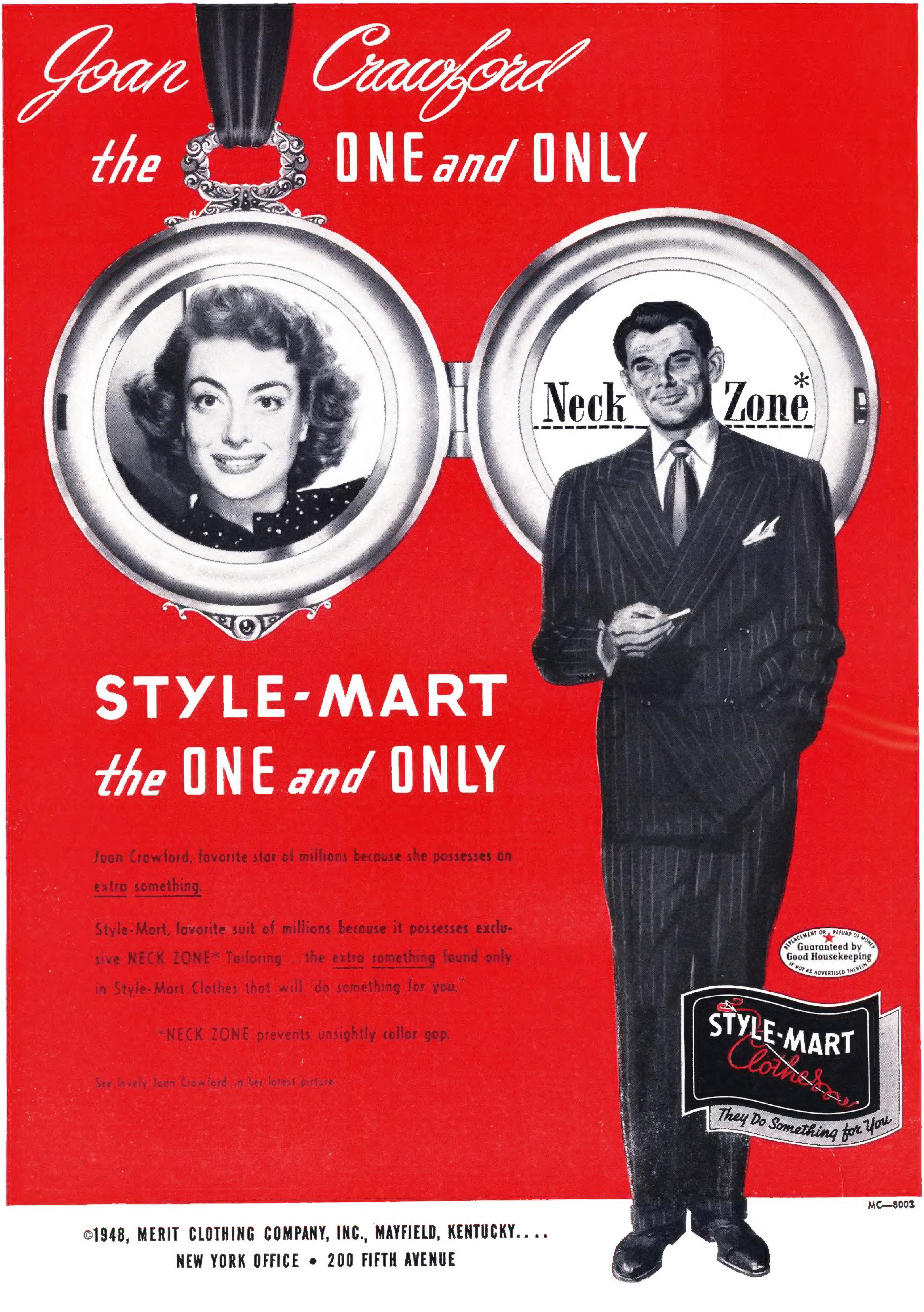

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Esquire

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Editorial: Turn Right at the Quonset Hut

A PRESIDENT of Harvard once remarked that the reason why that campus was famed for its vast store of knowledge was that freshmen brought with them so much of the commodity and seniors took so little of it away.

But times have changed on campus.

For instance, not so long ago, a man in a quiet business suit strolled to do a day's work as president of another great university. On the way he smilingly obliged a few photographers who stopped him for a news picture. One of them remarked that the last time he had snapped Prexy was on a Normandy Beach, when the boss had rougher matters on his mind. For a moment, the two stood caught up in that memory, and then Ike continued on his way to work . . . a new kind of college president.

It isn't true, as our friends frequently allege, that we attended the ivied halls when a man was not a man without a turtle-neck sweater and a calabash pipe. But probably we didn't miss by too great a margin. If you'll stop picking on that mandolin, we'll tell you about a movie plot-boiler of our day which was highly significant. It seems that an old, wistful coot was shown as an undergraduate in spite of his years: his age was sadly emphasized by the chorus boys and girls grouped about him, merrily heading for classes and playing their youthful tricks on each other. (Ethnological note: the tricks are still the same.) There were no books in the script, of course, and the few observed, carried in students' hands as props, were handled with all the loving care one would lavish on a rattlesnake.

The mind grows dim as we cast back over the painful details of this dramatic masterpiece, but it seems, in general, that some twenty years before, the oldster had entered school, married, and begat a son. In a touching flashback, we were shown the death of his wife—an unfortunate demise brought on by swallowing a prune pit during a midnight spread in one of the fraternity houses, or on some other such flaming occasion. At any rate, after thrashing her arms around to indicate great internal stress, the heavily powdered damsel made a final request of her spouse, and took off for a better world, or campus. Her request: that he stay in college until their team, good old Eyewash, beat the traditional rival, good old Hogwash, in football. It seemed like a cinch to our hero, who had played the horses enough to know that even a plug has got to win once in a while, if you watch the averages, and so he said yes.

Twenty years later, we see him still an undergraduate, even though rheumatic, rich in the lore noted down in biology, zoology, and sewing classes, and getting damn sick of wearing white flannels and playing the kazoo. His soul had turned into a rebel against the tyranny of the report card. Not without reason he hung around the football practice field, waiting for some bloke to show up who could run a hundred yards with a football under his arm, even if some nasty guys tried to stop him. You guessed it: the bloke turns out to be that infant he begat, our hero. He wins the big game and a girl we forgot to mention, and his father rushes off campus with a great shout, combing his grey locks and preparing for an offstage book burning.

You can easily see what a wonderful and realistic production this was.

Only, sad to say, no one thought it was odd, at the time, for a dying woman to tie up a man for a lifetime over the outcome of a football game. It was all right and just: that football game was important, and anyone who didn't think so, by Jupiter, was apt to find himself ducked in the old school pond some chilly midnight.

As we said, times have changed. The lads in our dormitory days who thought it a big joke to drop two-hundred-pound cakes of ice down the stair well from the top floor now look pretty sad to the students who were loosing blockbusters over Berlin not very long ago.

A downy-cheeked upperclassman recently told one of the inferior beings a grade below him that they hoped to make a man out of him yet. Replied the lowerclassman, a veteran with a cold eye: "I've killed better men than you."

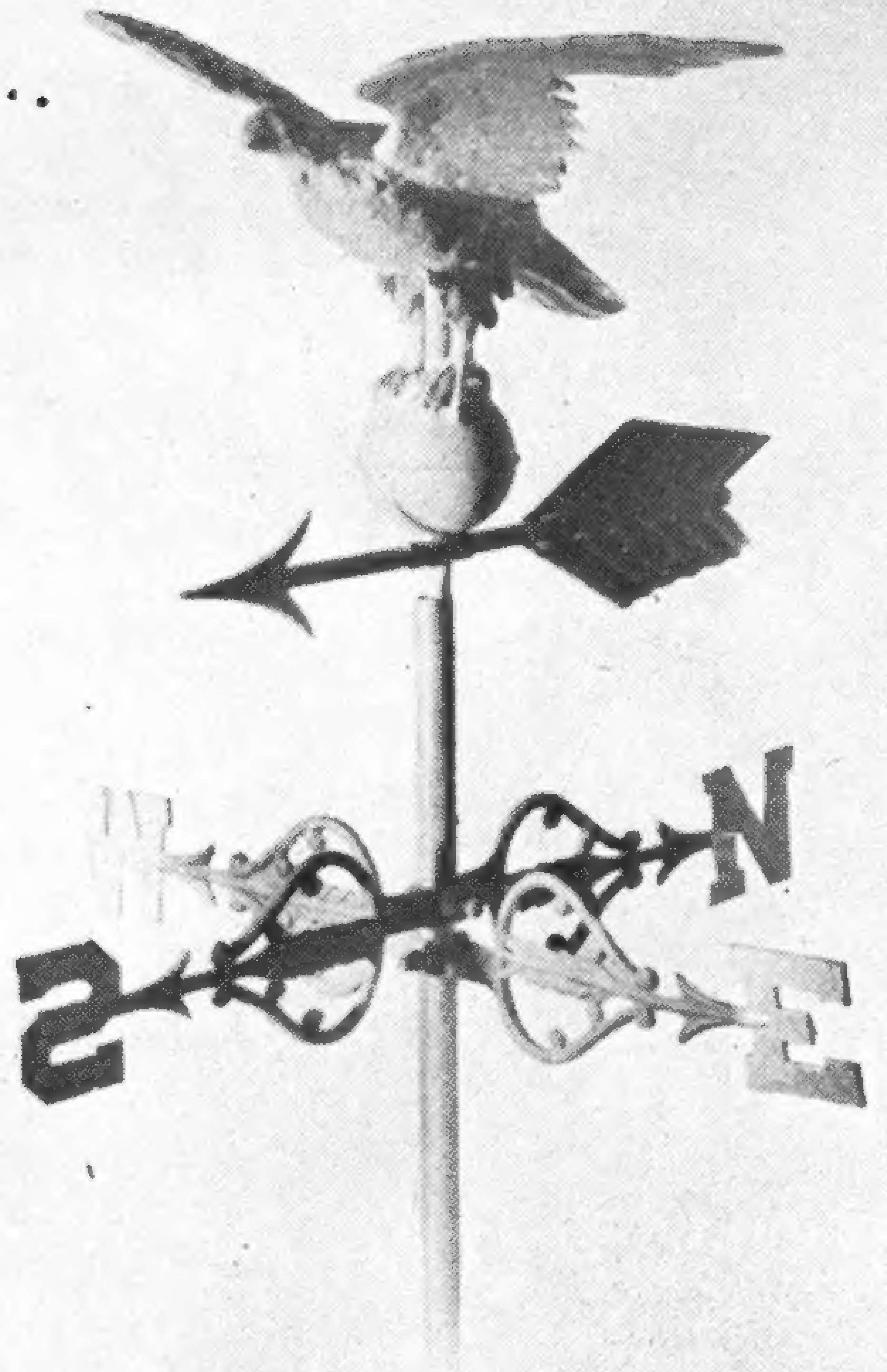
And—believe it or not—the student body at another college won a battle with the library employees to keep the study rooms open for another hour each night. It was quite a battle, and when you get right down to it, you can't blame the employees too much. It wasn't unwillingness to work longer every night that was troubling them; they just couldn't get it through their heads that college students were actually interested in studying. A great tradition was scrapped in that battle.

All this rumination took place some time ago in our own Esquire councils as we prepared this Going Back to Campus Issue. Long ago we learned that anyone out of school even for just a few years is already a fossil to the undergraduate. And, if he persists in airing his views, and, what is much worse, his vocabulary, he finds himself ready for burial, respectfully but firmly, in the library stacks where the records of the Peloponnesian Wars are filed. So we convened, as we do each season, with various young campus characters who annually seem to get younger (we wonder why?) and who this year looked, to our rheumy eyes, like runaways from a high-school sophomore prom. Esky is popular on campus, as ever before, we learned—still the most stolen magazine, a tribute we have always cherished. Another tribute we have ever fondled is the flattery of an Esquire edition by the college funny magazine. Sometimes we help out a bit, sometimes we staff the sheet with our own writers and contributors, sometimes we just sit back and watch them tear us to bits with deft and penetrating surgery. We have been so dissected on many a dignified masthead, among them the humorous magazines at the University of North Carolina, Harvard, Boston University, Duke, The University of Michigan, Annapolis, Cornell, The University of Iowa, Stanford, The University of Nebraska, Georgia School of Technology, New York University, Ohio State, The University of California. And we love it: we belong.

So Esky is in his own right a campus character, and by the eternal youth in his veins, a fit *advisor emeritus* on the subjects you will find in this issue—Living, Learning, and Leisure, or what every young man should desire under the elms. Our secretary, a grandmother of some twenty-four years, brightly suggested adding "Loving" to the categories starting with L, but we considered the suggestion frivolous for the student of today whose grades in that subject flap in the breeze daily behind the Quonset hut where he lives with his brood. We direct our suggestions and our best wishes, then, to a new kind of student, a man concerned with manly studies, boldly striding into life instead of holing up for four years to escape from it a little while longer. It's a great day on the campus.

To Page 71, then, sir, for your Living, Learning, and Leisure. ⵌ

Wherever you go... Whenever you go...



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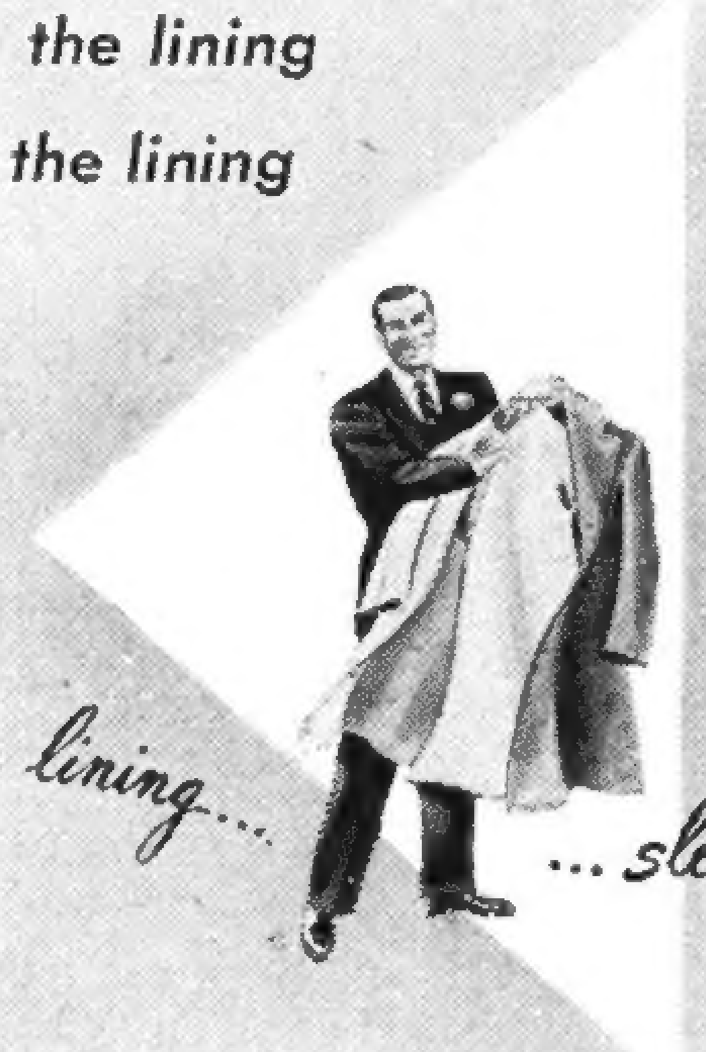

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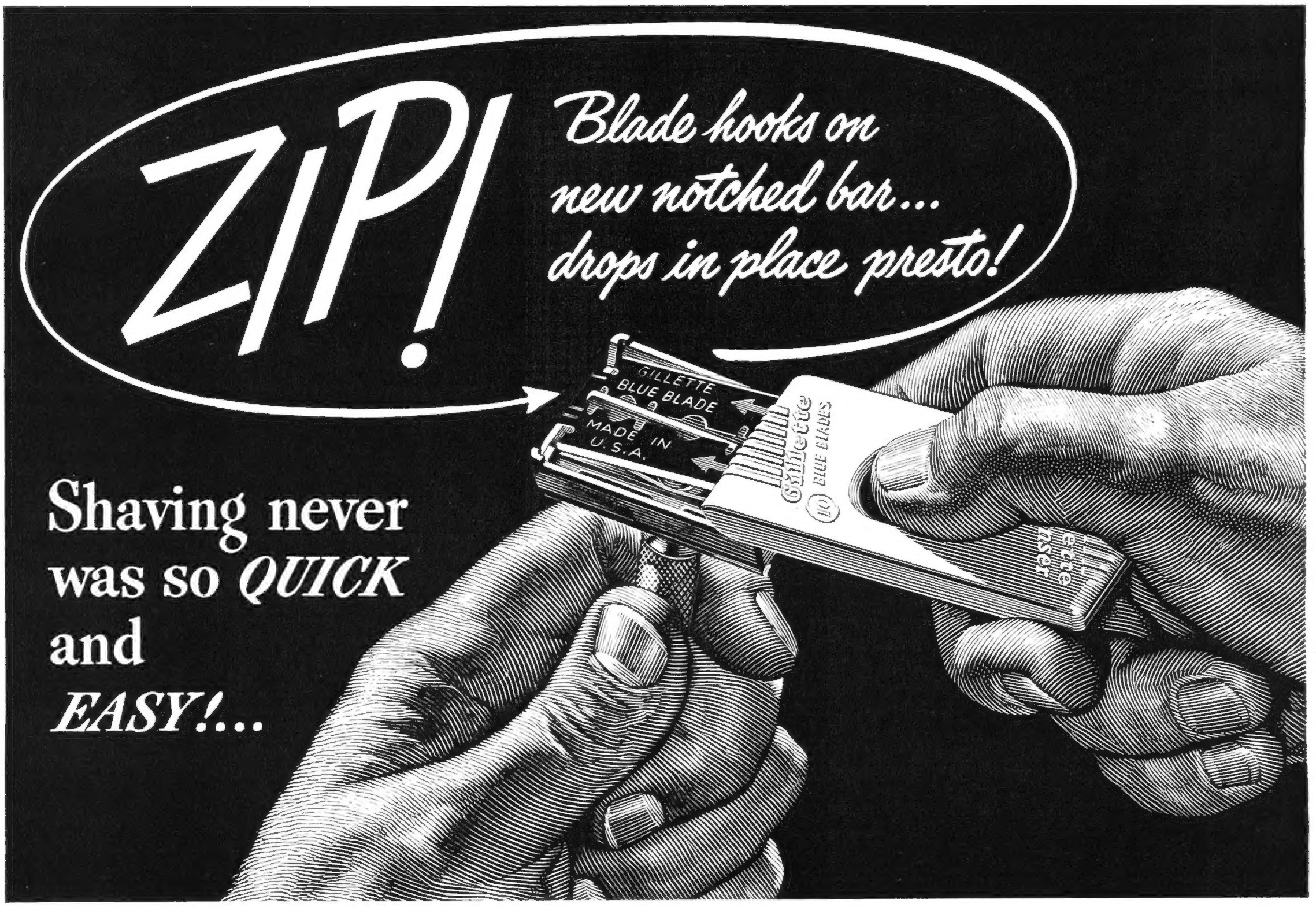
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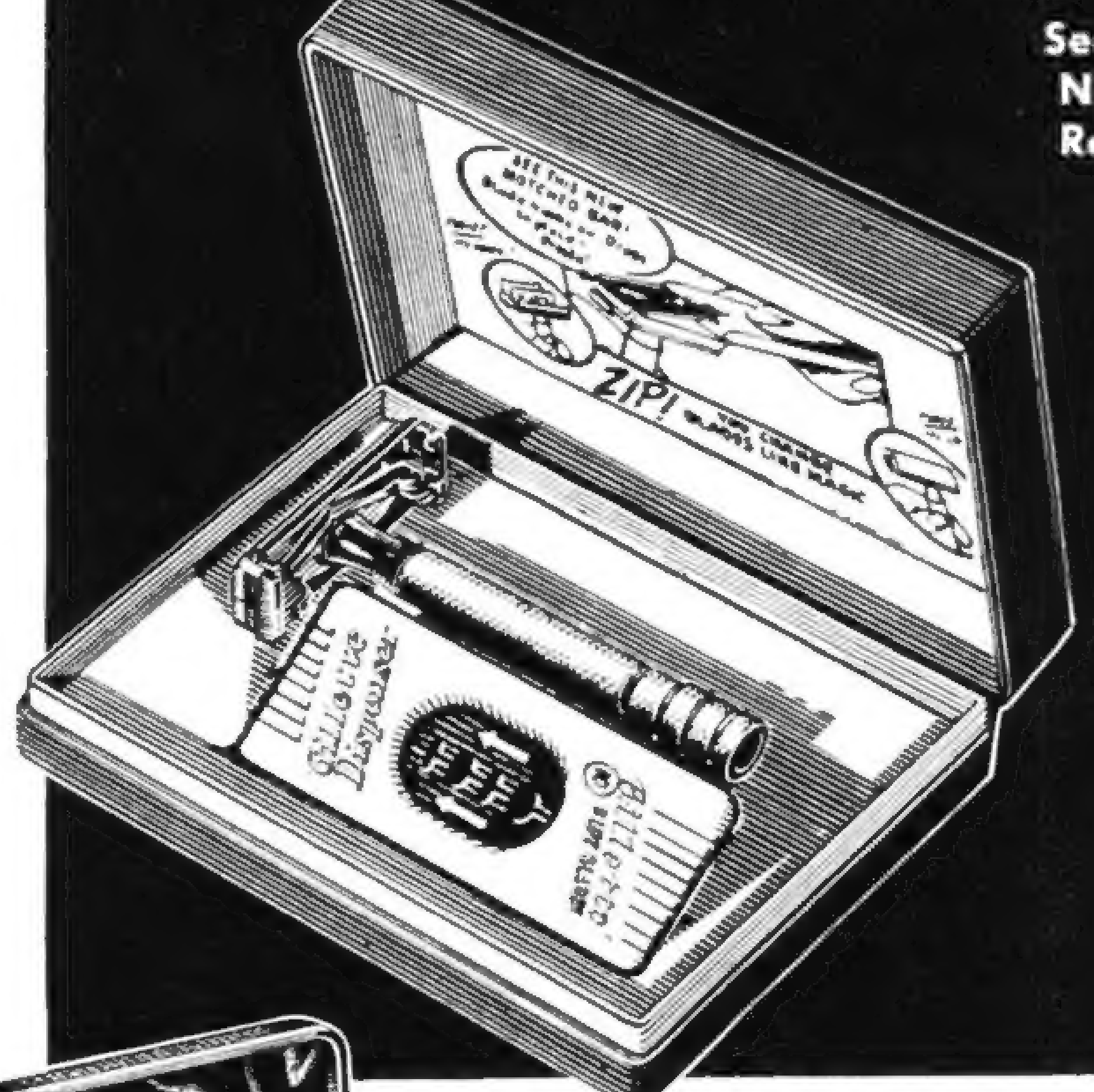

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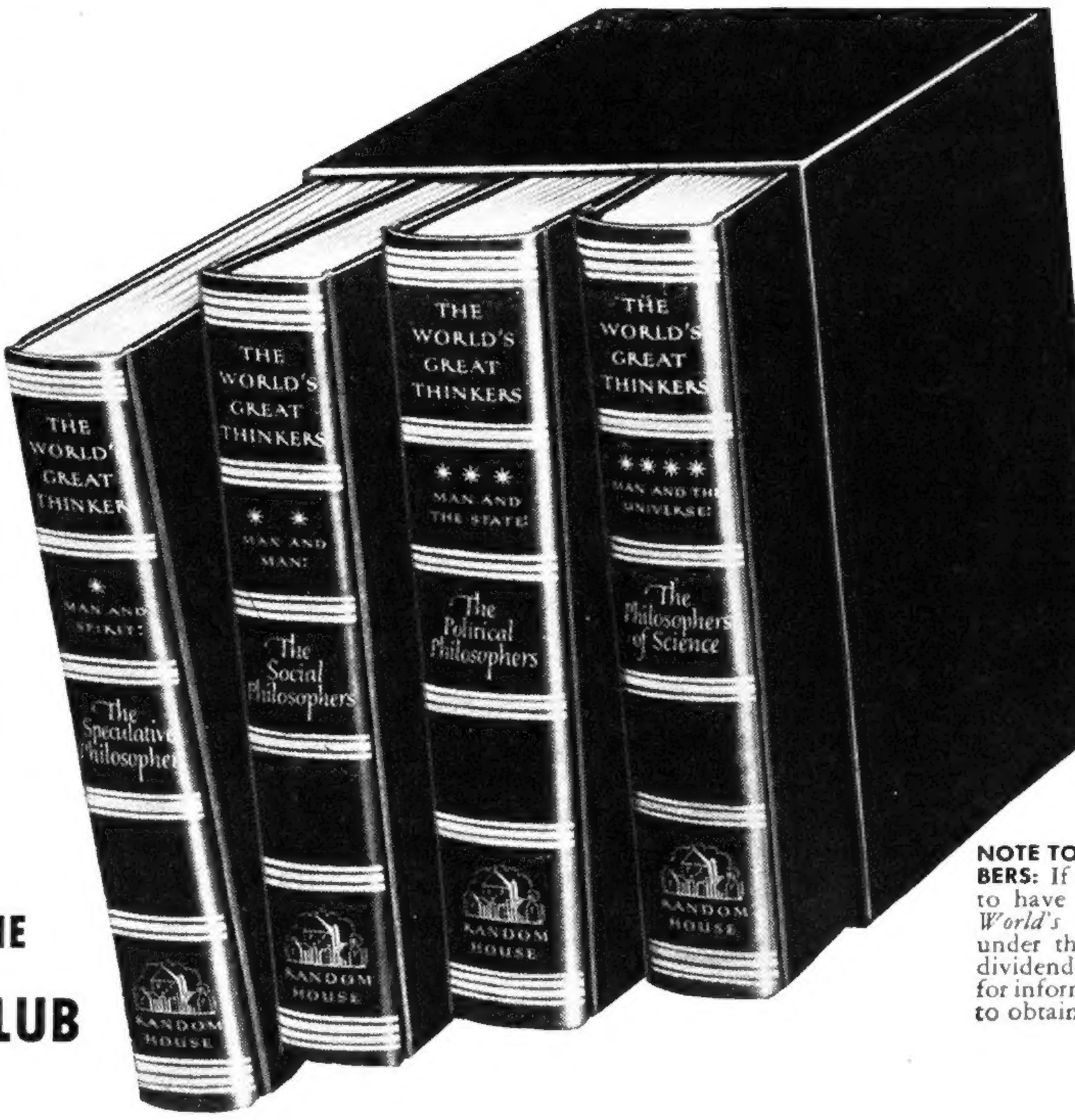
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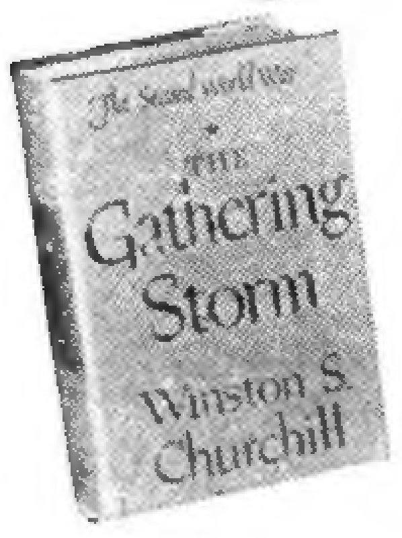
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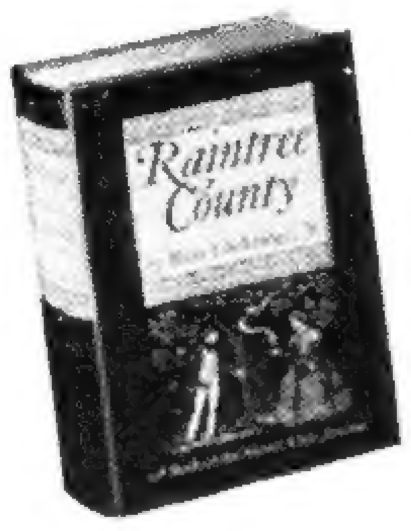
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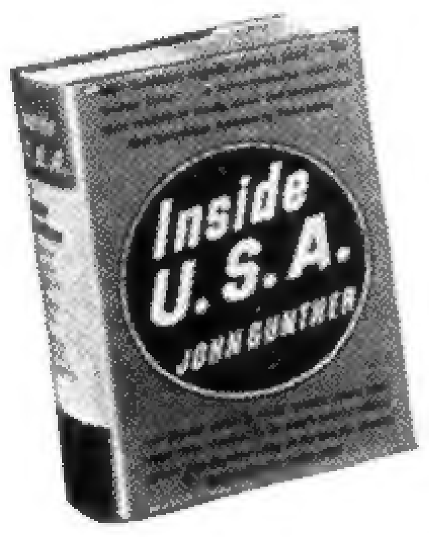
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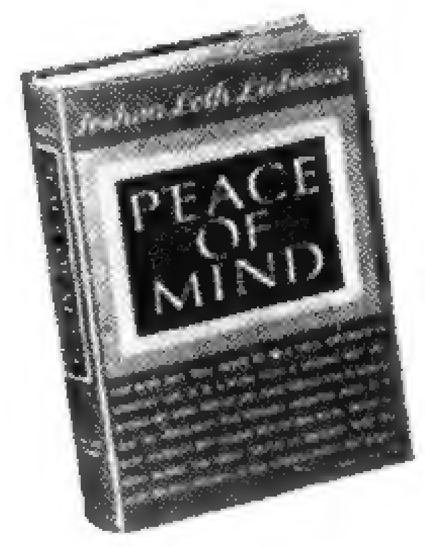
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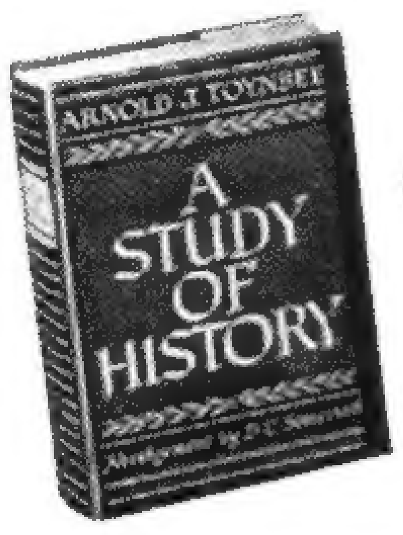
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The Sound and the Fury

memorial to the 65th

Littlebury is a sleepy little village. Two miles away is the little town of Saffron Walden. Most of its buildings were erected four or five hundred years ago. During the war years this little town was alive with American flying boys. The little "pubs" rang with their laughter and songs, and friendly folk opened their cottage doors to entertain them.

Tall, husky young fellows with the accents of forty-eight states brought a new kind of language and enthusiasm to this quiet countryside. They gave their candy rations to the kiddies; some of them married our pretty girls.

There is to be erected in Saffron Walden a beautiful Memorial Hall and Park as a tribute to those gallant men of the 65th U.S. Fighter Wing who could not go home. It will be the combined contribution of the living members of the 65th and the people of Saffron Walden.

Along our quiet lanes are comfortable benches bearing the inscription: "Dedicated to the Friendly Folks of Saffron Walden by members of the American forces who found much peace and beauty in these lovely byroads."

We pause to rest and remember our American pals and we wish them well.

Bill Campbell
Littlebury, England

Fräulein wins the sweets

I just read *The Fräulein Wins the Peace* by Harry N. Sperber in your April issue. I've never heard of this gentleman but he is so-o-o right. The thing that really bowls me over is that he *is* a man and yet he saw through these babes over here.

One has only to sit and listen to a group of these G.I.'s discussing their various Fräuleins and hear a few phrases like "my Fräulein eats better than I do in our messhall"—"I got my woman 6 pr. of nylons from a guy who works in the warehouse"—and "I drank so much schnapps last night I don't remember what happened after nine o'clock"—to know that they are sold. You can count on it if the PX has American candy bars the G.I. will get his ration for his Fräulein and the American nurse will be told they are sorry but they just sold the last bar. This, of course, is because three of said Fräuleins sell the candy.

Lest anyone think I am an embittered old maid, I shall hasten to say I am quite contented in the E.C. and am enjoying experiences and travel that would not have been mine but for an Army career. I am glad I came to Europe, but there are times when I am quite disgusted with the caliber of American male that is on the loose over here.

An American Nurse
Wurzburg, Germany

Bedside Esky

(1)

As Hon. Librarian of this establishment, a Tuberculosis Sanatorium with some forty patients, I am writing to ask whether your readers have any back numbers of Esquire they would donate to us. We are already subscribers and circulate your issues regularly, but as we also supply a large hospital in Liverpool, a quantity of old numbers would be very acceptable and provide additional and most entertaining reading matter for our bed patients, and those in the Liverpool hospital. Many thanks for whatever you can do to help us.

H. J. Maggs
Ruthin, N. Wales

(2)

Why don't people pass on their Esquires to Veteran's Hospitals?

As the war is several years behind us, well intentioned persons forgot the boys who gave their legs and arms and even their normal reasoning. I am certain there is some sort of therapy in the chuckly cartoons and the vital stories of Esquire. Esquires once read or re-read could lead a new and useful life in the lonely room of a bedridden veteran.

Mary V. Leech
Tulsa, Okla.

debate with Sperber

The Fräulein Wins the Peace creates a prejudice against a whole race of human beings. I have spent more than thirty-six months with this race, and I can say that I have never heard of any of the statements Harry Sperber claims.

Have you ever spoken to the people, Mr. Sperber? I mean the laborer, the baker, the banker and the housewife. Yes, they have those kinds of people, too. I have spoken with these people and they have not told me that they hated anybody. I think that if we were to give these people a chance we would not be sorry later. You used a word in your article, I believe it was "Offiziers-Matratzen," but because they are Germans does that mean that they are all prostitutes? I am married to a German Fräulein. But, does that mean she is no damn good? I'll take my wife and place her against any of your "Miss Americas," and I'll still hold her higher than any of them.

Henry Clay Farrar
Fort Knox, Ky.

author's rebuttal

You accuse me of trying to promote prejudice against the whole German "race." That's impossible, because, you see, there is no such thing as a German "race." It was Hitler who created the insane idea about a German "race," which he claimed was better than any other. You have permitted yourself to be hornswoggled into accepting the idea about a German "race."

You tell me that there are nice Germans who told you that they never hated anybody. May I ask you how well you speak German? And: did you wear a uniform while speaking to all those people? If you did wear a uniform, do you actually believe that they told you what was honestly in their minds? I was born in Berlin and went to college there. German is my mother-tongue. I dressed myself in German civilian clothes while on Occupation duty and fooled everyone into believing that I was a real German. I wish you could have come along and listened to their talk when they didn't know that I was an American soldier. They sang a different tune than that which I heard while I was in uniform. It was not only unpleasant; it was frightening.

I agree with you that not all German girls are prostitutes. If you read my story more carefully, you will discover that I said that. If you tell me that you love your wife, I respect you and hope you will be happy with her.

Still, I will continue to tell my story of German cunning (including that of poison-minded German girls), German hatred
ca and dreams of re-
will do this because I
ica and hate the thought
German men going over for
for Amerget killed. I know
venge. I 's who served in
Ger love Amer back full of ad-
mira of seeing hem. They don't
kno a third tir the last war we
were that many the boot-licking
politeness of the Germans and
tried to get them on their feet.

Now the Germans are selling us a new bill of goods of innocence and we are falling for it all over again. Did you find a single Nazi in Germany? I didn't. Yet Hitler got 99 per cent of their votes. True: there are some very nice people in Germany. I am waiting for these nice people to assert themselves and batter down the noise and tricks and meanness of the old-line Nazis who are coming to life again all over Germany. Under Hitler they had the excuse that the Nazis were too tough to fight. Now there is no more Hitler to throw them into concentration camps. Let these nice people show they have the courage to fight this scourge. I will be the first to shout: "Let's go and help them. They are decent and want to make a democracy in Germany work!"

I am waiting!

Harry N. Sperber
New York, N.Y.

case continued

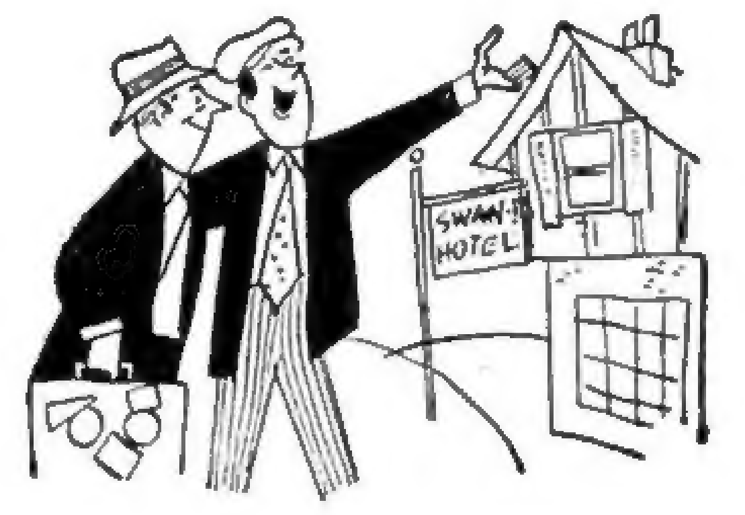
I have been a reader of your magazine ever since I've been old enough to appreciate the finer things in life. I have always enjoyed the stories and articles, shunning many competitors because of their continued stories.

This year my wife gave me a subscription to Esquire and I was as happy as could be because I did not have to worry about the continued stories.

Lo and behold! The second issue arrived in the mail and I find a *continued* story. How come?

Your articles, your stories and your pictures are wonderful, *but please* no serials!

Sam Soloman
Washington, D.C.



Helen's champion

It's a pity Abel Green didn't meet the French and English instead of just the people in the hotels. If he cares to contact me on his next visit I can direct him to good hotels where his eggs will be prepared free and whiskey is $1.25 a double.

Eyes Over Your Shoulder is a gem. Helen Lawrenson will be unpopular with her girl friends and the recipient of stinking letters from affronted males. The answer is to behave as the males in *The Cows Jumped over the Moon.* I'd like to listen to an open talk between Miss Lawrenson and Robert Coates.

The illustrations in *Imported Horsepower* were grand but please tell the author that a British car he didn't mention and which is the fastest of the lot is the 2.5 litre Healey. It has hit up to 114 mph and it wasn't a special job built for publicity, but just standard. Costs about 1600 pounds to us!

C. F. Wood
Sennen
Cornwall, England

Continued on page 118

MOORESVILLE
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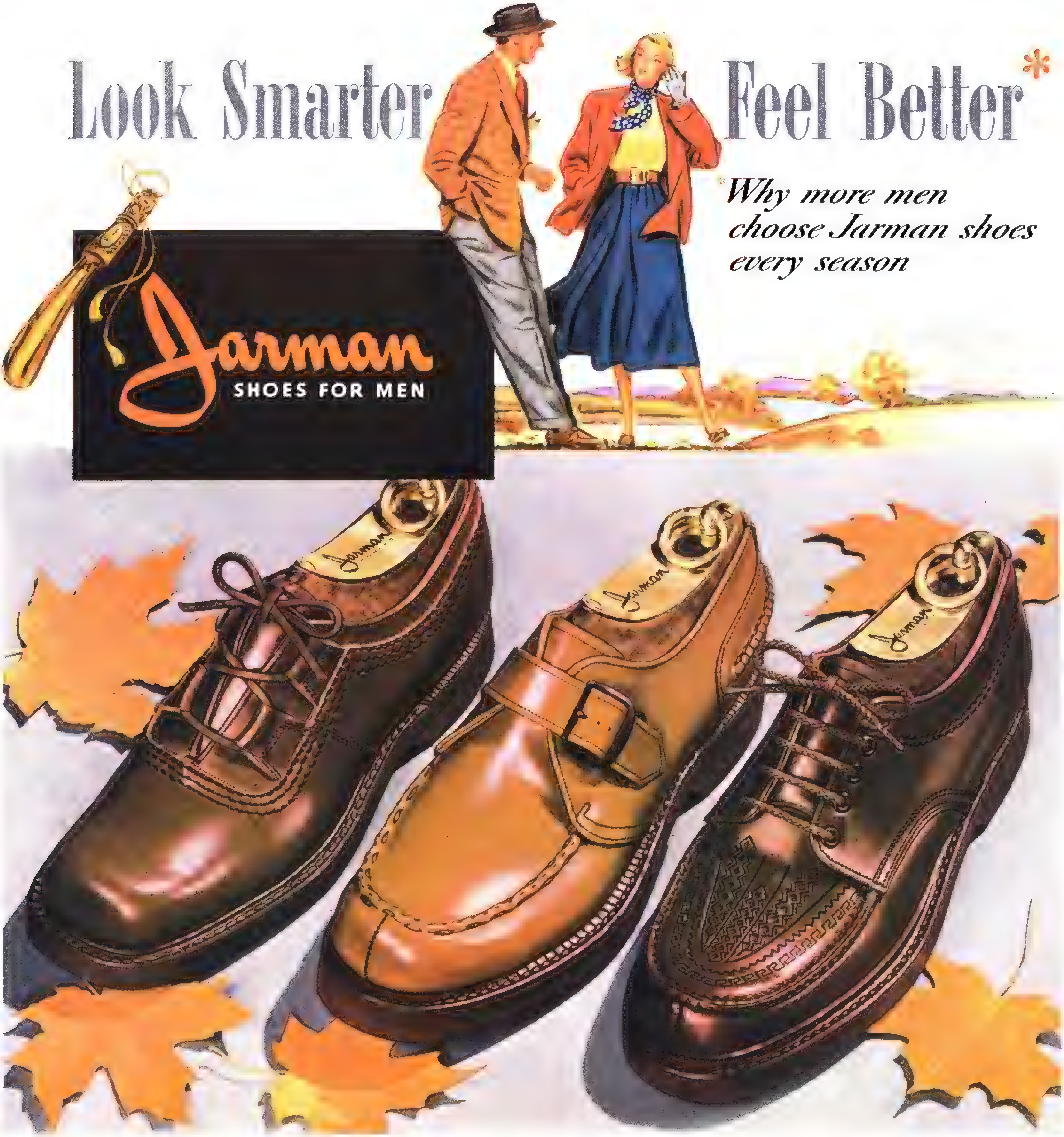

LEFT: Style 4120.
Ghillie tie, rawhide lace, storm welt, rope stitching.

CENTER· Style 4176
Hand-sewn vamp, rocker last, leather top soles.

RIGHT. Style 4185.
Embossed vamp design with extra thick rubber soles.

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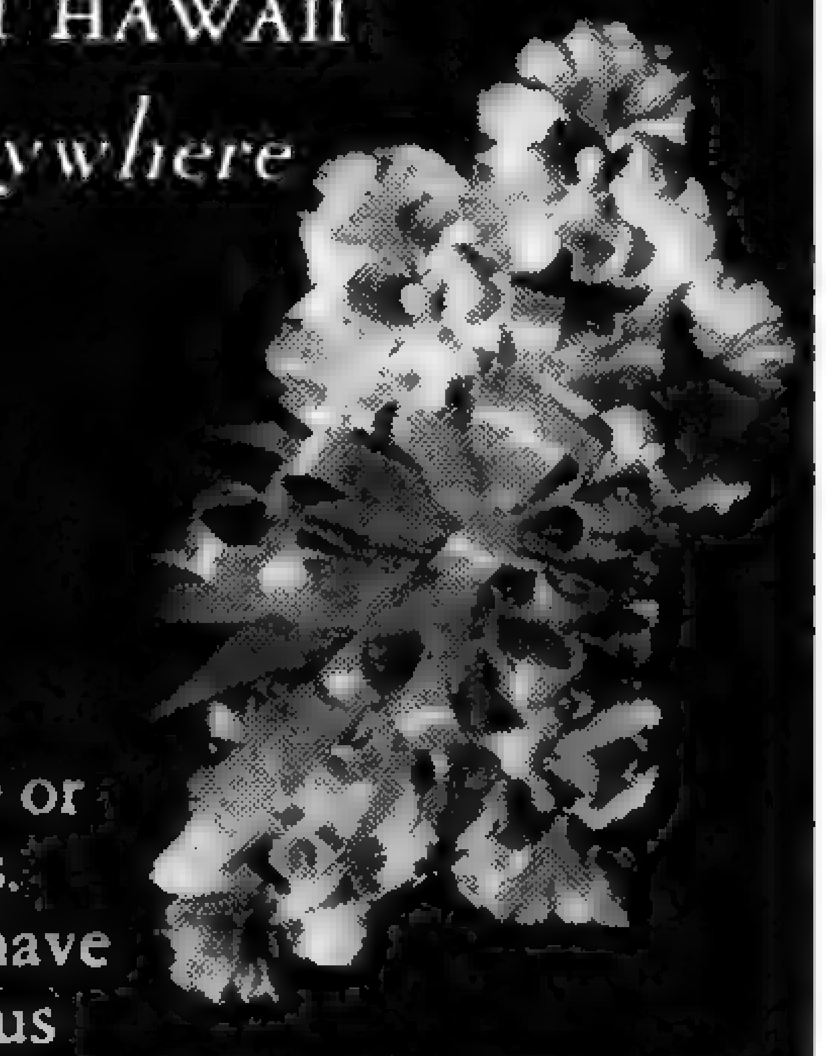

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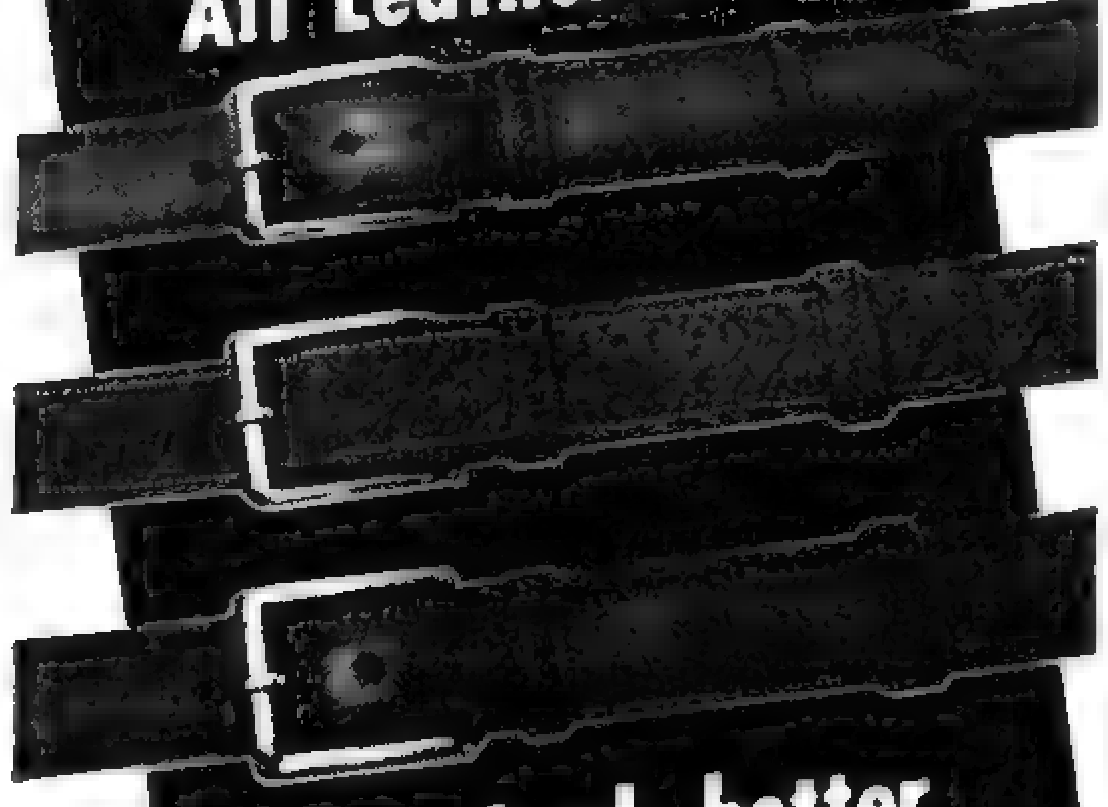

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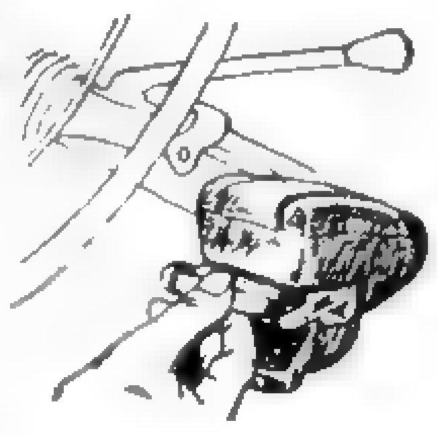
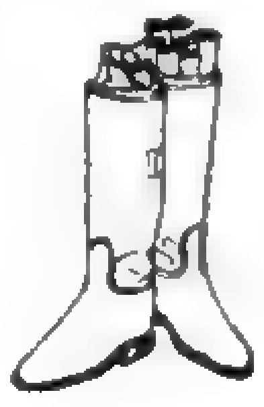
HAMLEY
All Leather Belts

Talking Shop with Esquire

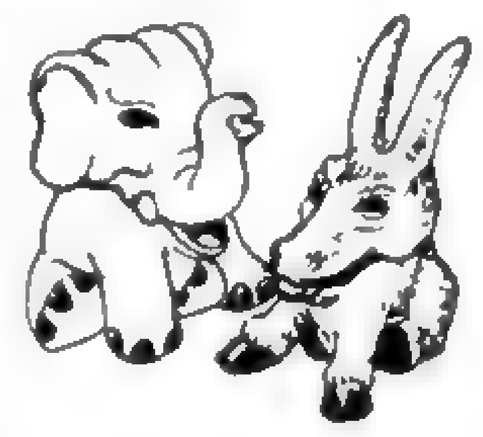
TWENTY SECONDS is the estimated time it takes to reach for a cigarette and light it, while you're driving. And that's ample time for accidents to occur. This automatic dispenser will not only deal out the cigarettes, one at a time, but it gives them to you lighted. As a lever is pressed, the cigarette falls into a trough and held against a filament by a small spring. It can be removed in three or four seconds, lighted and ready to smoke. The compact unit attaches to the steering shaft, and holds twenty cigarettes.



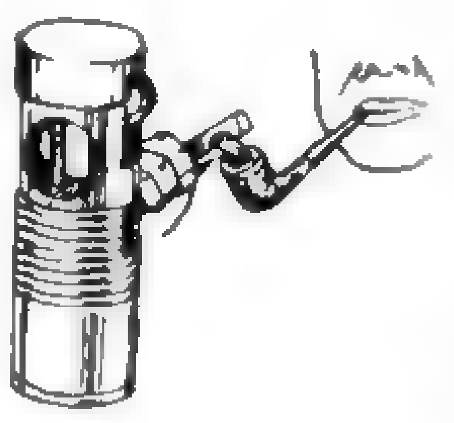
IF HE RIDES TO THE HOUNDS or just follows the horses, he ought to get a boot out of this cigarette lighter for his desk. It's a miniature replica of a riding boot, complete in every detail, with a well-made lighter anchored in the opening at the top. Properly weighted so that it won't tip over. You can buy it alone, or with an accompanying empty boot, which makes a convenient desk container for loose cigarettes. And if you want to go all out on the project, there are matching riding boot bookends, polished and mounted on wooden blocks, and a desk lamp with a riding boot base.



PARTY BOYS. They're not only good for a gag—they offer cigarettes, too. Flip back the trunk of the elephant or the donkey's muzzle, and there are the cigarettes, looking like their lower plates. A concealed spring in back of the head enables you to make them nod "yes" or "no," which ought to be useful in settling a lot of political arguments, with the election coming up. Both animals are made of highly glazed ceramic; each holds a full pack of cigarettes.



THE 64 DOLLAR QUESTION for pipe smokers is how to light up without exhausting the match supply or relying on a tilted cigarette lighter.—The answer is this aluminum lighter, made especially for pipe smokers. Works on a down-draft principle that gives you a flame right over the bowl of the pipe. The ribbed cylinder keeps the wick covered when not in use, slips back when you want a light. It's yours for a dollar.



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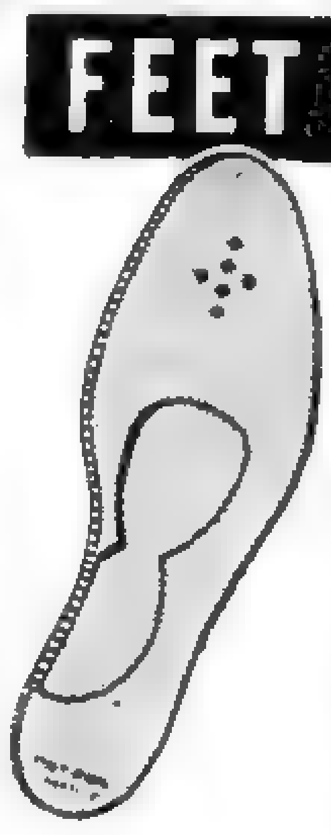

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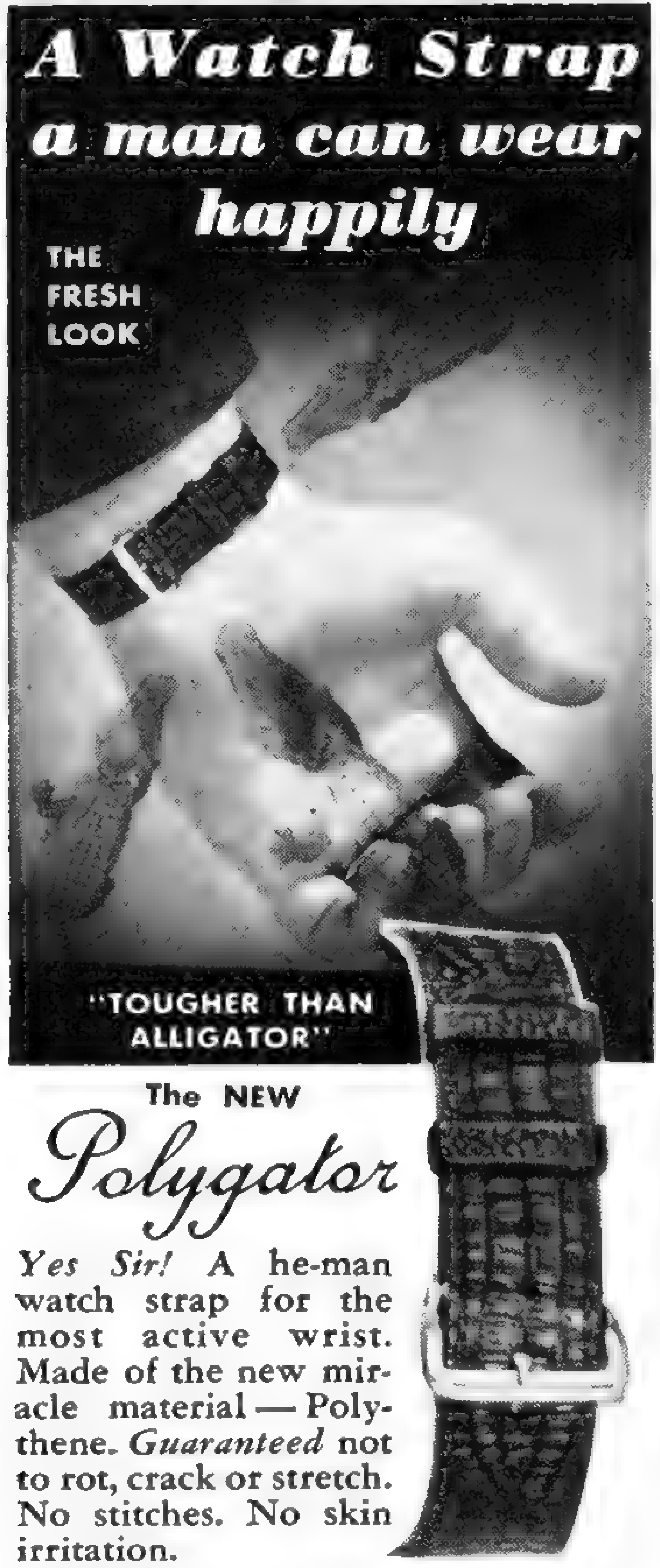
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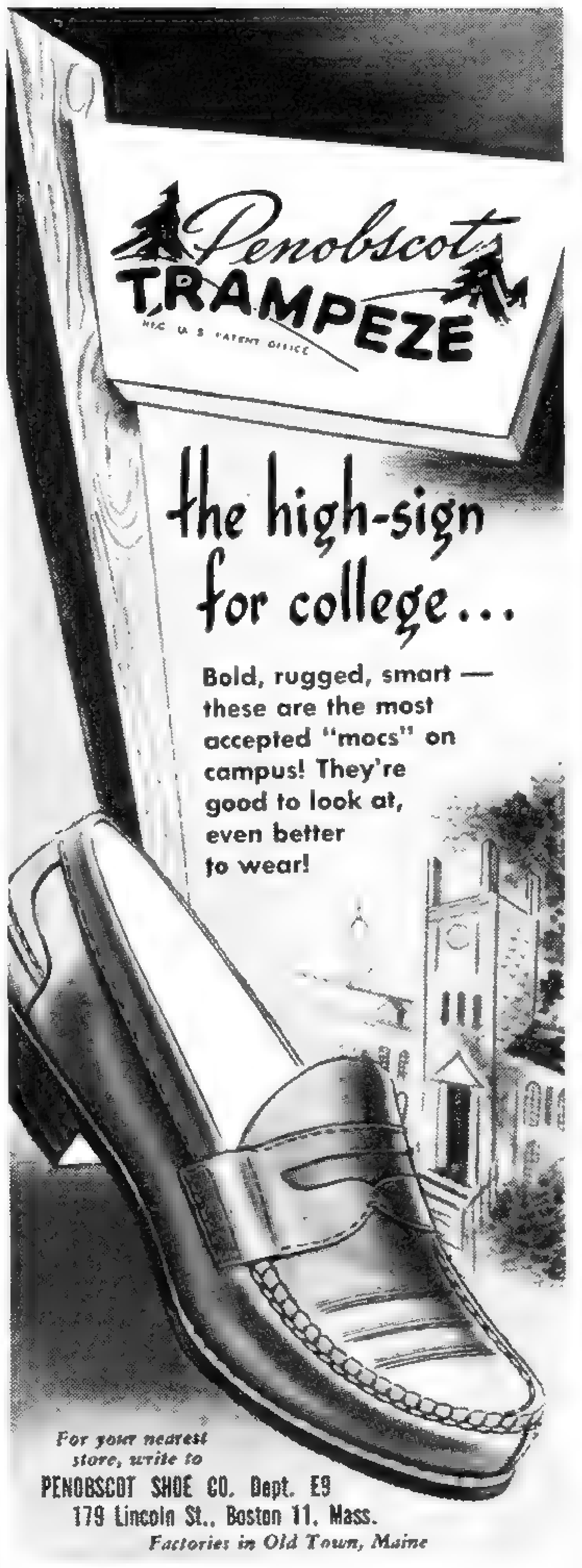
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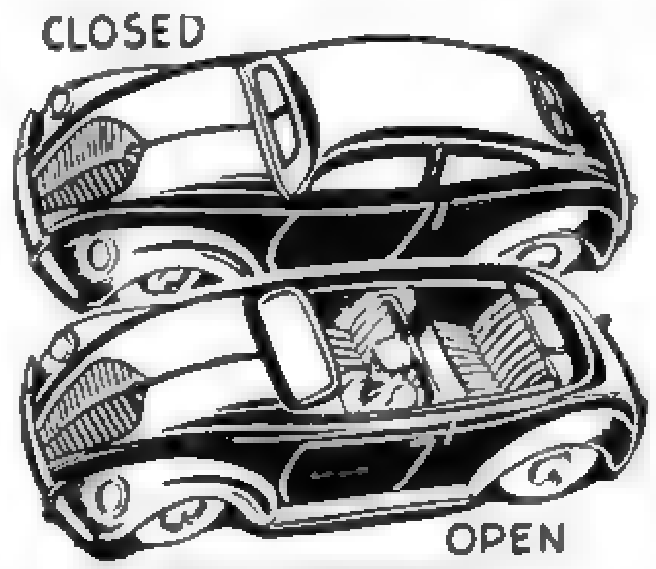

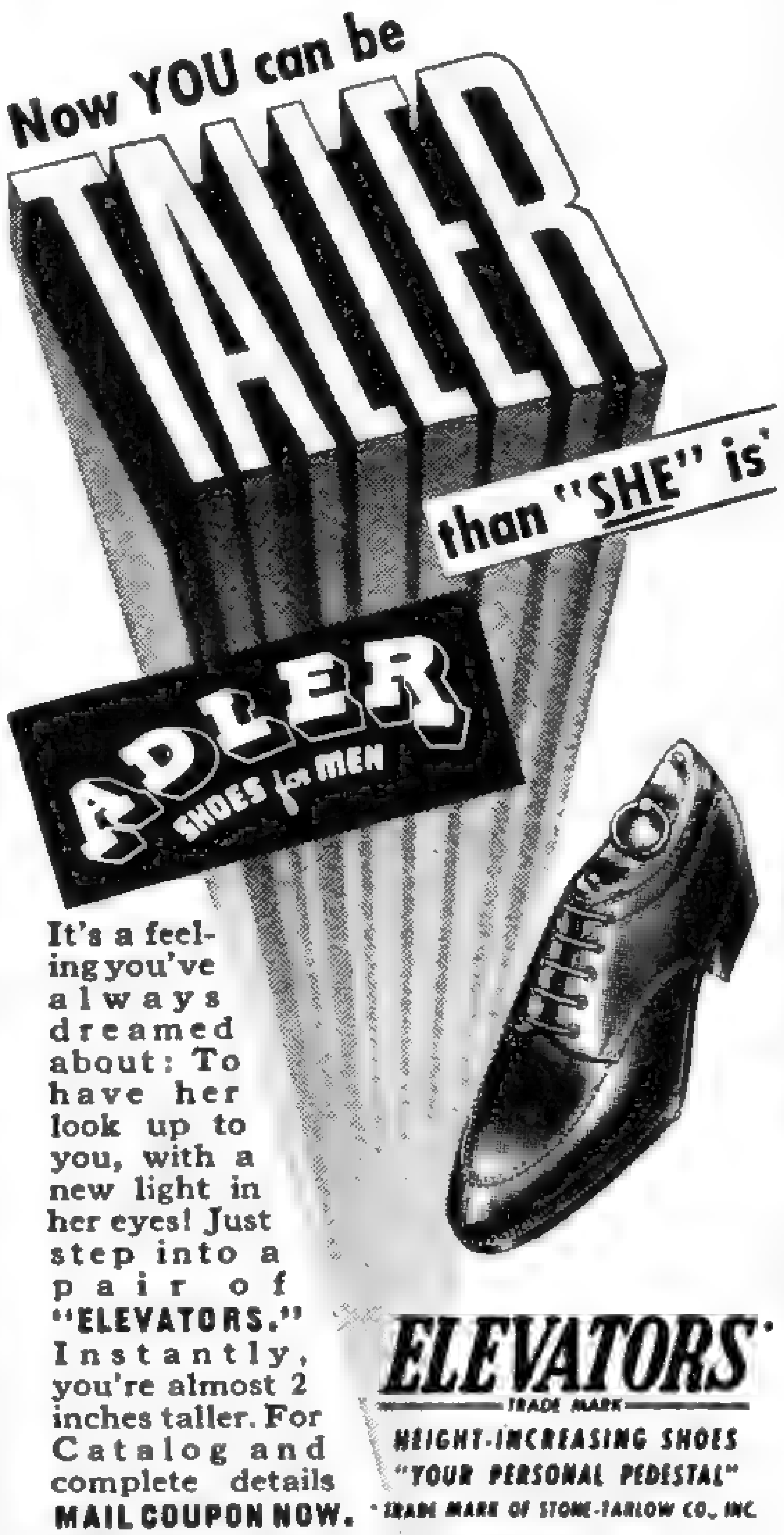
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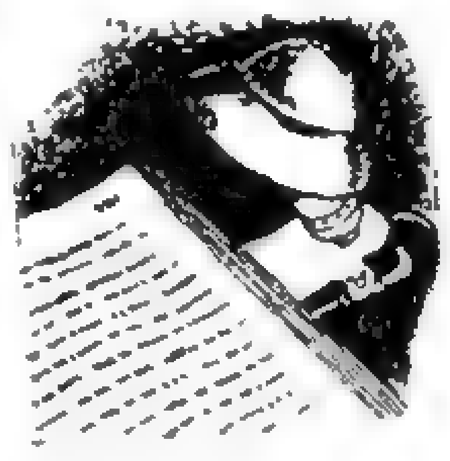
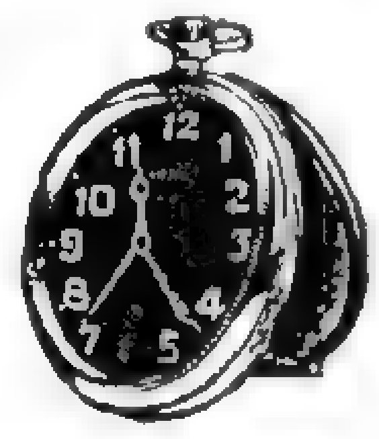
Talking Shop with Esquire

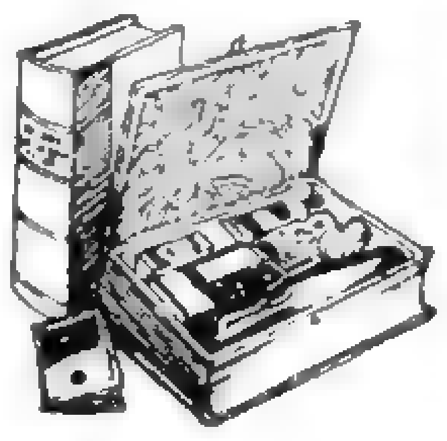
BACK TO SCHOOL means back to nighttime cramming sessions before tests. This little lamp doesn't burn the Midnight Oil, but it does shed enough light on text books (or extra-curricular novels) for reading in bed. Clips onto the side of the book and sheds its light on the page you're studying, without disturbing your room mate.



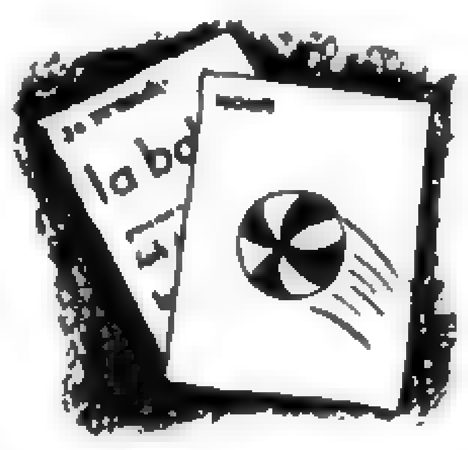
EIGHT O'CLOCK CLASS? This dependable little pocket watch alarm will get you up in time to make it. Also serves to remind the absent-minded professor *or* under-grad — of appointments, lecture periods and coke dates. No bigger than a regular pocket watch, with a luminous dial and a dark face for easy reading. Stands alone, like a full-fledged clock, when you open up the easel back. Comes in chrome or gold plate and makes a nice gift for a college student.



FOR BIBLIOPHILES. Book Lovers, that is! This leather-backed volume entitled "The Care and Feeding of Books" makes a useful addition to any library. Flip back the cover and find — not printed pages — but a complete kit for keeping up a home library. There's mending tape for torn pages, a container of leather conditioner for fine old tomes, ink and stain eradicator, mending cement for torn bindings, and other essentials.



LANGUAGE GAME. You can brush up on your French by playing cards! The 480 cards of the set show a picture of an object or type of action. The other side shows the corresponding French word, along with the correct pronunciation and English translation. You see a picture and learn a word. There are several different types of card games, all of them easy to play — Spanish, Italian, Russian, Portuguese and German.



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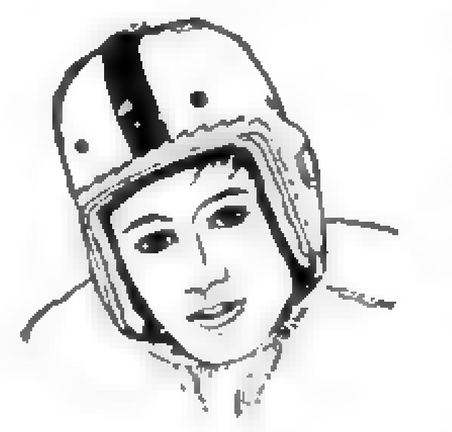

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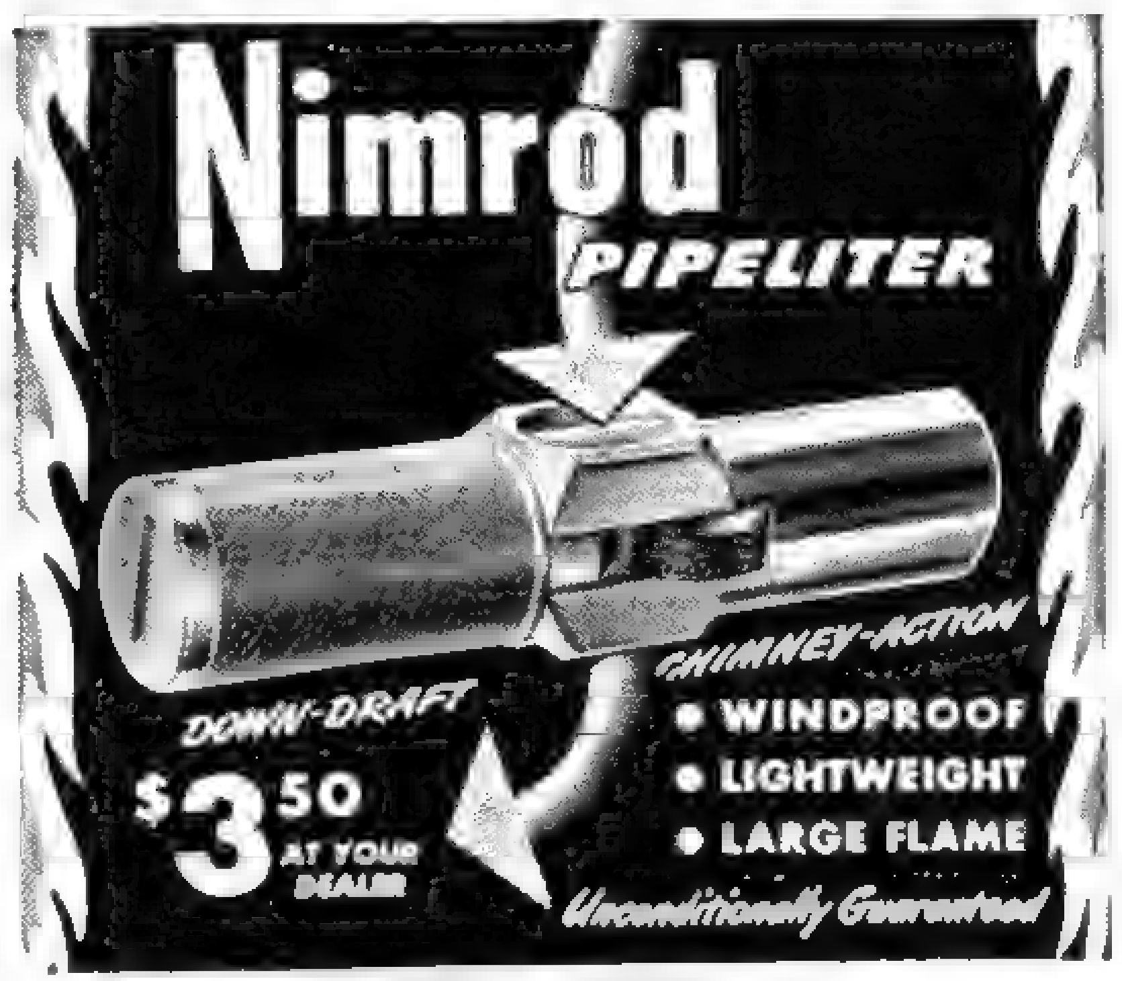
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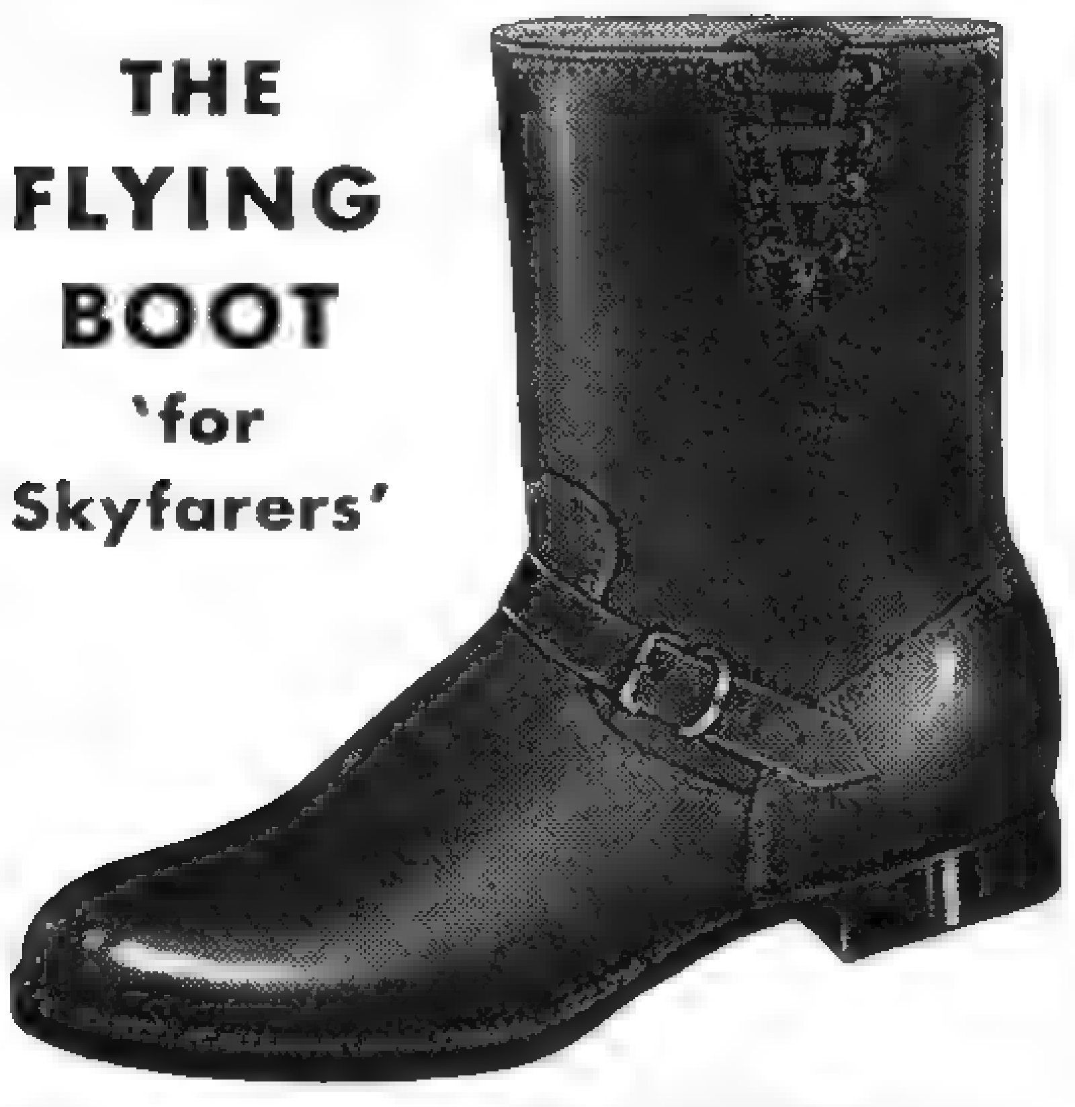

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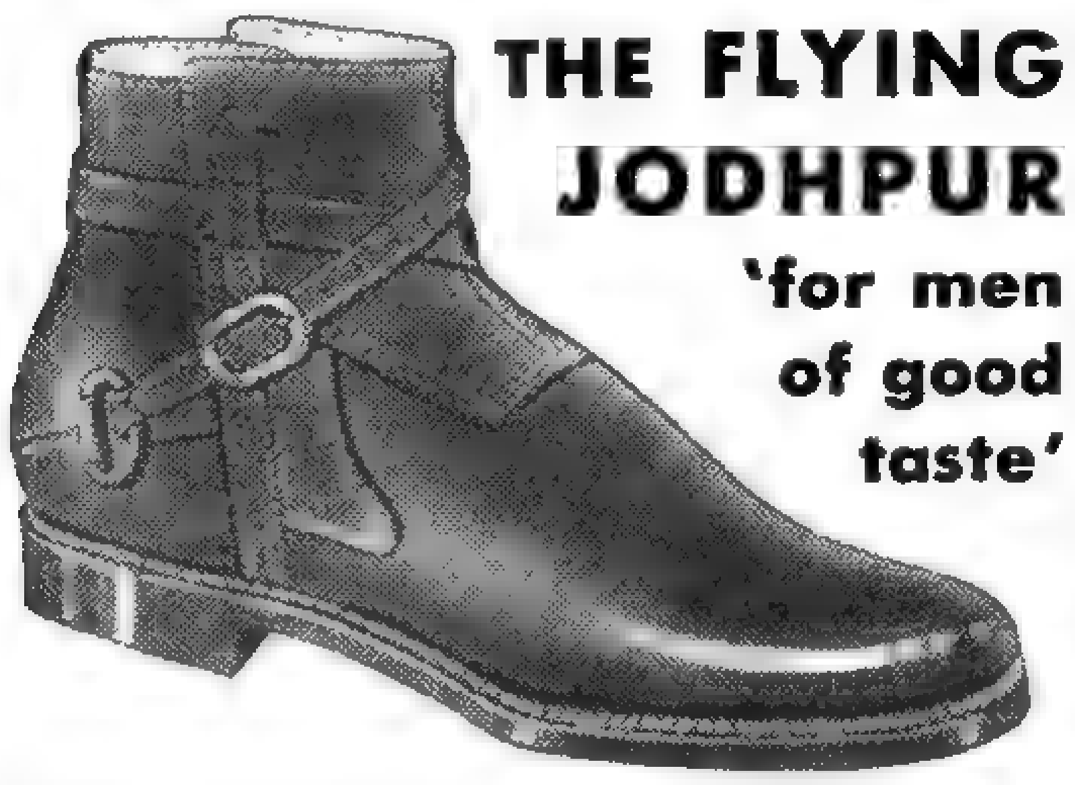

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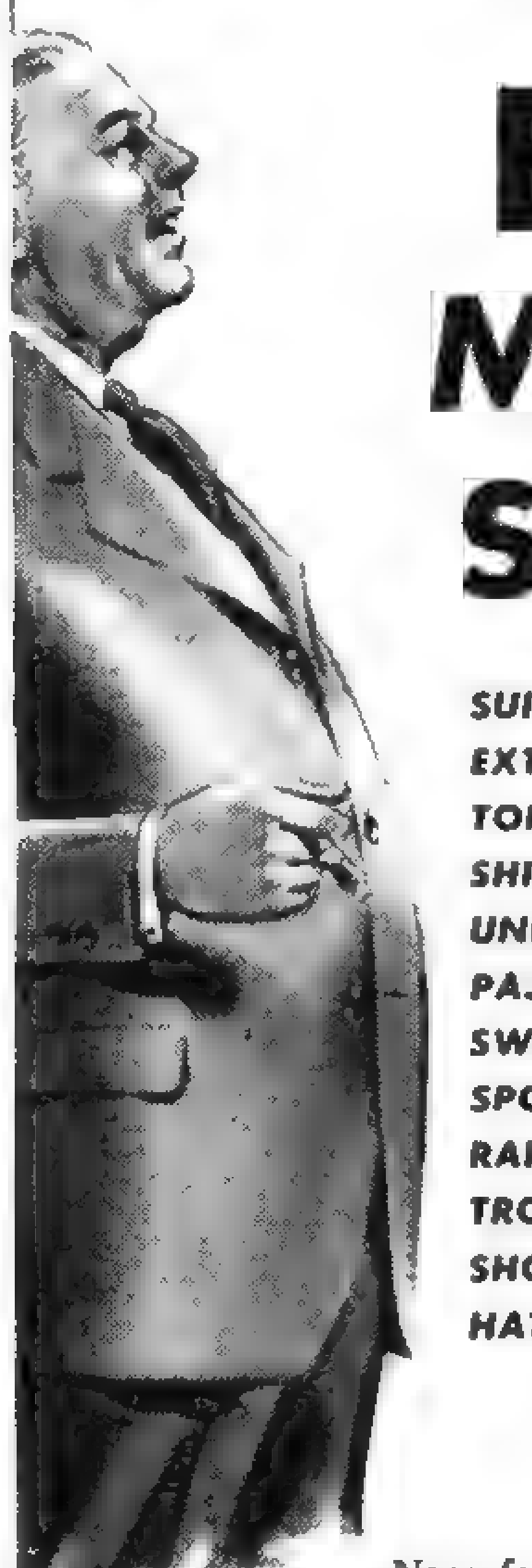

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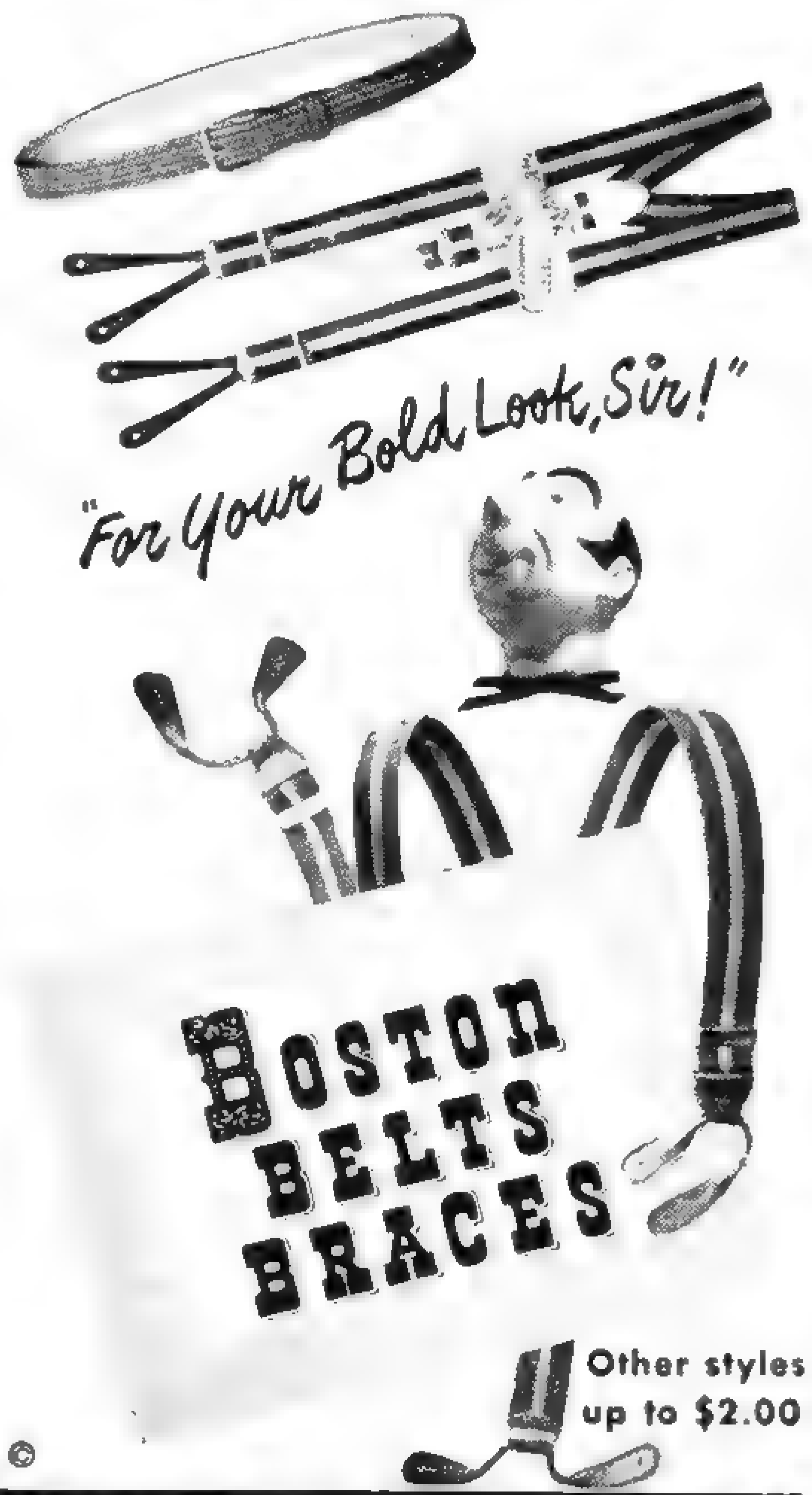
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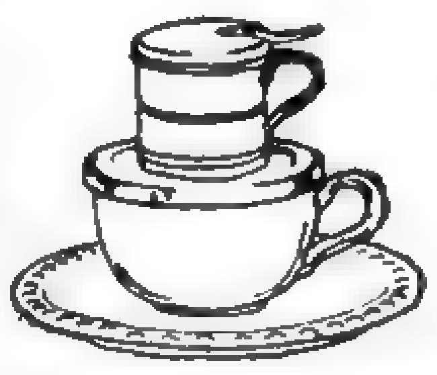
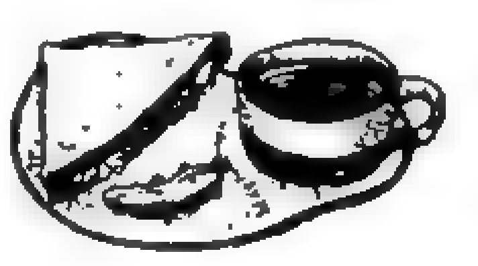
Talking Shop with Esquire

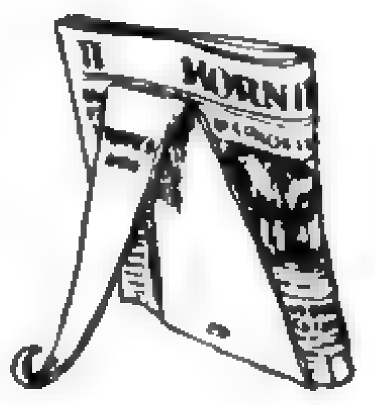
ONE CUP ENOUGH? Bachelors who are satisfied with a single cup of coffee and don't want to brew a whole pot will find this one-cup coffee maker a Happy Thought. The filter device fits over the cup; the coffee goes in the top compartment. Just pour in boiling water, the coffee filters down into the cup and you're all set. Comes in either aluminum or copper.



"COFFEE AND . . ." Whether it's apple pie or a ham sandwich you're having with your coffee, this accommodating duo will take care of the situation. The irregularly shaped plate has an indented section to hold the cup and enough room to hold any kind of a snack. The hefty cup has a real man-size coffee capacity.

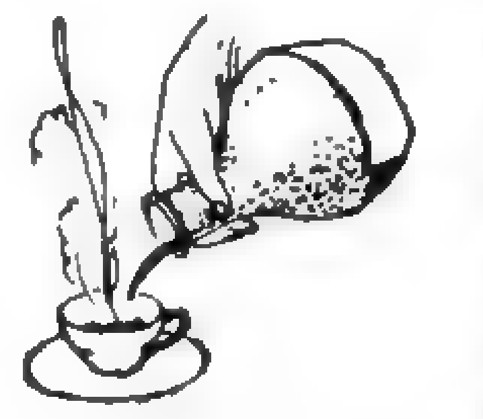


A BREAKFAST WIDOW, whose husband digests the morning papers right along with his bacon and eggs, may not appreciate this newspaper reading rack. But the man of the house will find it very practical. The flat, easel-type rack holds the newspaper at the right angle, leaving both his hands free for Wheaties and coffee. Made of non-tarnishing aluminum; folds down flat and clips together when not in use. Back of the rack is entitled "Wife's Side."



CHAIN COFFEE DRINKERS who have trouble nodding off at night, ought to be glad to know about this caffeinless coffee in soluble form. Put a teaspoonful (or more, if you like it strong) in a coffee cup, and add boiling water. Drink as many cups as you like, with no fear of counting sheep all night.

COFFEE FOR COMPANY. If you're serving instantly soluble coffee to a houseful of guests, you probably don't want to fool around with stirring up each cup separately. This glass coffee server is well-suited to quick-way coffee making; just measure in the amount of coffee necessary, add half the boiling water, swirl it around in the flask a few times to dissolve the coffee, and then add the rest of the water. A layer of cork insulation fits around the neck and half the base of the server, to protect against burned hands. The contents can be re-heated right in the server.



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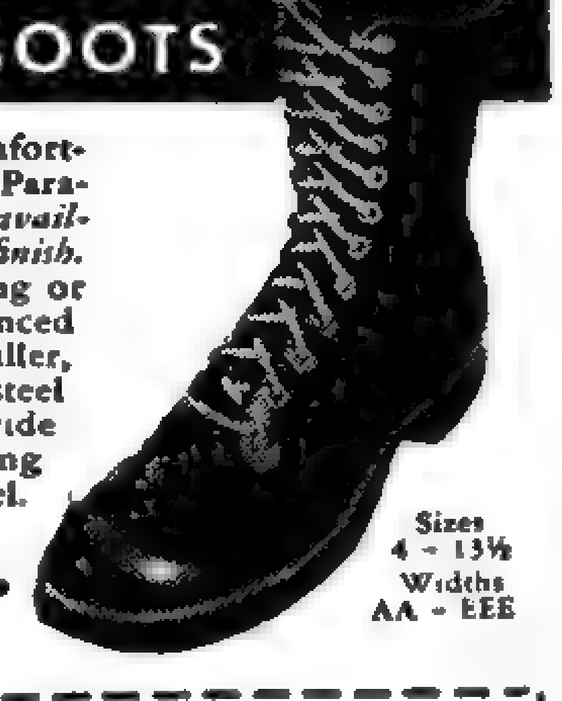

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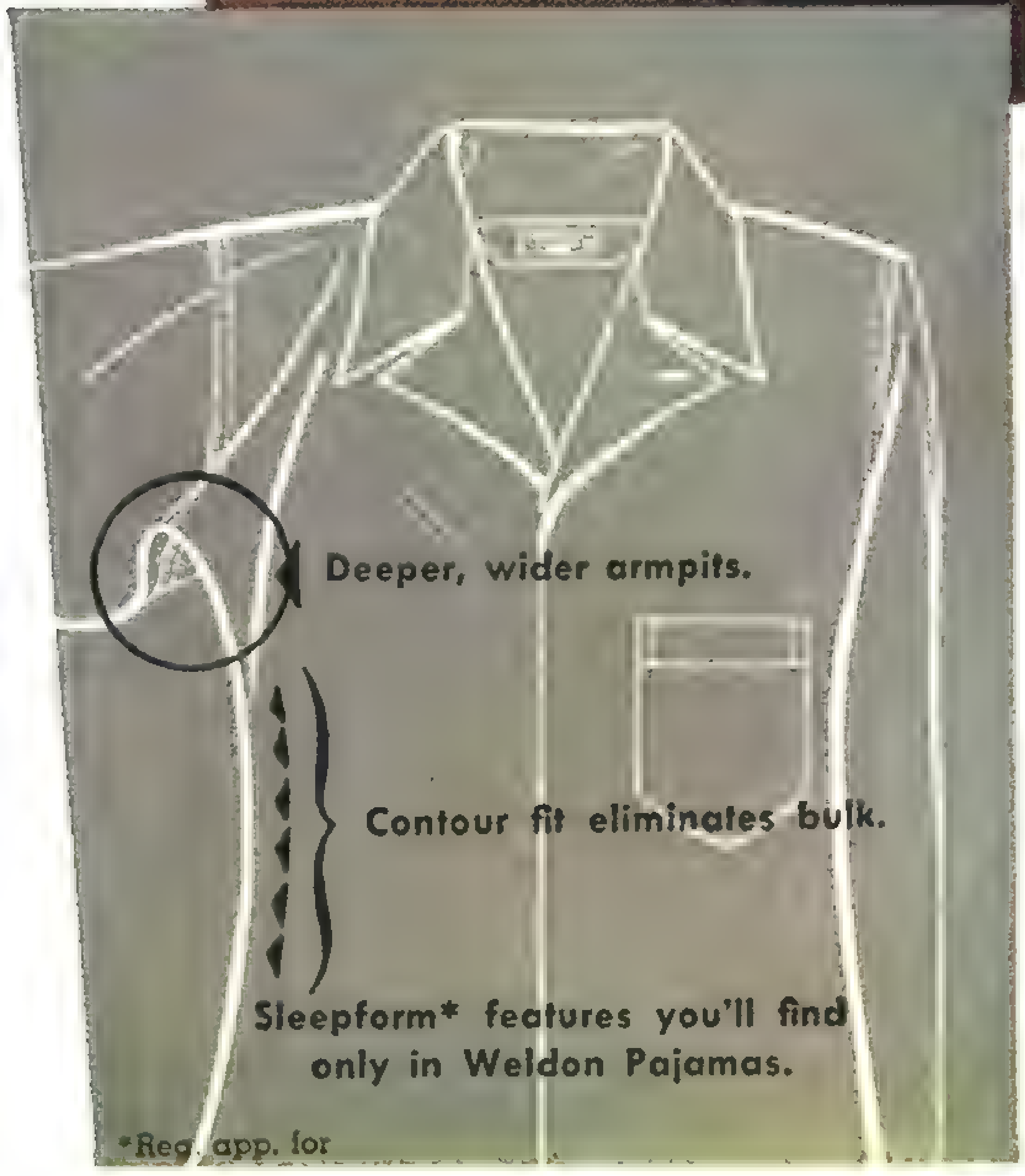
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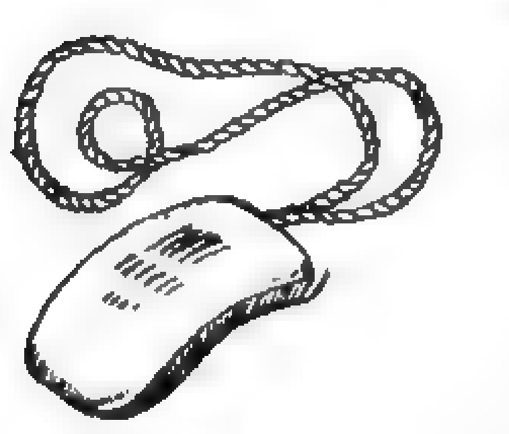
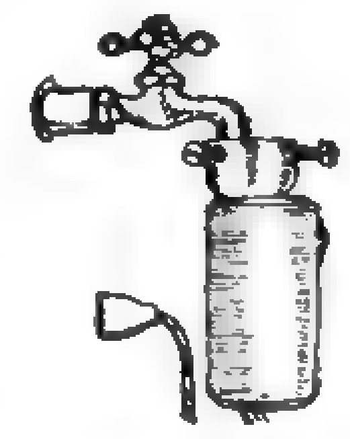
Talking Shop with Esquire

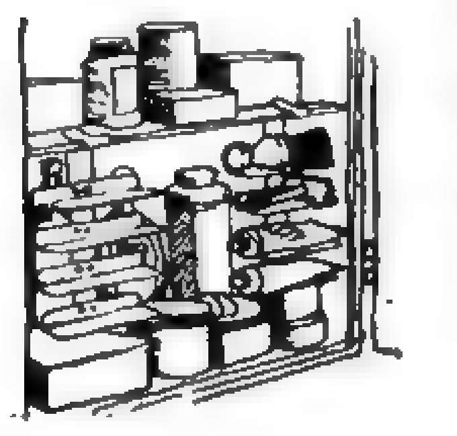
BATHROOM BARYTONES really have something to sing about, when they shower with this man-size hunk of soap. It's attached to a loop of cotton rope which slips around your neck, so the soap hangs where you can get at it. Cake curved to fit the hand and has a deep-in-the-woods pine scent.



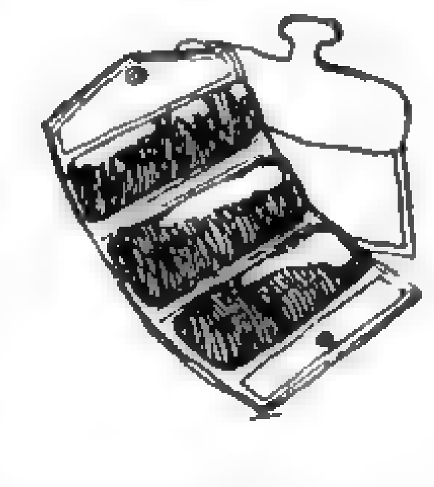
ON TAP. If your hot water supply is inadequate or non-existent, you'll want one of these faucet water heaters. It attaches to the water tap and converts cold water into hot in a matter of moments, when the attached cord is plugged into an electric outlet. (Operates on AC current, 110-120 volts.) Unit measures only 4 inches deep and 2 inches in diameter. There's a built-in thermostat to safe-guard against over-heating.



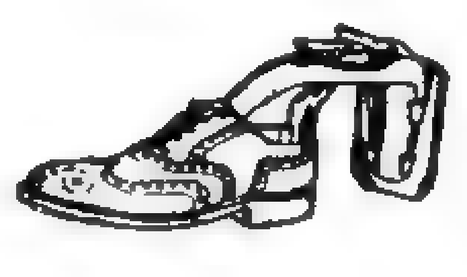
ASHAMED OF YOUR SHELF? Cabinet shelf, that is. If razor, shaving brush, tooth paste and other essentials are lost in a jungle of bottles in the bathroom medicine chest, you can rescue them with this clamp-on shelf arrangement, which holds each item separately and neatly. There's room for two of these clamp-on shelves in the regular medicine chest, and an extra one might even persuade the Little Woman to keep her curlers, lipstick, and aspirin where they won't clutter things up.



FOR ACHIN' BACKS or fevered brows. This double purpose, hot-or-cold pack is filled with a special solution which will retain heat or cold, whichever you want. If it's for a morning - after headache, put the Pack in the refrigerator until the liquid congeals to a semi-slushy state. Or for a strained ligament, place the Pack in a basin of hot water. The liquid quickly absorbs the heat and holds it. There's nothing to fill, no caps to come loose, no ice to crush. The solution is sealed in a case of tough flexible Vinylite, with electronically secured seams to prevent leakage.



SHINE, MISTER? Home shoe-shining experts will be able to do a professional job with this device to hold shoes steady. It's adjustable to fit any size shoe, and attaches to the wall at any height you want. Strong, light weight steel, finished in green, baked-on enamel.



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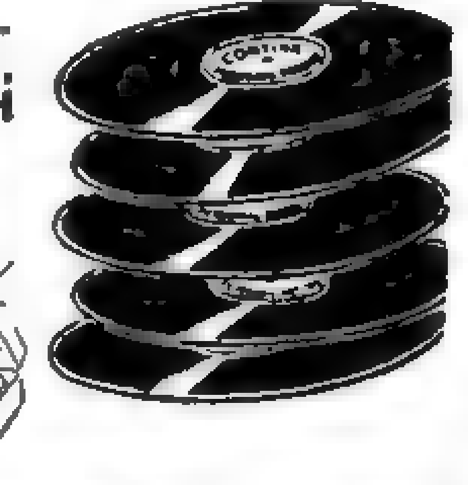

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Sizes 3½ to 13½ All Widths

GEORGIA SHOE MFG., CO. Flowery Branch, Ga.

Send me a pair of JUMP BOOTS. Enclosed is check ____ Money Order ____ for $9 95 I will pay postage on arrival.

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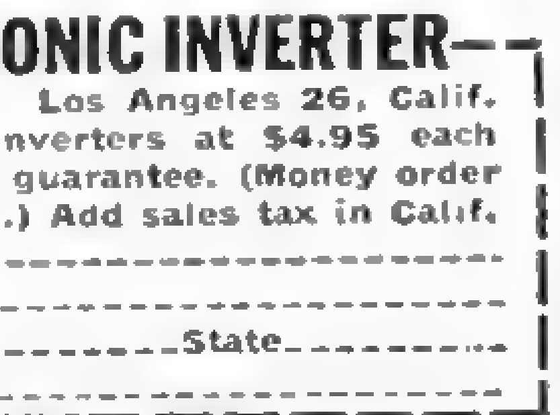

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"FLIGHT BOOTS"

Fit Every Occasion

ORDER NOW FOR QUICK DELIVERY
Specify black or tan — Widths B, C, D or E—Sizes 6-12.

Fine quality smooth grain leather 10 inch boot—full leather-lined. Finest bootmaker-leather outsoles. Tuck in trousers or wear outside. Easy on—Easy off!

ALL LEATHER FOR ALL WEATHER

$16.50

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461 No. Manchester Street
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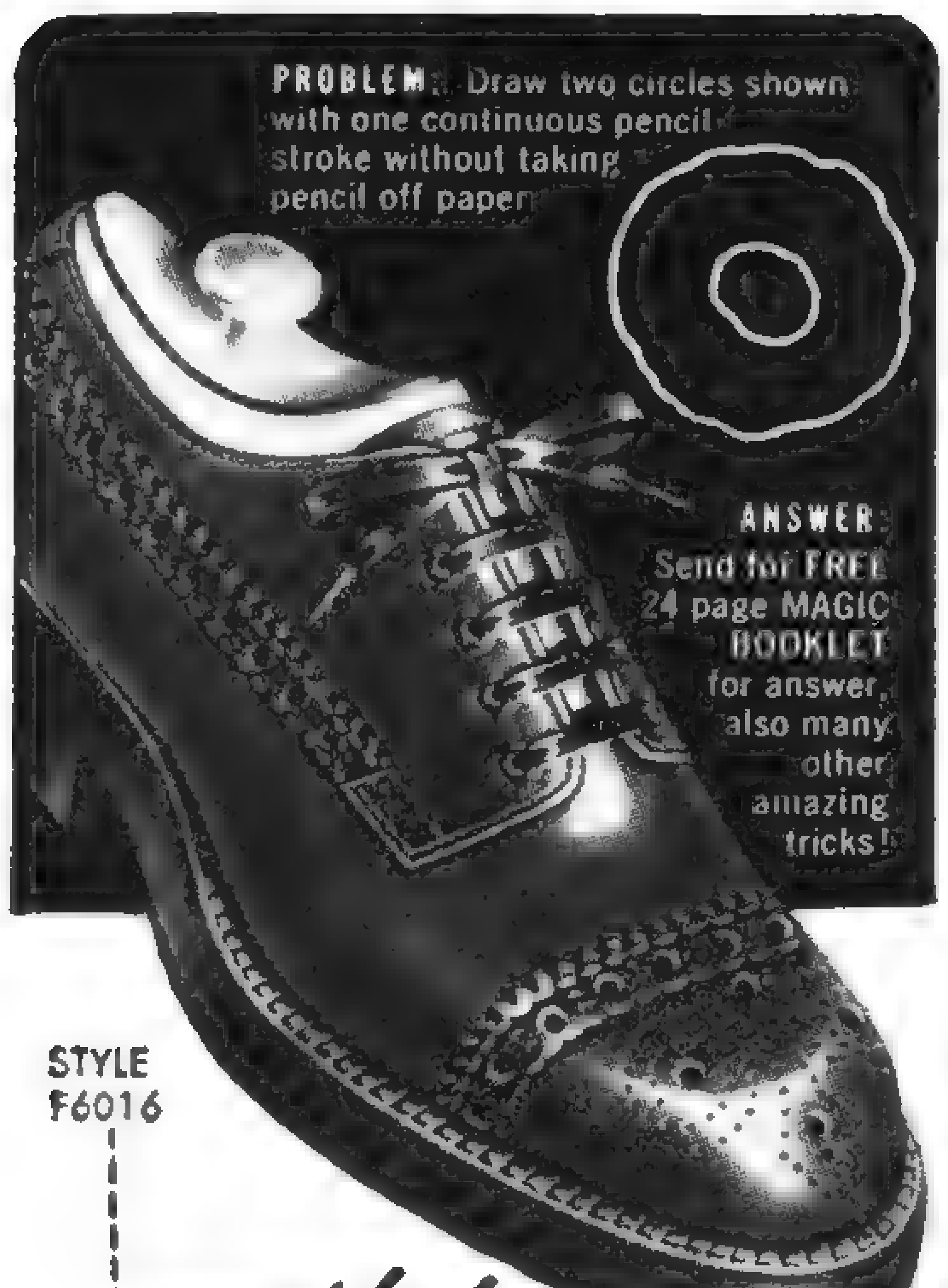
PROBLEM: Draw two circles shown with one continuous pencil stroke without taking pencil off paper.
ANSWER: Send for FREE 24 page MAGIC BOOKLET for answer, also many other amazing tricks!
STYLE F6016

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Never been really shoe-happy? Place your faith in AIR-O-MAGICs! Enjoy super-styling, brawny leathers, careful craftsmanship. No breaking-in.

SOFT AS A MATTRESS...JUST AS RESTFUL
Hand-moulded insole, cannot crack or curl
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THE MOST SHOE FOR YOUR MONEY!

THERE'S MAGIC IN

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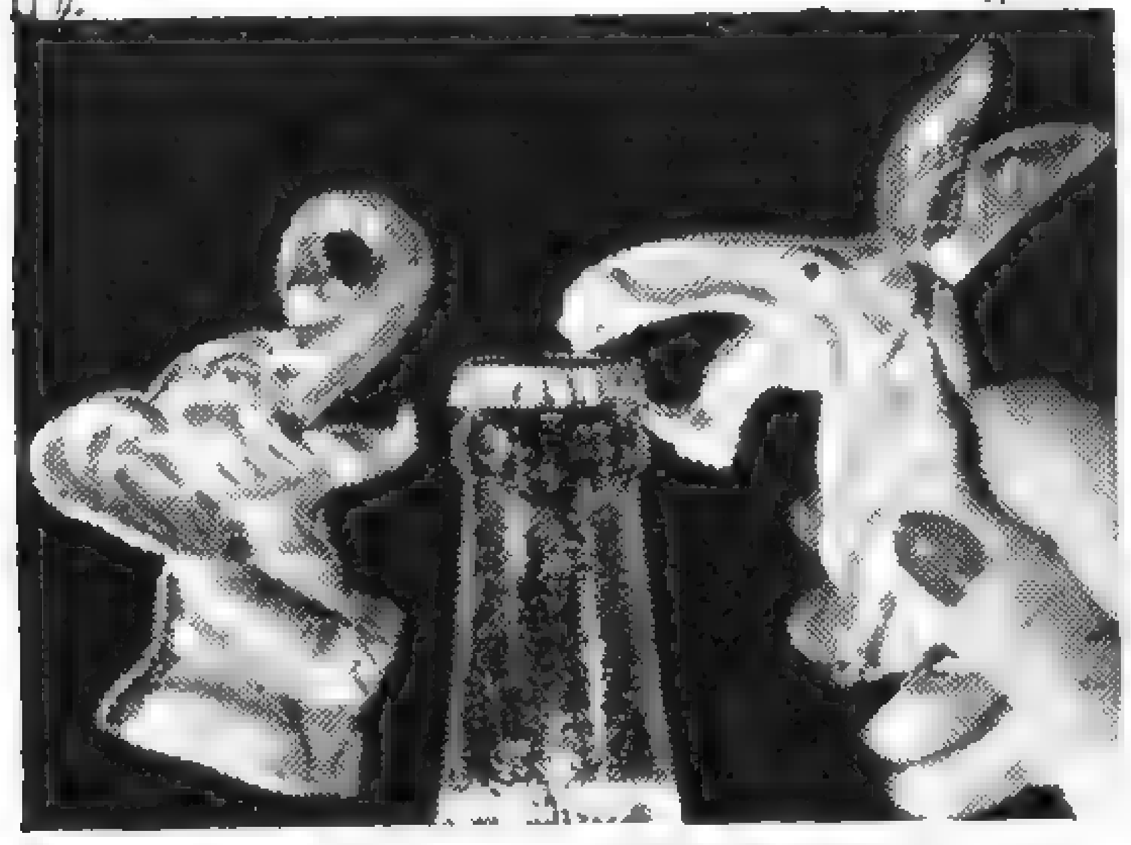
AIR O MAGIC SHOES, Dept. E, Marion, Indiana

CAPS OFF TO BOTH PARTIES!



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Silent campaigners, but the timeliest bottle openers you've ever seen! In hand-painted natural colors. Rugged cast iron; never wear out. Get "GOP" and "DEMO" for $1.75; either for $1; dozen of either or 6 each, $10. Postpaid; money-back guarantee; orders shipped same day received. Unique gift or party prize.

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Enclosed is $.......................... (check, money order) for..............."GOP"..............."DEMO" bottle openers. (Outside U. S., add 25c each.)

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The hot suns of summer—the dips in the cool, green water—great for the well being of your body, do leave your hair and scalp dry and lifeless. Give them a treat—the invigorating glow, the soothing relaxation that comes with pulsating, *rotary* massage.

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now offers you—at home, with you, yourself a quickly trained operator—all the benefits of exhilarating *rotary* massage.

$15.00 At the Better Department Appliance and Drug Stores

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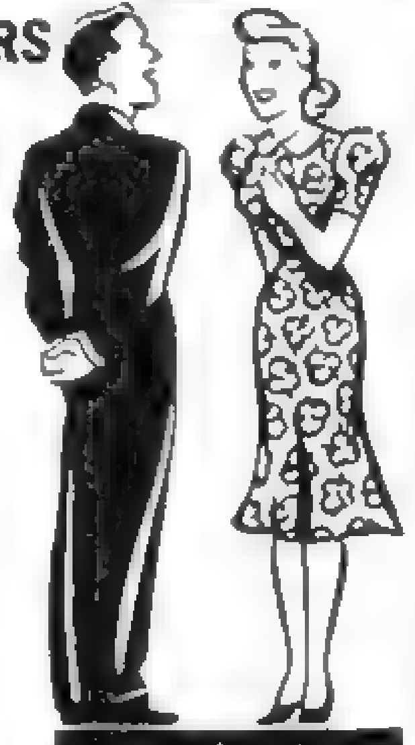
LOOK TALLER INSTANTLY!

WEAR HITE-BUILDERS IN YOUR OWN SHOES



Want more respect? . . . more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

SEND NO MONEY

Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.96 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

Only $1.95 A PAIR

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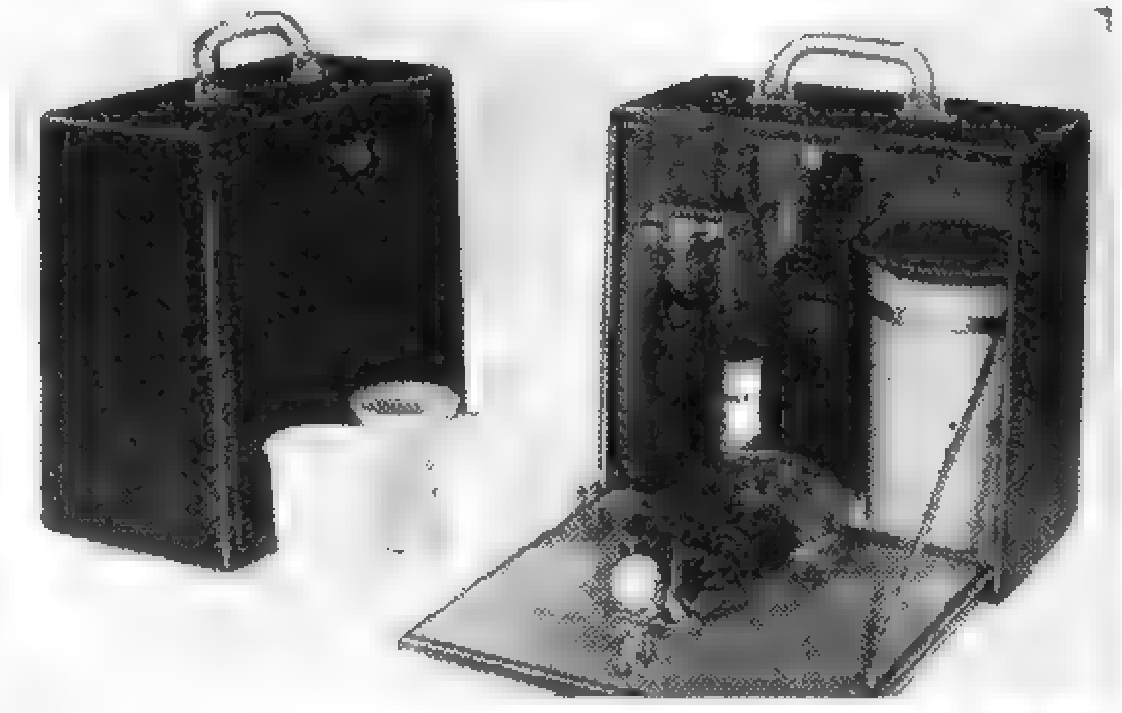

for those who travel PAK-A-BAR

Everything the traveler needs for entertaining while away from home is nestled compactly within this innocent looking case...cork ice tub, four unbreakable hiball tumblers and a combination bottle opener and resealer. Space is provided for a pint and quart bottle, and two bottles of mixer...held in place by spring grips. The lock and key guard against unauthorized sampling. Washable leatherette covering.

Everything for your Entertaining Needs $27.50

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BAR MART Home Bars Gadgets Cellarettes Glassware

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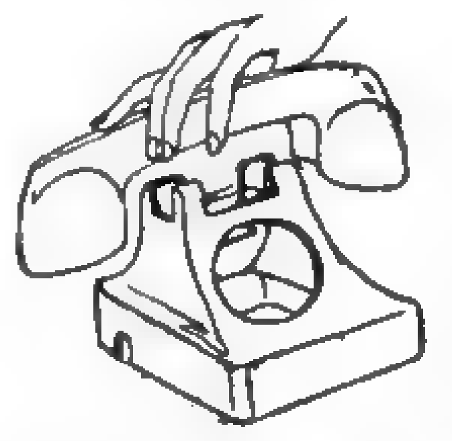
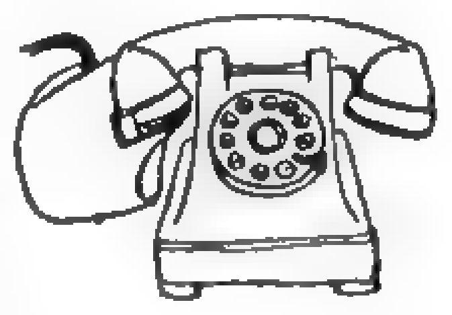
Send for our informative and amusing gift catalog 43. Enclose 10¢ please, to cover postage and handling.

Talking Shop with Esquire

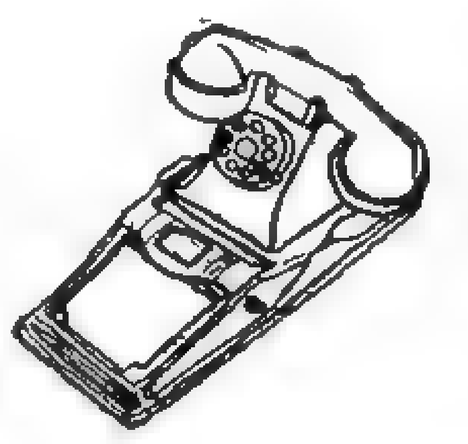
'PHONEY COLORS. Your telephone can be just about any color you want, with this colored plastic case which fits over the instrument. You can go Hollywood, and have an ivory white case—or take your choice of pastel blue, Chinese red, or gold. The case fits snugly over the exterior of the phone, but doesn't interfere in any way with the action of the instrument—mouthpiece, receiver, and dial section are not covered.



S-H-H-H-H-H! If your phone conversations, business and personal, are private affairs, this telephone attachment will keep others from eavesdropping. The device fits over the mouthpieces and directs what you have to say into the transmitter, without letting everyone else in on it. Surrounding noises of office, traffic, or the party in progress, are filtered out, too. The silencer device comes in models to fit any style phone and weighs only five ounces.



ILLUMINATING CONVERSATION. If your telephone has a way of ringing in the dead of night, or it's located in an unlighted foyer or alcove, you'll probably want one of these useful units. It fits under the base of the phone, gives enough light to dial by. The lighted message compartment provides paper and pencil so you don't have to keep the other guy hanging on while you grope for an old envelope to write on. Need to consult a calendar? That's there too.



Ranger

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100% All-Wool gabardine gracefully draped into a new thrill for casual wear. In all wanted colors... 38-46... about $32.50

CREATED IN CALIFORNIA by Maurice Holman Los Angeles

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Sportsman's Shoe by CORCORAN

Supper comfort. Full protection for rough, heavy and wet going. Tops are of same, soft, pliable tan leather used in our famous Paratroop Jump Boots. Bottoms are rubber . . . *waterproof* . . . with pure vulcanized crepe soles. An ideal all-weather shoe in every respect. No binding. No chafing. Comes in 10 and 12 inch heights.

Send $8.85 for 10" shoes
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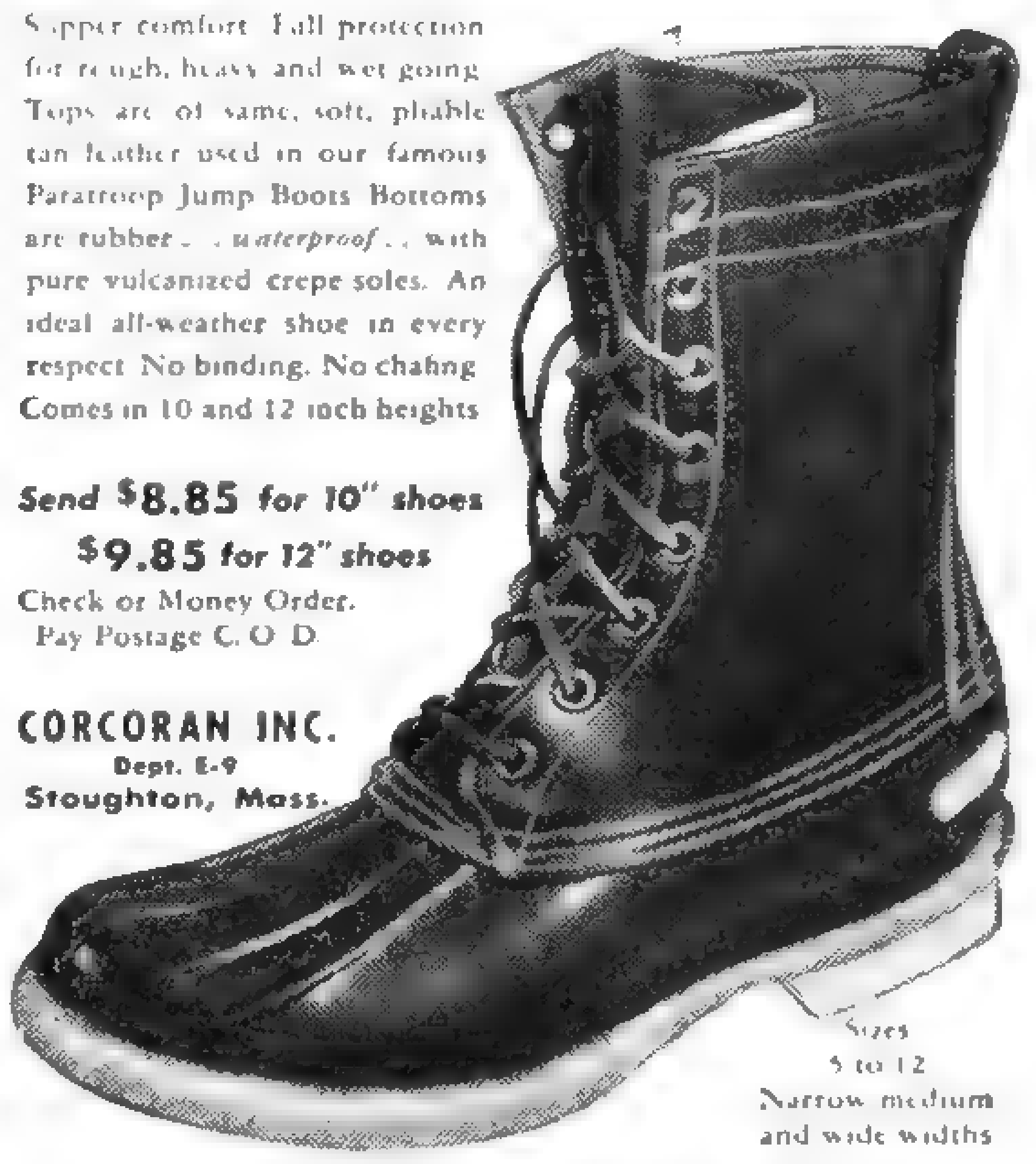
Check or Money Order.
Pay Postage C. O. D.

CORCORAN INC.
Dept. E-9
Stoughton, Mass.

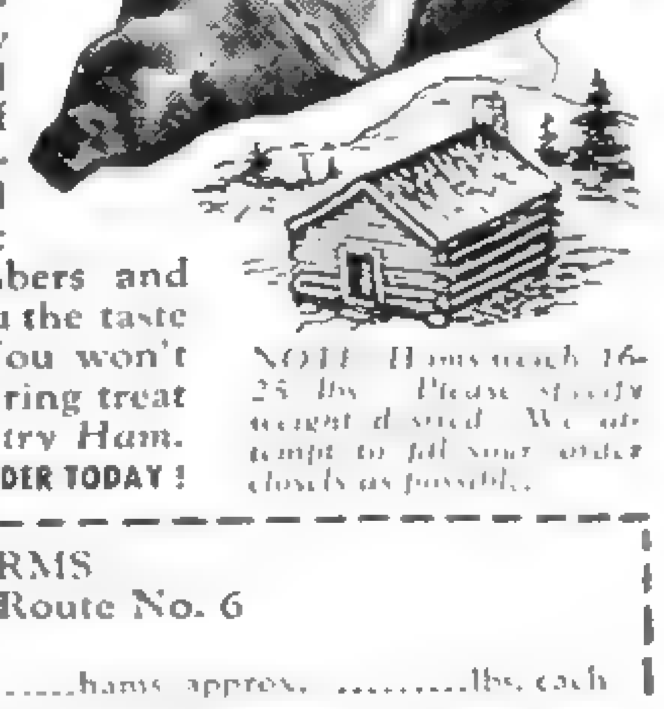


Sizes 5 to 12 Narrow medium and wide widths

Tennessee Hickory Smoked COUNTRY HAMS

CHOICEST HAMS, CAREFULLY CURED

Country ham and red gravy...southern cooking at its best! Now you can enjoy the real country goodness of hickory-smoked Tennessee hams. Flavored with the aromatic smoke of hickory embers and slowly aged to give you the taste thrill of a lifetime. You won't forget the mouth-watering treat of a *White Rose Country Ham.* Only 95c lb. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY!



NOTE: Hams weigh 16-25 lbs. Please specify weight desired. We attempt to fill your order closely as possible.

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Please send C. O. D. ....hams approx. ....lbs. each at 95c per lb. Hams weigh 16-25 lbs.

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the sport shirt that's fit to be tie-d

Here's California "Lo-No," Van Heusen's sport shirt with a smart double meaning! Without a tie, you're at ease in a smooth-setting open collar. With a tie, you're neat, smart-looking, comfortable too. The secret? Van Heusen's exclusive "Fadeaway" neckband, purposely designed for a useful double life! Van Heusen California "Lo-No" sport shirts are extra-full cut for comfort, in many fine fabrics. From $4.95.

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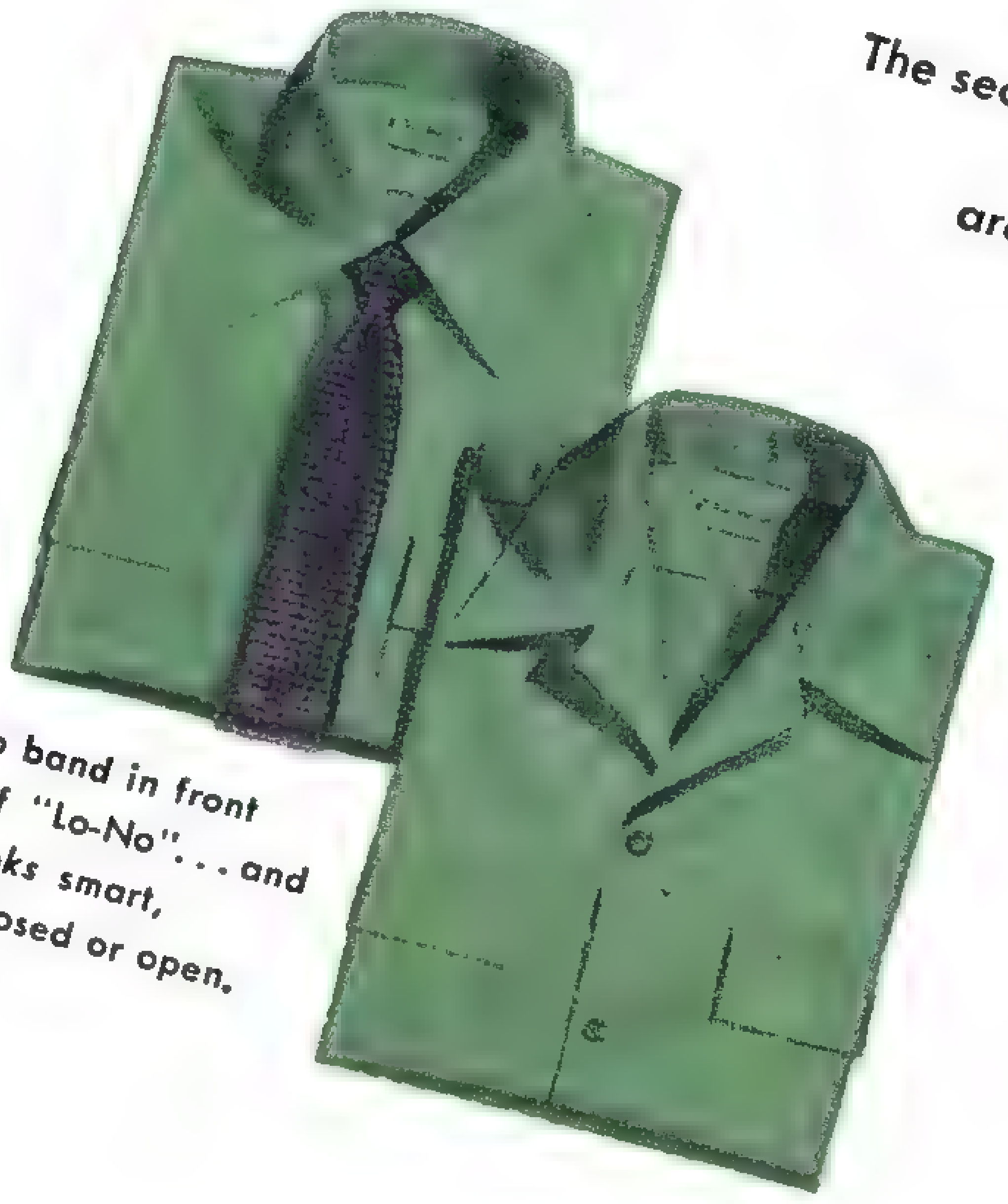


Low band in back, No band in front —is the meaning of "Lo-No"... and the reason why it looks smart, fits right worn closed or open.

Van Heusen
California "Lo-No" sport shirts

"VAN HEUSEN", "LO-NO", AND "FADEAWAY" ARE TRADE MARKS REGISTERED IN THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Backstage with Esquire

Leland Stowe

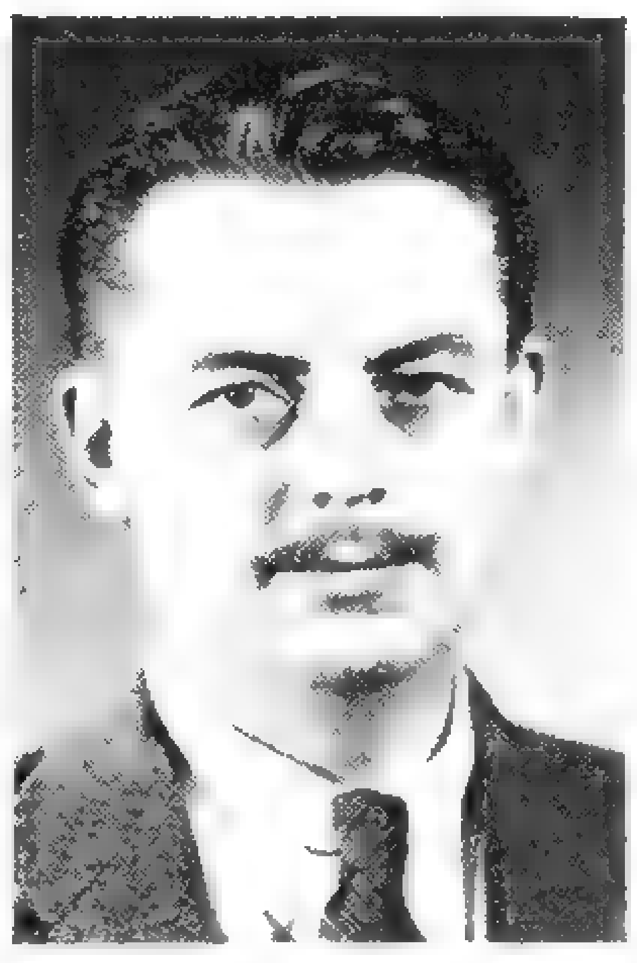
Since everyone knows and esteems LELAND STOWE as the dean of American journalists, it seems presumptuous to tell our readers about him. By way of a reminder we might say that he served as war correspondent with the armies of seven different nations between 1939-'45, that he is the author of two wartime books, *No Other Road to Freedom* and *They Shall Not Sleep*, as well as an inventory of our postwar atomic world, *While Time Remains.* Since his last newspaper assignment in the Danube countries he has devoted all his time to lecturing, radio work and free-lance writing.

PARKE CUMMINGS, who brings chaos out of order with *Got the Season on You, Bub?* (page 63) has written a couple of good books lately. His *Whimsey Report*, a travesty on the Kinsey tome, will be published soon after you read this by T. Y. Crowell Co. His *Dictionary of Sports*, the only sports dictionary ever compiled, is scheduled for publication in February by A. S. Barnes. This book is intended as a companion to Frank Menke's *The New Encyclopedia of Sports* in that Cummings supplies definitions of sports terms along with diagrams and illustrations while Menke furnishes records and history. Together the boys guarantee to settle all bets.

John Cullen Murphy

At twenty-nine, JOHN CULLEN MURPHY has had a comparatively brief art career, having spent five and a half years in the armed services. During his span in the Army, from 1941 to '46, he zoomed from enlisted private to major attached to General MacArthur's Headquarters in Australia, New Guinea, the Philippines and the final entry into Japan. He studied at the Phoenix Art Institute and the Art Students League in New York. An avid sports fan, he is a regular contributor to *Sport* Magazine and has been recently represented in *Holiday*, *Collier's* and *Gourmet.* His gatefold drawings entitled *Olympus on Thames* mark his first appearance in Esquire.

HANS RUESCH, hitherto known to our readers as the author of hilarious comedy, appears this month with a terrifying parable called *No Man's Island.* Mr. Ruesch acquired the world view of events naturally enough. He is a Swiss, although he was born in Naples, Italy, and his mother is Italian; his father, who came from Zurich, Switzerland, happened to live in Naples at the time of his birth. When he was 19, Hans left the University of Zurich to become an automobile racer, competing from Helsinki to South Africa; notable among his victories was the International Donnington Race. His novel about racing was published in Switzerland and Italy. While France was at war he became a writer for the French Ministry of Information, and, he says, "as a consequence deemed it convenient to leave Paris two jumps ahead of the Nazis. I managed to come to the States, where I had visited before, through the turmoil of Bordeaux, Spain and Lisbon." During his student days he had contributed to Italian, French, and German publications; it was while he was in Lisbon, lacking money for passage to this country, that he wrote his first short story in English and sent it to New York. *Redbook* accepted the story; and quite literally, Hans Ruesch was on his way.



Denver Gillen

DENVER GILLEN, who illustrated *Murder Is Her Crooked Smile,* lives in Wilton, Connecticut, and, like many other artists, has his studio in his home. His hobby is mountain climbing and he has participated in four first ascents in the Canadian Coast Range in British Columbia. His most engrossing job to date was illustrating a mountain-climbing story. As he read the piece it sounded increasingly familiar; gradually he realized it was a fictional account of a climb he had made. Happily, he was not the villain of the adventure.

JAMES WEST, our current Discovery of the Month, makes his first appearance with the Bedside Mystery on page 52, *Murder Is Her Crooked Smile.* Just twenty-four, and Brooklyn-born, he describes his burgeoning career as follows: "Uncle Sam had just released me from his loving care. Except for three small scars acquired on usually inconspicuous portions of my body, at a place called St. Lô, I was unscathed. I found myself violently opposed to working for a living unless the work sounded like fun—so I attacked the theatre, and became (I think) an actor. R.K.O. Pictures made a screen test which was pronounced successful. However the day of retrenchment was at hand. Hang on a little longer, came the word, and eventually we'll bring you to Bagdad where mountains of gold are flanked with swimming pools, tennis and badminton courts. Since the jig was up, and work seemed inevitable I became a small part of the vast M-G-M sales force. For no apparent reason I wrote some fiction in my spare time and peddled it to Esquire. Prior to *Murder Is Her Crooked Smile* I had never written anything more involved than Gin totals on a score pad."

James West

MATT TAYLOR, whose story, *Those Fascinating Herberts*, comprises a cynic's charm course, has written a lot of fiction and dramatized some of it for the radio, the screen, and the stage. His musical, *Dancing in the Streets*, was a noble experiment including Mary Martin in its cast, which opened successfully in Boston, but did not reach Broadway; his McGarry stories were broadcast as a radio serial last year.

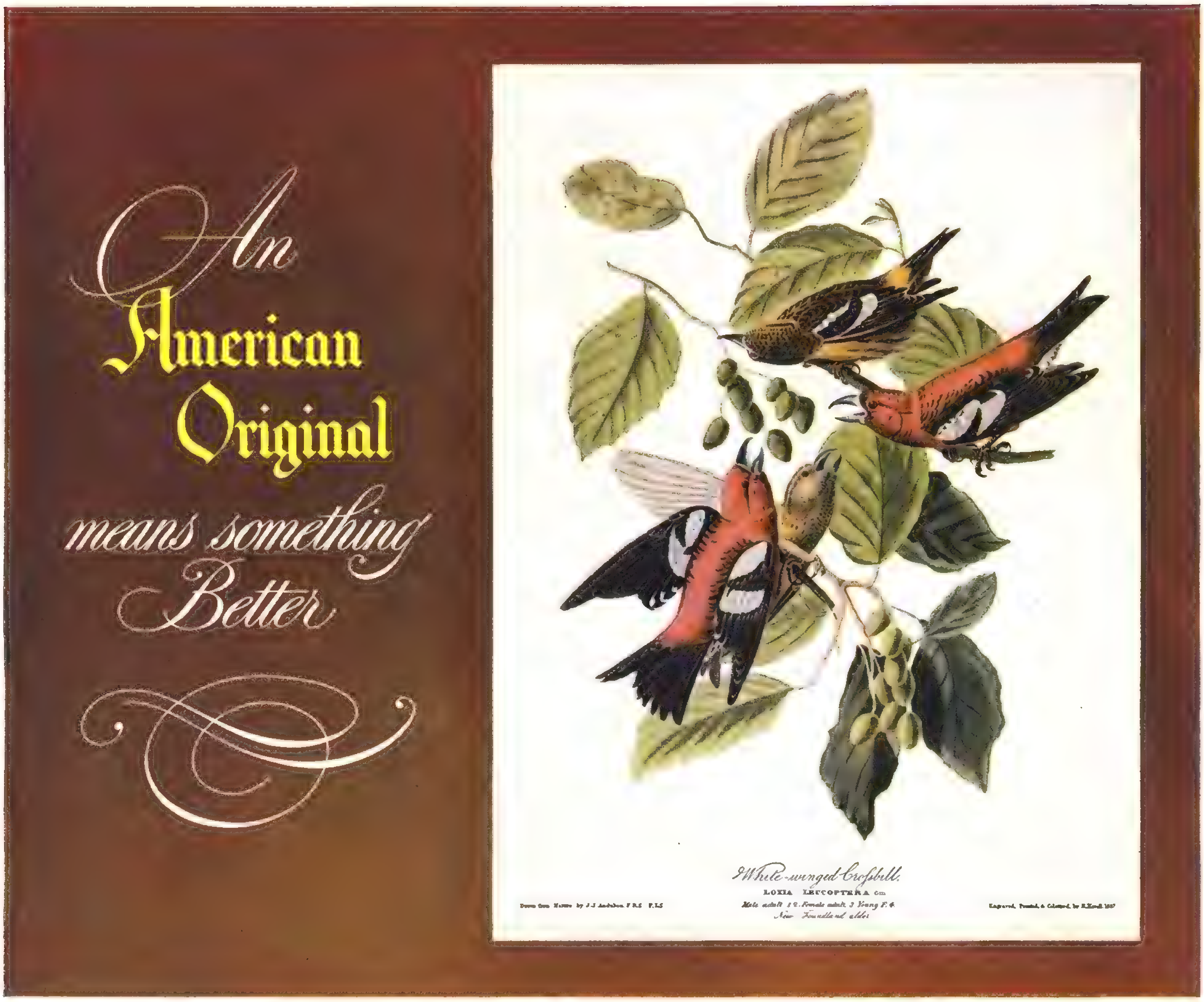
William Jolesch

Bernard Seigle

WILLIAM JOLESCH got the idea for *The Man in the Title Role* on his third visit to *Open City* to see what English titles had done for this picture which he had previously enjoyed in Rome and in Naples. He was news editor for the American Expeditionary Radio Station in Rome during the Italian campaign. "To get from Norfolk to Naples," he writes, "the Army treated me to one of its longest cruises of modern times. By Liberty ship it took six weeks to make the trip, including a two-week layover in Bermuda." He is now writing radio news for the Associated Press in New York. BERNARD SEIGLE met his collaborator for *The Man in the Title Role* while they were students at the University of Texas during the era described by Jolesch as its pre-book-burning period. As a movie critic for a couple of Texas newspapers, Seigle boasts of being barred from some of the finest theatres in the South. Following four years in the Army he came to New York as a writer and historian for AAF Personnel Narratives Division, and after a year in that work, he turned to free-lancing.

MARIC ZAMPARELLI, (illustrator of the story *No Man's Island*, page 84) reversed the order of yesterday's artists: he was born in Greenwich Village and took it away from there. He won a scholarship to Pratt Institute in New York, and while attending that school he received the Haskell Fellowship award with which to visit South America. During three years in the U.S. Army he was attached to Patton's Third, where, by his own account, he did public-relations work —and K.P. Incidentally, he painted murals in France and in Germany which were regarded with pride by his comrades in uniform—especially the one in the Hotel Neufchateau, in France, which was autographed by Marlene Dietrich. Mr. Zamparelli complains there are too many distractions in American living—among his own are his interests in abstract design, in jazz and classical music and in Existentialism. At the moment he is preparing a book of anecdotes with accompanying sketches.

Maric Zamparelli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American
Original
means something
Better
White-winged Crossbill.
LOXIA LEUCOPTERA Gm.
Male adult 1 2. Female adult 3 Young F. 4
New Foundland alder

Recognized the world over for his matchless bird prints, Audubon, the American artist, truly produced American Originals which meant something better.

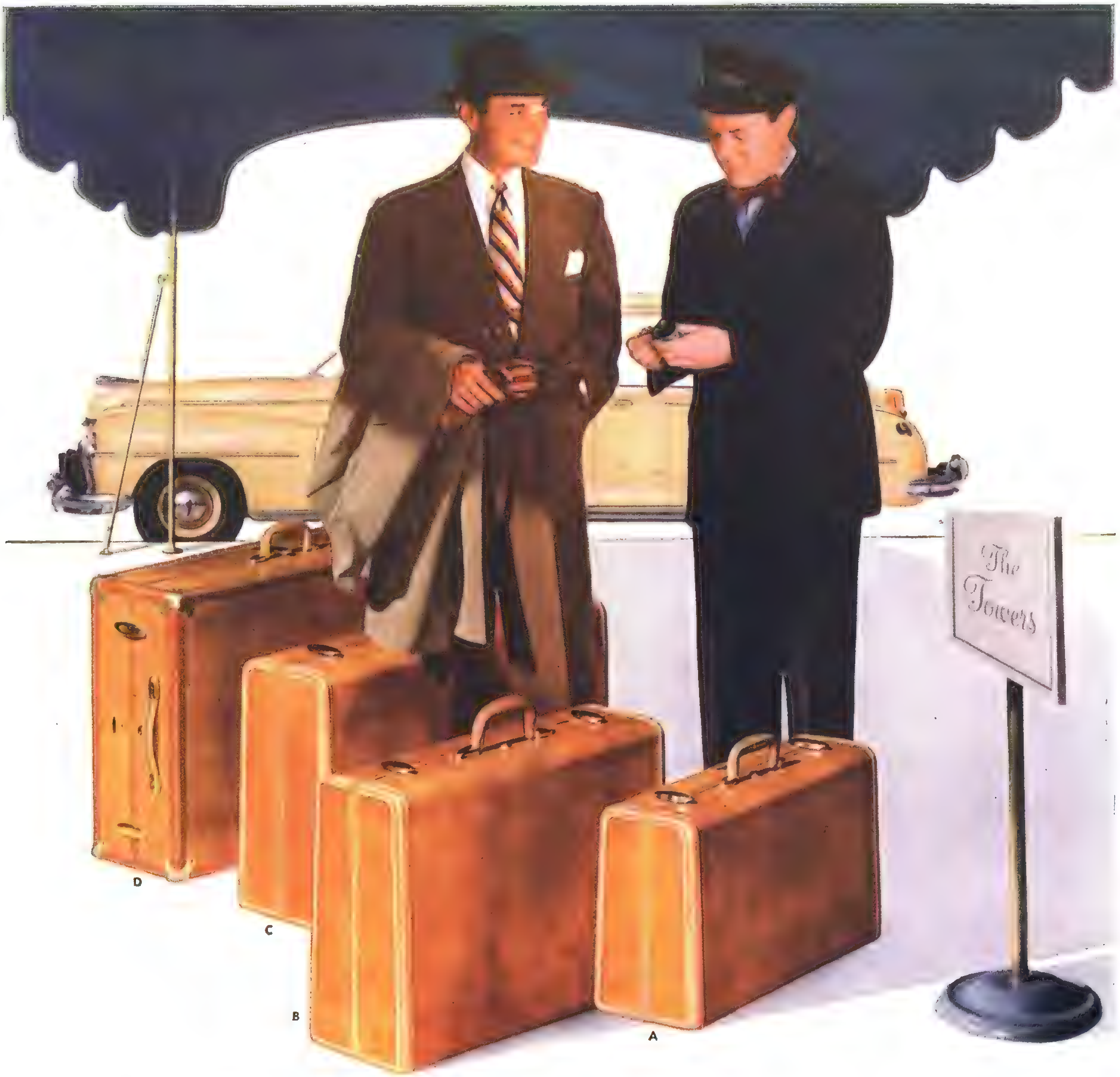
An American Original means *something better.*
And Seagram's Original process makes this gin *naturally* golden, *naturally* smoother, *naturally* dry-est.
You'll *see* the difference and *taste* the difference.
Yes, Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin is a Better Gin. Ask anyone who's tasted it!

Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin

Back in the famous Original bottle of pre-war years

Seagram's
Ancient Bottle Gin
DISTILLED DRY

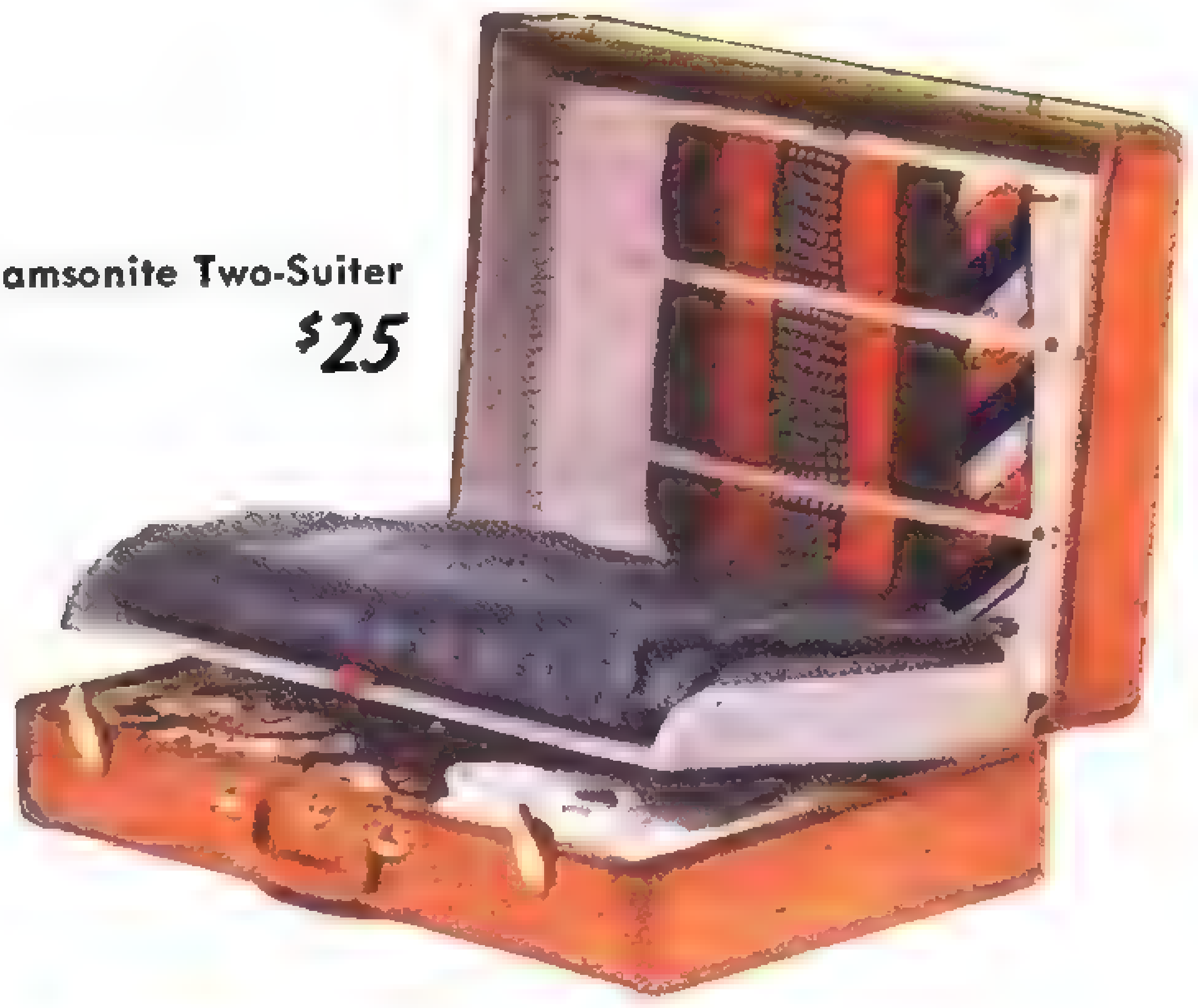
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN, 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y



He's smart . . . he's on his way . . . his luggage is Samsonite!

He's a man on the move, a man to watch, and he takes his travel seriously. His luggage is Samsonite, handsome in appearance, and built to take the roughest wear. He likes the tough, scuff-proof suntan leather finish . . . the richly fitted interiors. He depends on the rugged construction . . . the solid brass streamlined fittings. Samsonite's tremendous production assures him rock-bottom prices. He's smart to choose Samsonite, America's most popular luggage.

A Samsonite Overnight Case	$\$17^{50}$	**C** Samsonite Pullman	$\$27^{50}$
B Samsonite Two-Suiter	$25	**D** Samsonite Armor-Bound Hand Wardrobe	$35*



Samsonite Two-Suiter
$25

Strong enough to stand on!

Samsonite Luggage

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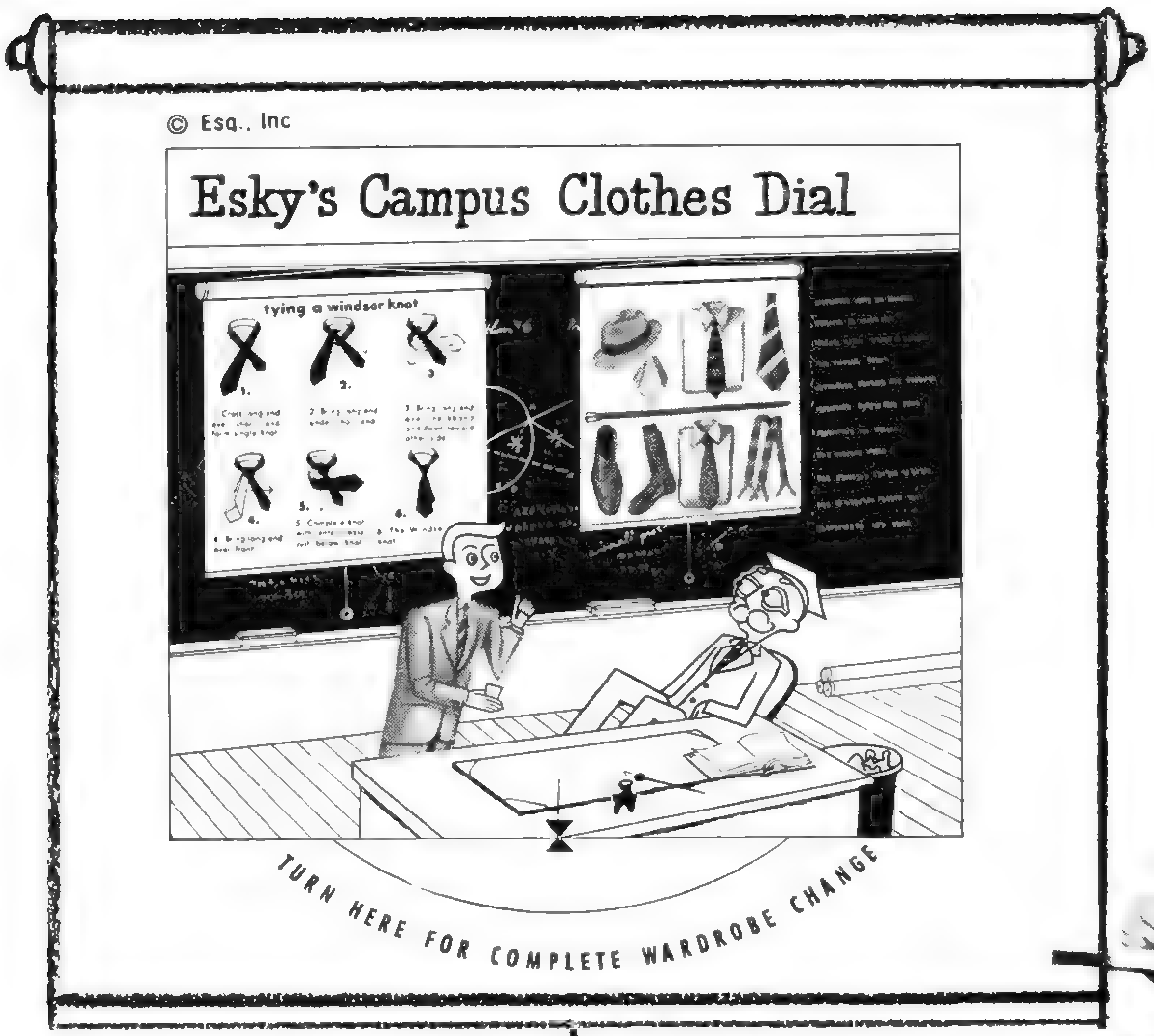
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ESQUIRE'S CAMPUS CLOTHES DIAL

It's a wardrobe guide that shows this year's basic campus wardrobe—the Bold Look outfits that will mark you as summa cum fashion no matter what university you attend. It cleverly puts together a color-coordinated Bold Look ensemble with a twist of a dial. Pick up your free copy at any one of the leading stores listed here when you're getting your wardrobe together for your trip back to the campus.

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Binghamton, N. Y.	**Sisson Bros. Weldon Co.**
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Boise, Idaho	**Falk Mercantile Co.**
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Bridgeport, Conn.	**Howlands**
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Cleveland, Ohio	**W. B. Davis Co.**
Columbus, Ohio	**The Union Co.**
Dallas, Texas	**A. Harris Co.**
Dayton, Ohio	**The Metropolitan**
Denver, Colo.	**Denver Dry Goods Co.**
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El Paso, Texas	**Union Clothing Co.**
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Fall River, Mass.	**R. A. McWhirr Co.**
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Ft. Dodge, Ia.	**Younker Bros.**
Ft. Worth, Texas	**Monnigs**
Grand Rapids, Mich.	**A. May & Sons**
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Harrisburg, Pa.	**Allen Stuart**
Hartford, Conn.	**Horsfall's**
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Huntington, W. Va.	**Dunhill's**
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Kansas City, Mo.	**Rothschild & Sons**
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Lancaster, Pa.	**Watt & Shand**
Lawrence, Mass.	**Macartney's**
Lincoln, Neb.	**Magee's**
Long Beach, Calif.	**Desmond's**
Los Angeles, Calif.	**Desmond's**
Louisville, Ky.	**Rodes-Rapier**
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Madison, Wis.	**Olson & Veerhusen**
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Miami, Fla.	**Richard's**
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Minneapolis, Minn.	**Juster Bros.**
Nashville, Tenn.	**Castner-Knott Co.**
New Brunswick, N. J.	**Snellenburg's**
*New York, N. Y.	**Wallach's**
New Orleans, La.	**Godchaux's**
Oakland, Calif.	**Smith's**
Oklahoma City, Okla.	**Rothschild's**
Omaha, Neb.	**Nebraska Clothing Co.**
Pasadena, Calif.	**Nash's of Pasadena**
Paterson, N. J.	**Konner's**
Peoria, Ill.	**Bloch & Kuhl**
Philadelphia, Pa.	**Gimbel Bros.**
Phoenix, Ariz.	**Porter's**
Pittsburgh, Pa.	**Joseph Horne Co.**
Portland, Ore.	**Lipman Wolfe & Co.**
Portsmouth, N. H.	**Goodman's Men's Shop**
Reading, Pa.	**Walter Jones Inc.**
Rochester, N. Y.	**National Clothing Co.**
Rockford, Ill.	**Stuckey's**
Sacramento, Calif.	**Weinstock-Lubin**
St. Louis, Mo.	**Boyd-Richardson**
Salt Lake City, Utah	**Z.C.M.I.**
San Antonio, Texas	**Joskes of Texas**
San Diego, Calif.	**Walker's Dept. Store**
Savannah, Ga.	**Harris—The Hub**
Scranton, Pa.	**The Globe**
Seattle, Wash.	**Bon Marche**
Shreveport, La.	**M. Levy & Co.**
Spokane, Wash.	**Bon Marche**
Springfield, Ill.	**Roberts Bros.**
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Tacoma, Wash.	**Rhodes Bros.**
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Westwood Village, Calif.	**Desmond's**
West New York	**Schlesinger's**
Wichita, Kans.	**McVicar's**
Wilkes Barre, Pa.	**Fowler, Dick & Walker**
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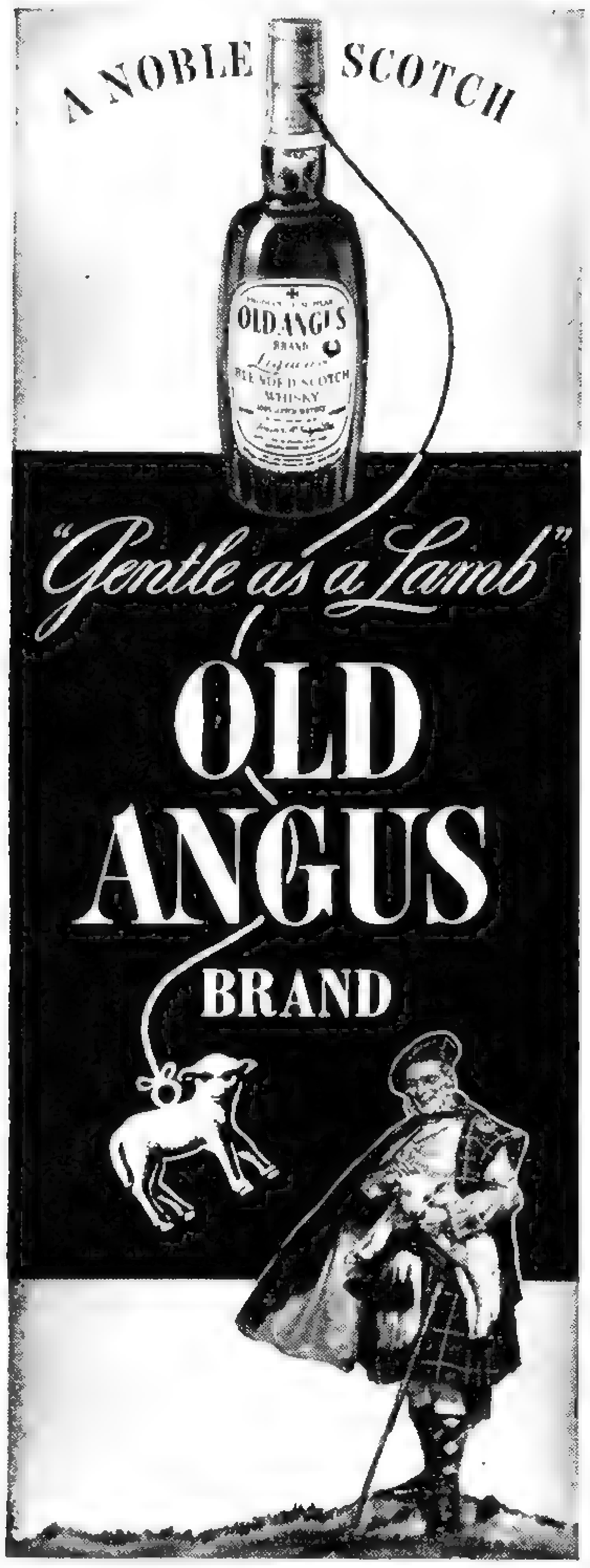
Youngstown, Ohio	**Hartzell's**

*Ten Stores—Metropolitan Area



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Going Places

Painting the Town

The art—the very, very high art—of Tommy Lyman is, regrettably, a thing which will endure only in the memories of those who have heard him whisper his songs of heartbreak in the whispery hours after midnight. For Lyman, an aware man with a drawn-face and what, to many, is the most persuasive singing style in the world, has never put his voice on records. So when he perishes—this wisp of a man—his voice, unlike those of Armstrong and Sinatra and Crosby and Teagarden, must perish too. But meanwhile, the voice, and the tunes so redolent of all the nights of our gilded and flaming youth, and the style in which he delivers them, are available in a handsome room called The Leslie House, which is located at 30 West 56th Street in New York City.

TOMMY LYMAN has been around so long that it seems almost presumptuous at this late date to cite his unique magnificence. At the same time, however, there is good reason why it should be mentioned. For one thing, because of his distrust of the microphone, and, incidentally, such allied devices as radio and phonograph records, Lyman is to be heard only in this dimly-lit room with its kidney-shaped bar and generally air of leisure. This is a fine room—a room, in a manner of speaking, with a view. Because here, you look—or, rather, listen—back upon the fragrant years, upon the years of the melodies which have become part of your heart, but which unfortunately, you never hear much any more. He is, we think around ESQUIRE, a great man, and we would be most delinquent if we were not to say so—publicly, unabashedly, and with a note of trembling admiration.

NOT SO recondite foodwise as Chateaubriand, but nevertheless a real treat is Al Schacht's place at 102 East 52nd Street. This restaurant, run by the former baseball star who now enlivens an occasional game with his inimitable clowning, is pretty much a steak house — and one of the best ones in all New York. Although Al Schacht's is probably less well-known as a gathering place for sports celebrities than some of its rivals, it has, on the whole, better food, a more restful atmosphere.

SINCE THE warm weather is still with us, we think it only considerate that we put in a word or two for a couple of places that may come in handy during the course of your late-summer nomadism—provided it be in New England. One of them—Scituate Cabin—which is at 78 Border Street, North Scituate, Massachusetts—has, among other things, magnificent lobsters. The management and ownership of Scituate Cabin consists of Frances McCarthy, who played an indispensable part in the operation of Hugo Ormo's superb seafood enterprises in Massachusetts, and Robert M. Dorion, who served as manager at the Brae Burn Country Club in Newton, Massachusetts. To those of us who have ever eaten at Brae Burn or any of Hugo's places, this constitutes a glowing recommendation for Scituate Cabin. We're happy to be able to report that the two of them do nothing to sully their reputations. A typical dinner (for one) at Scituate Cabin might be made up of: New England Clam Chowder, Broiled Live Lobster with drawn butter; French fried potatoes; Chef's salad bowl; dessert or cheese and crackers; and coffee. The cost: $3.50. We can testify that it's a magnificent dinner, although, for our own taste, we would prefer a touch more garlic in the salad. For $3.75 you can get the Cabin Lobster Tray, which is made up of clam chowder, a large lobster (any style) fried Cape Scallops, clams, filet of sole, fried onion rings, and dessert and coffee.

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with Esquire

Getting Away From It All

September has always been a favorite month for the smart vacationist. Summer crowds subside after Labor Day, yet the weather's still perfect all the way from Alaska to the Caribbean. Hotel-keepers and resort people are recognizing the importance of September business, so more hotels and vacation attractions than ever are remaining open through the month. From the triple considerations of weather, accommodations and rates, September is one of the best months in the year for a happy vacation.

MEANWHILE the airlines are putting more new equipment into service. Northwest Airlines are substituting the new Martin 2-0-2 for the DC-3, old twin-motor workhorse of the airlines. New Douglas DC-6 service on Pan American and Panagra between Miami and South America has cut travel time from the U.S. to Buenos Aires and Santiago to a little more than twenty hours. DC-Sixes also are carrying the ball for United Air Lines' Mainliner service across the continent and to Hawaii, as well as for the new trans-Atlantic runs of the Scandinavian Airlines, which bring Scandinavia to within fifteen hours of New York. New sleeper-type Lockheed Constellations going into service for TWA have helped the line boost its trans-Atlantic schedule to forty-four flights weekly. American Airlines are turning to the new 300-mile-an-hour Convair Flagships to replace the DC-3 on their short and medium-distance runs.

SOUTHERN California visitors will find it worthwhile to call at the offices of the San Diego-California Club, Broadway and Columbia Street, San Diego, for the latest maps and information of the area's all-year vacation attractions. Weather's always fine around San Diego. Witness selection of a site in northern San Diego County for the giant six-million-dollar Palomar Observatory, with its great telescope containing the world's largest mirror—200 inches in diameter. Ideal climatic conditions are said to have dictated choice of the location.

ANOTHER tourist development outfit to do an outstanding job in supplying vacationists with up-to-date information is the Netherlands West Indies Tourist Committee at 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, 17. Although it's a new organization, the committee already has prepared a great deal of informative material on the comparatively little-known Dutch islands of Aruba, Bonaire, Curacao, St. Martin, Saba and St. Eustatius in the Caribbean—all with their individual attractions for the American visitor. For latest data on unusual vacations in these off-track islands, write to the committee's New York office.

ONE OF THE really top resort hotels in the Southwest is the Bishop's Lodge, a few miles out of Santa Fe, New Mexico. September weather is ideal here, with warm, sunny days and crisp, cool nights prevailing all during the month. In the twenty-seven years of its operation, the Bishop's Lodge has won an international reputation as a truly distinctive guest ranch. Riding, of course, is the most popular sport, but there's tennis, golf, cowboy picnics, moonlight steak roasts, pack trips and fine fishing. Comes winter, and the surrounding Sangre de Cristo Mountains become great ski runs. Daily American plan rates run from $10 up single.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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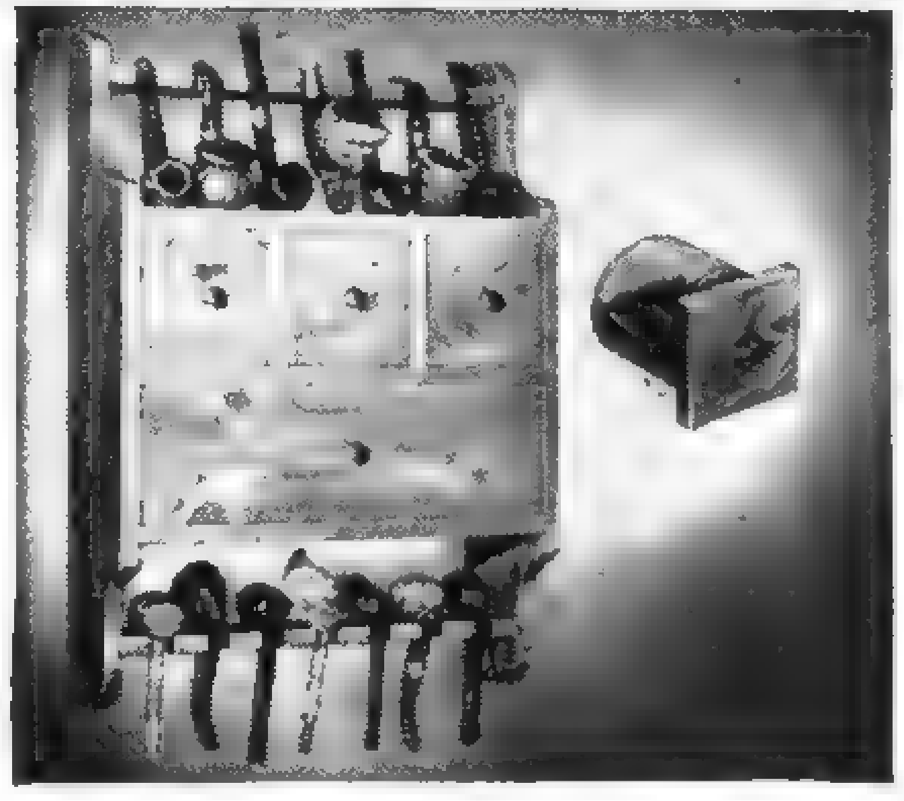

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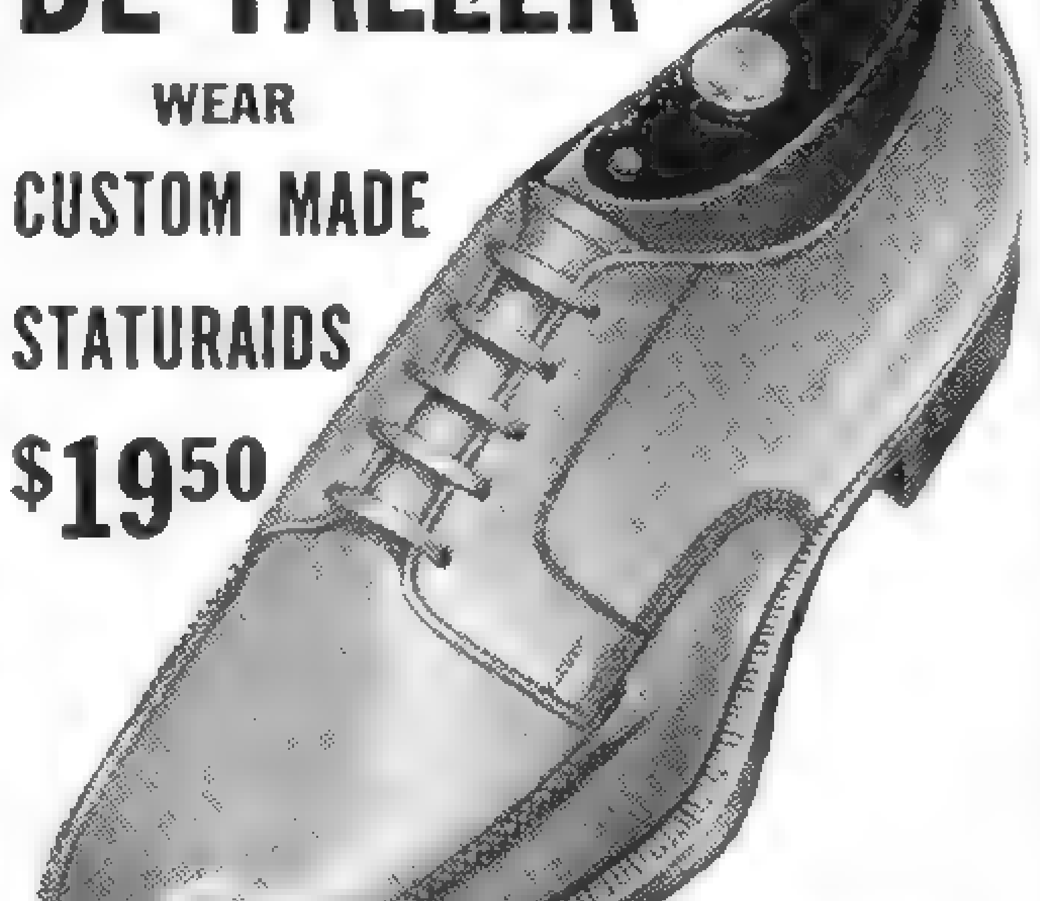
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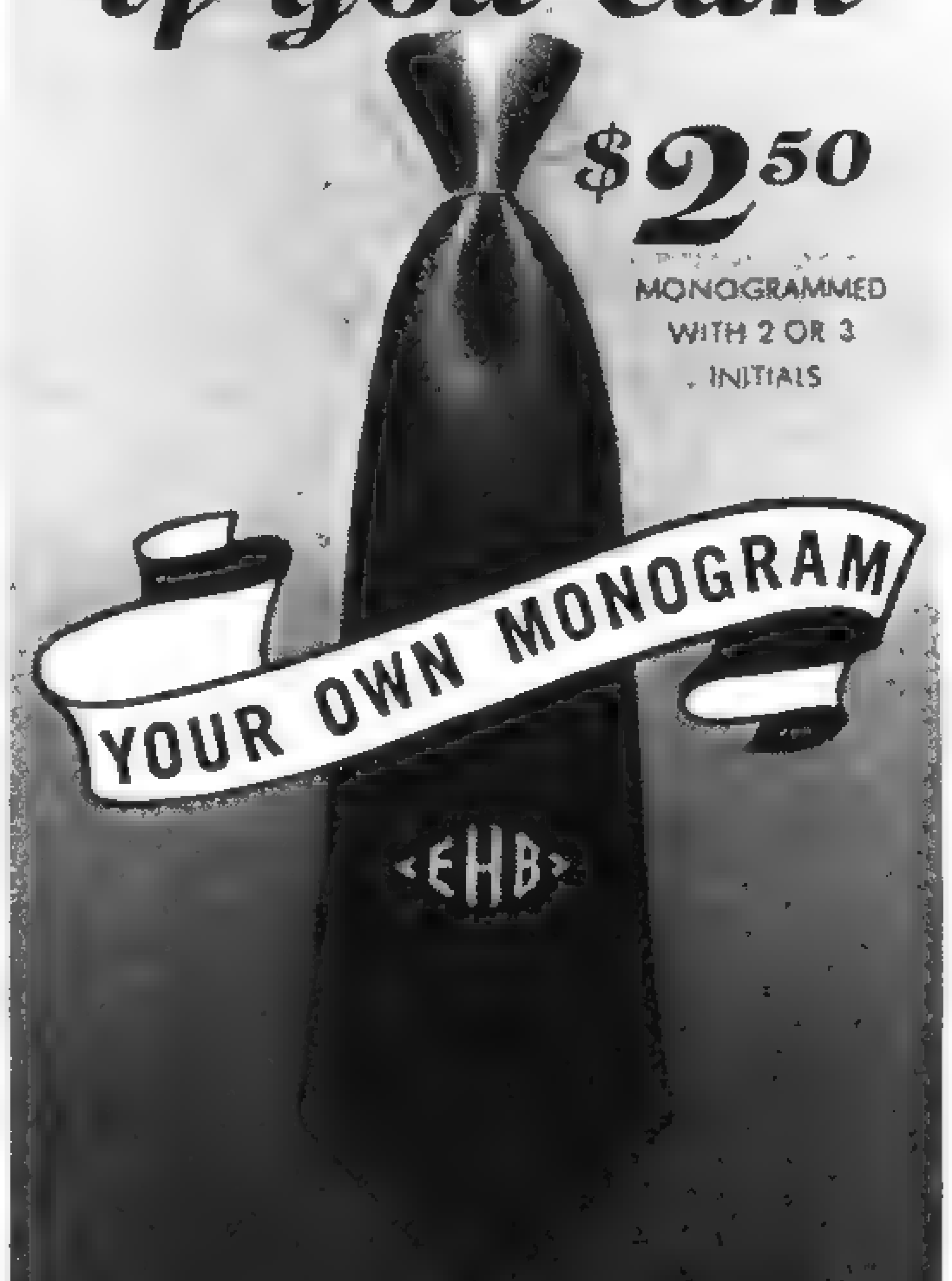

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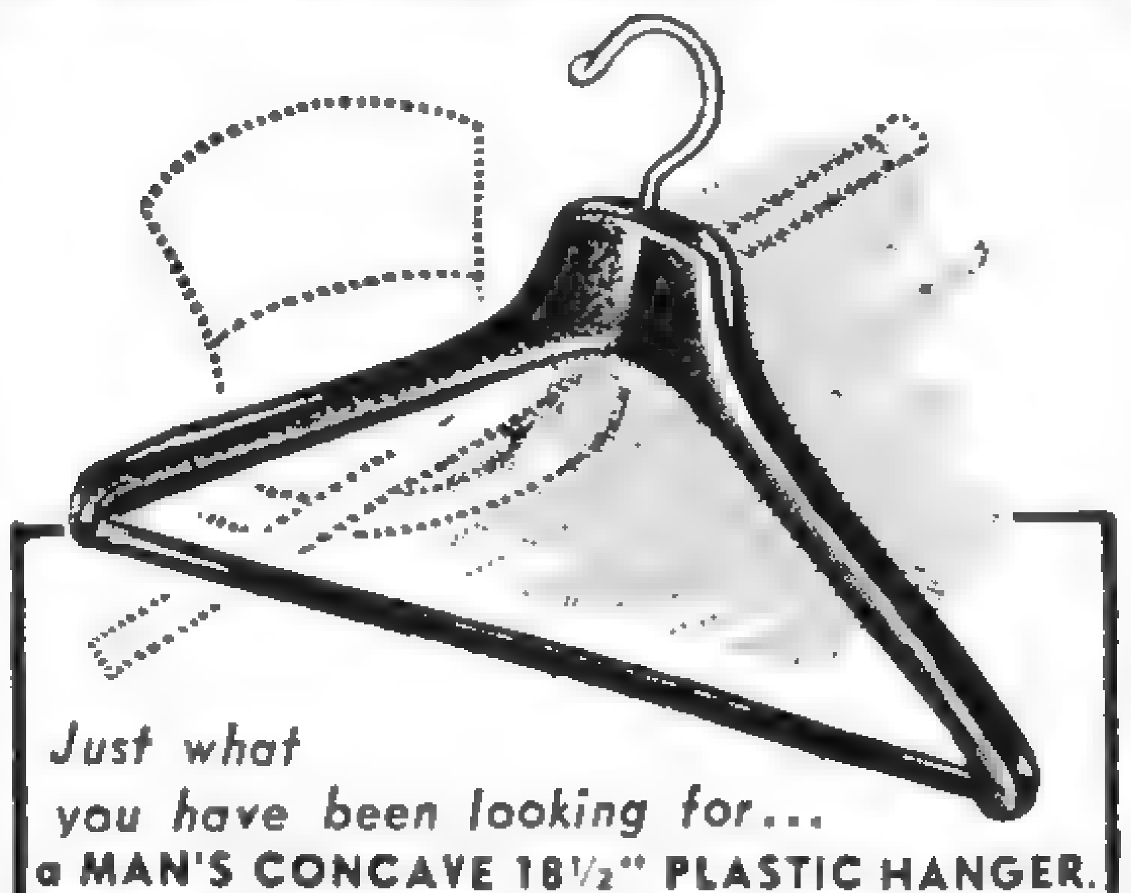
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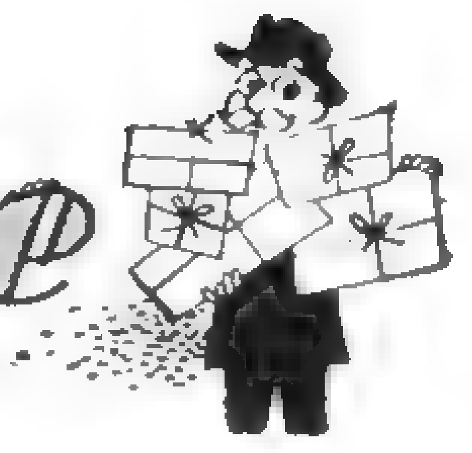
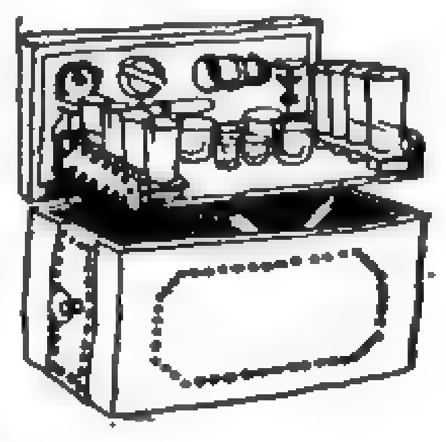
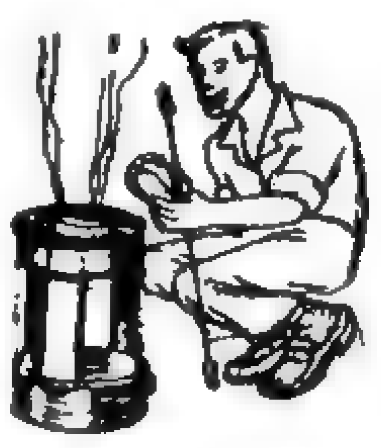
Talking Shop with Esquire



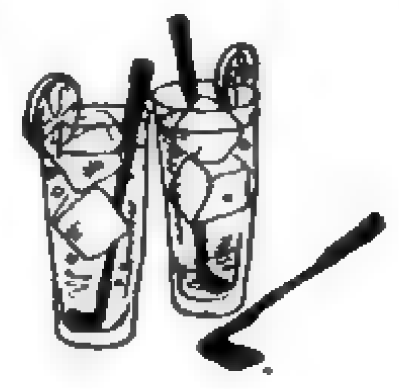
DISAPPEARING BAR. Lift the lid of this leather hassock and you have a fully equipped home bar, with glasses and shaker and everything you need. Closed up, it's an innocent-looking hassock—you'd never know there was a bar inside! Upholstered in washable, burn-resistant leatherette—maroon, brown, ivory, green, or blue—padded with shredded foam rubber for easy sitting. You can have it with or without the glasses and accessories. Comes in two heights—one that adjusts to above chair height, and one that has a mechanism which will bring it up to standing height.



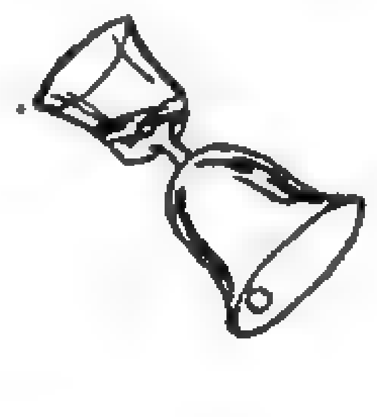
OUTDOOR CHEFS will appreciate this stainless steel, portable grill because it's light in weight and easy to take along on outdoor junkets. The whole deal "telescopes" into a container about the size of a woman's hat box. To assemble, the three legs are inserted in the base, and the burner section goes on top of that. Put in the charcoal, and light it, and place the steel grill on top. All you need now is the steak! Packed up and ready to go, the travelling grill is 7" high and 13" in diameter. Assembled, it stands at 21 inches.



CLUBBY. These miniature golf club swizzle sticks will stir up the drinks and the conversation, too. Made of molded stryene plastic in a variety of colors and packed in a clear acetate golf bag. If you want to, you can have initials or names printed on the shaft of the clubs—like "Betty and Bob" or "The Smiths". There are coasters to match, if you wish.



"RING FOR A DRINK." These cocktail glasses have a bell on the base—pick up the glass when it's empty and "ring" for another Martini, or whatever you're drinking. They're unbreakable and come in either the cocktail size or the liqueur size.



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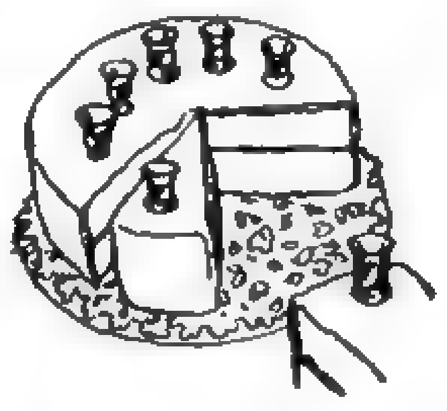
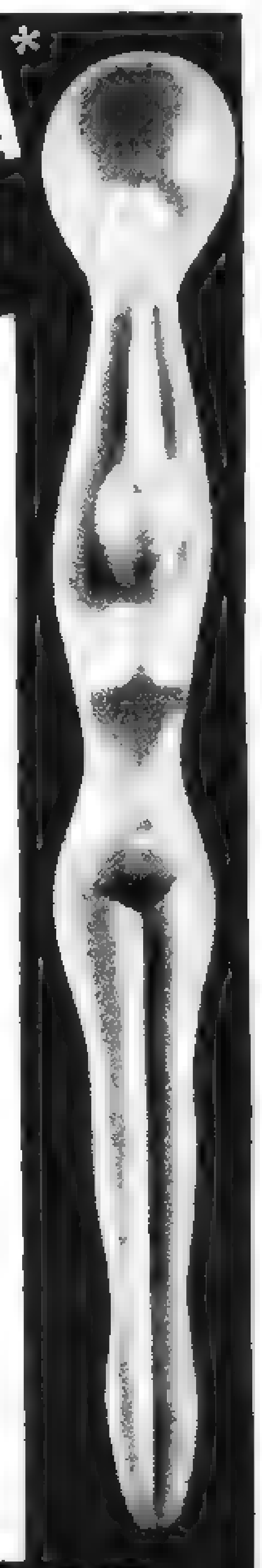


Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.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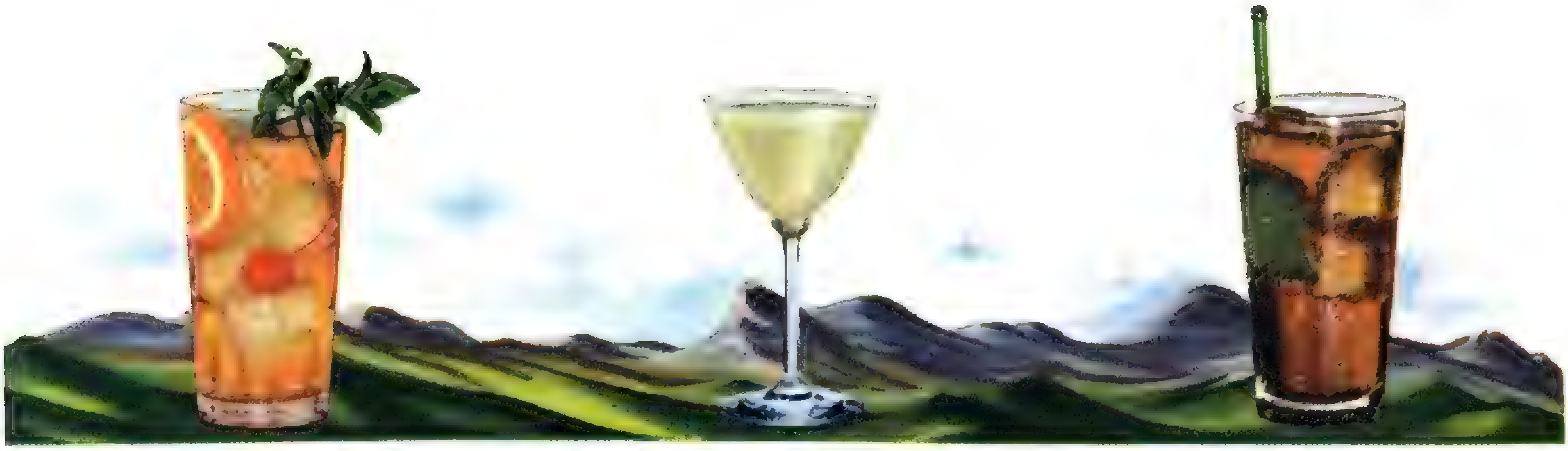

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What's Wrong with Our Women?

Mr. Stowe, who has been around more than just a little bit, tosses a hot iron in the fire and comes up with a lot of truths about, maybe, your own girl

An Article by

LELAND STOWE

“I give you: the American woman.” My friend Jacques raised his glass, pausing just enough to emphasize the slight touch of arsenic in his voice. He smiled a double-edged smile, and then added with just a shade more emphasis: “You can have her.”

“But, Jacques,” I protested. “But really, Jacques. The best-looking woman in the world—the most modern—the most intelligent. The most beautiful legs—the best figure. Why, you Europeans are the first to admit it.”

“I know,” said Jacques. “I know. We're the first to be fascinated—and, after a little experience, the first to get cured. Of course your women have wonderful figures. Of course they look superb—providing one doesn't look too closely, you understand. But let's be fair. As a novelty, the American woman is incomparable. For a brief flirtation, or perhaps for a week-end excursion, she has much charm. She can be amusing and decorative. All that is quite evident. But don't take her seriously. You mustn't make that mistake. Your women, they are much too spoiled. Marry one of them? No, thanks. You can have them.”

One thing about Jacques. He had not merely sampled the wine; he was a connoisseur of it. Yet he was announcing his withdrawal from competition on this side of the Atlantic. For observant, cosmopolitan males, that has become a pretty common occurrence. Our renowned American Eve may still boast of a rather fabulous collection of superlatives, but a lot of the lure and polish seem to have vanished from her original apple. In more discerning masculine circles today, men constantly conduct a sort of unofficial, nonstop Gallup poll on the relative merits of women. And our star-spangled contestant has come a cropper. Even though she is generally recognized as the most glamorous of the world's women, her rating in this quality poll has been declining steadily for a number of years. Maybe men are getting around more, and getting a bit more perceptive as they get around. Anyhow, the more that men get around (outside the U.S.A. as well as in it), the less importance they attach to the good looks and other superficial assets of American women.

A famous French masculine film star, sailing for home after two years in Hollywood, exclaimed with unconcealed relief: “At last! At last I shall have the pleasure of being together with a *homely* woman.” His sardonic comment obviously intimated his anxiety to get somewhere where women are chiefly interesting for considerably more than their looks. There are, it seems, many different ways for women to be appealing.

Of course, the American woman thinks of herself as “different.” She glories in her difference. America's Eve has been indiscriminately praised and pampered by her men ever since she first became conscious that she was developing curves where females benefit by them. Our enraptured Adams have showered their attentions upon her and made her the most ballyhooed female in the world. In the process, they have hoisted her on a pedestal—from which it is every male's privilege to try to bribe her into sneaking off, once in a while. Our Eve has scarcely needed to polish her apple. Any guy, she thinks, is a cinch to take a bite, if he gets half a chance.

It's doubtful whether any other nation's women have ever been so idolized. The first objective of the average young American male is to corral a personal Eve for his private pedestal. That not having been too difficult, the bewitched and bedazzled captor-turned-captive waves his hand toward the stunning creature on her elevated perch and exclaims: “There she is—our American woman! There's nothing like her in the world. Venus di Milo couldn't hold a candle to her. Isn't she wonderful?”

Being American, naturally she has to be wonderful.

And, admittedly, she does look the part. On a pedestal, I mean.

But our American woman can't stay on a pedestal all the time. She's got too much vitality, too many ideas, and too many wants. Being a dream girl—a symbol of the ultimate in womanhood—can get monotonous, both for her and the fellow who worships her. After all, except for the art-lovers, who in hell is interested in a woman on a pedestal? America's Eve is an extremely practical female. None, certainly, has done any better for herself. Whatever the altitude of her symbolic perch, you will notice that she always keeps her feet quite solidly on the ground. Everyone admits that she is well worth looking at. Enough, then, of dream-girl concepts. Let's look at her *as a woman*.

A clinical, down-to-earth inspection of America's Eve is long overdue. What Mr. Average American still does not perceive about his native-grown “deadlier of the species” is little short of astonishing. If few women care to be seen without their make-up on, most American men are even more anxious to preserve their illusions. In their minds, apparently, the American woman is—*American*. What more need be said? Yet there does exist a serious, sociological need to get a much more balanced and rounded assortment of facts about her—especially since she's becoming, as I've pointed out, the subject of increasing criticism.

During twenty years as a foreign correspondent, I've lived and traveled on five continents. I've naturally got in the habit of comparing men and women of other nationalities with our own; and I've come to some interesting conclusions. One of them is that my friend Jacques knows what he's talking about. Professional experts and amateur globe-trotters agree our Eve is neither all she thinks she is nor much that American men assume she is. Compared with her

(*Continued on page 93*)

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B. Tobey

KODACHROME BY GEORGE WOODRUFF

Let Your Body Pick Your Sport

It's just possible that the reason you never ran that hundred yards under ten was, if anyone had told you about it, you should have been doing the breast stroke

A Sports Article by

GEORG MANN

LAST fall, Coach Ray Meyer of De Paul University's famed basketball team, the Blue Demons, was a worried man. He'd been running the Demons through new offensive plays for a month, but the boys seemed sluggish and didn't catch on to new formations the way they should have. Perhaps, Meyer mused, this squad just wasn't up to former De Paul teams; or maybe he was expecting too much of the boys. Maybe the split-second timing of the new plays was beyond the physical and nervous capabilities of the squad.

At this point, Father Charles Williams of De Paul's biology department, a basketball buff from away back, came to the coach's rescue. He offered to run off reaction tests on the team in order to find out how well equipped the various players were to respond to sudden stimuli. Inside the gym, Father Williams set up his equipment—machines complete with ringing bells, push buttons, buzzers, and clocks that could measure reaction time down to hundredths of a second—and got to work on the basketball team.

The result of the tests? You can look at the record. De Paul didn't have a perfect year, but it stayed up among the nation's best teams and toppled many of the leaders. Furthermore, both Coach Meyer and Father Williams satisfied themselves that the tests are full of promise. Last season, of course, they mainly provided a checkup on the coach's opinion of the players; but next season the tests will be expanded and will help to sort out the potentially best players from De Paul's huge freshman squad. In this way Meyer hopes that eventually he'll be quickly able to concentrate his work on those players who are physically best suited for the game, without fumbling around beforehand.

Aptitude tests for athletes aren't new, but they are part of an entirely new approach to sports that is being tested in half a hundred campuses and gyms. The assumption is that athletic ability, just like ability in any other field, can be tested scientifically and improved by a scientific approach. The Army Air Forces used similar tests to separate the first-rate from the mediocre aviation cadets during World War II.

Reaction time, for example, is as important for football linemen as for basketball players. The line that consistently outcharges its opponents, that swings into action in the split second after the ball has been snapped, has a big advantage. Tests run off on one football team not long ago proved that the first eleven men outranked all the other players on the squad in their reaction time. Other tests have shown that reaction time for track men is quickest among the sprinters, slower among middle-distance runners, and slowest among the distance runners. Quick reaction is vital in baseball, where, for instance, the second baseman has to pick up a throw from the shortstop, pivot, and get the ball to first base to complete a double play. In fact, all team sports, where what one player does depends upon the other players, require the quickest possible reactions. And so do some individual sports—fencing, for example. On the other hand, a man with fairly slow reactions can be a successful swimmer or gymnast.

From the way research reports are piling up, it begins to look as though future sports events may well be decided before the starting gun goes off. Coaches are doing more than test reaction time—they are plotting the specific physical and nervous needs of various sports. Then they are looking around for boys with the right physical qualities to fill the bill. They are trusting less and less to chance, wasting less time trying to make championship silk purses out of physically mediocre sow's ears. True, they can't breed champions, the way horse-race experts can. But they can find out more and more about what makes a sports champion tick.

What does all this mean to the athletes themselves? It means that if the program is begun in the high schools—as many scientists hope it will be—athletes are going to get off on the right foot sooner than they now do. Good milers won't keep trying to be sprinters. Chubby characters with slow reflexes will skip basketball and baseball and turn to swimming. And athletes and dubs alike are going to stop beating their hearts and brains out trying to compete in popular sports they aren't fitted for. There are at least four hundred different kinds of exercises and sports kicking around; and discovering special physical abilities ought to cut down on the flow into the more popular ones, where competition is toughest, by sending athletes into currently minor sports for which they're better suited. A good many of us will still be dubs, but we'll be better dubs.

To see what scientists have already done in fitting athletes to various events, suppose we start with the classification of general body types. According to the best authorities, there are three basic physical types: the skinny ectomorphs, the muscular mesomorphs, and the well-padded endomorphs. There can be combinations of these three types, of course (which also, by the way, include a great many physical and mental characteristics beyond skinniness, fatness, and muscularity). The average person is rated on how many of the characteristics of each physical type go into his make-up.

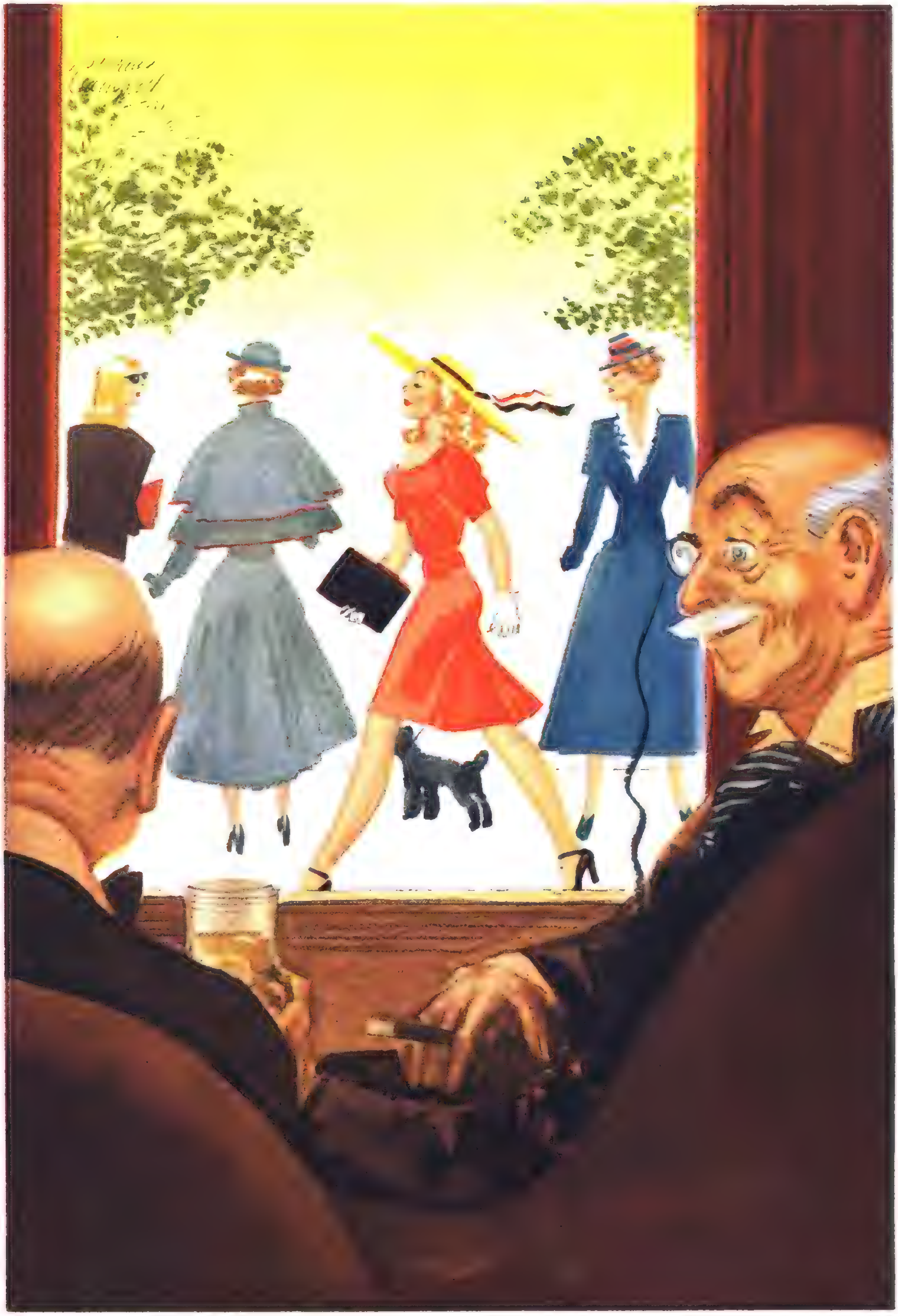
Mesomorphs are usually potential athletes. They are muscle boys, big-boned and not padded with superfluous fat. Their shoulders are low and broad, their collarbones heavy and prominent. Their chests are big and sturdily ribbed. The ligaments that keep their muscles and bones hitched together are strong and able to take the pounding of contact sports. On the whole, they are rugged and not too susceptible to disease, although they may become muscle-bound or—if they stop exercising—fat. During the war, the Army found that a high percentage of the most successful flyers were mesomorphs. Max Baer was pretty much of a classic example of a mesomorph; so, in an exaggerated way, are the weight-lifters whose pictures you see in physical-culture magazines.

Ectomorphs are the human string beans; long, lean, and lanky. When they turn to athletics they are fast greyhounds. Ectomorphs are often wiry and active and long-lived. They have small bones, their chests are thin, and their ribs stick out. Often they have long legs and arms, which gives them an advantage in many sports. If you are an ectomorph, though,

(Continued on page 136)

CRIME
DETECTIVE
HORROR

"I therefore dedicate this book to my wife Edna, my constant inspiration!"



"By Gad, Wilkens! There's a real old-fashioned girl!"

A Matter of Time

The Germans thought a woman's curiosity would lead them to the pot of gold, but all they got for their trouble was a loud explosion and a gigantic headache

A Story by

LEE ROGOW

MADAME MICHELE FRENAY was a tribute to modern chemistry. The blush in her cheeks, the carmine of her lips and fingernails, and her magnificent yellow mop of hair, streaked with black like a ripe banana, bespoke the wonders of the laboratory.

I met Madame Frenay last summer in the Café Tabou, in the Saint-Germain-des-Prés quarter of Paris. Two tables away a gang of bobby-sox Existentialists listened as one of their number read a poem. The juke box rasped out a Charles Trenet tune, adding to an uproar worthy of the Rose Bowl after a touchdown.

In the midst of this *tohu-bohu* Michele Frenay sat at her table like a slightly disreputable queen, her thin shoulders and neck springing straight and fine from the deep décolletage of her gaudy print dress. That her picture hat, crowned with pink roses, was slightly askew did not detract from her regal manner.

A friend of mine, a reporter on the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune*, introduced us. Madame Frenay's smile dazzled with gold. While I cannot recall seeing Madame Frenay even sip at her drink, she caused three Pernods to disappear during our brief conversation.

"My friend has to see all Paris in four days," the reporter explained.

"It is not enough," Madame Frenay said. "Not nearly enough. I tell you what. I will make you a present of two days."

I gazed at her inquiringly.

"It is a joke," she smiled. "I have two days to give as a present. The Nazis were kind enough to give them to me in 1943. It was in July," she continued. "I was making my weekly visit to my hairdresser when two Gestapo men walked in and arrested me. The beasts. Not even would they give me time for my hair to dry. Piff, paff, poof, they clap me in a truck and take me off to Gestapo headquarters.

"There I am introduced to Colonel Flemburg. A very charming man, the colonel. The highest polish of any boots in the Gestapo. A great mirror in the office, so large as he is.

"Colonel Flemburg asks pardon for interrupting my visit to the hairdresser. He tells me I may leave at once if I will be good enough to give him some information. It has come to his attention that the Resistance is planning to blow up a building the Germans have commandeered on July fourteenth, Bastille Day. The man in the Resistance who is thought to have made the plans is—shall I say—a friend of mine. Will I therefore be good enough to inform the colonel which building the Resistance has selected for its demonstration? If not, they have means of making me tell.

"I inform Colonel Flemburg I regret I do not know what he is talking about. The colonel turns me over to a large lady in a white smock with whom I pass an hour I prefer not to think about. At the end of the hour the lady has gained nothing for her exertion but teeth marks in her wrist.

"After this I am taken down into the cellar into a dark cell. 'It is July 8,' Colonel Flemburg says. 'I trust we will get some information from you before the 14th.' The door is locked. I am in the dark, deep underground, like a mole. I sleep. I wake. Each time food is brought to me—a miserable pot of soup and a lump of bread the size of a fist—Colonel Flemburg pays me a visit. He inquires whether I have decided to tell him the name of the building the Resistance has marked for destruction. I spit in his face. After this I receive a visit from the large lady in the white smock. Once I go for her throat with my teeth. After this the Boche decided they would get nothing from me by this means."

Madame Frenay's glass was empty. I signaled the waiter to bring another round.

"I have no way to keep track of time except by meals. I am sleeping like a drugged thing. But each day, after breakfast, I make a scratch on the door with the buckle of my shoe. On the day I make the seventh scratch, they conduct me to Colonel Flemburg's office. The colonel smirks while I look at myself in the mirror. Ho, what a fright! 'It is July 15th,' the colonel says, pointing to a calendar on the wall. 'There has been no explosion. I apologize for the mistake. You may go.'

"I descend from Gestapo headquarters. It is a lovely morning. The sun is a blessing after my cell. At the foot of the steps is a taxi. 'What day is this?' I ask the driver. 'Thursday, July 15th, naturally,' he says. 'Was not yesterday Bastille Day?'

" 'Very well,' I say. 'Drive to number 16, Rue St. Catherine. And while you are about it, go past the office of the German governor of Paris on the Rue de la Paix.' "

Madame Frenay dropped her cigarette and stepped on it. Her ankles were still superb. "So stupid, the Boches," she said. "They could never conquer the world."

"But Madame," I said. "You told me the Nazis had given you two days. It sounds as if they had taken seven away from you."

"Not at all," she smiled. "Colonel Flemburg was being clever. By drugging my food to make me sleep, and giving me tiny portions to keep me hungry, he managed to give me seven sleeps and twenty-one meals in five days. When the calendar in his office said July 15th, it was really July 13th. I had lived seven days in five. So you see, they made me a present of two days, a handsome gift to a woman who has so much to fear from the passing of time as I."

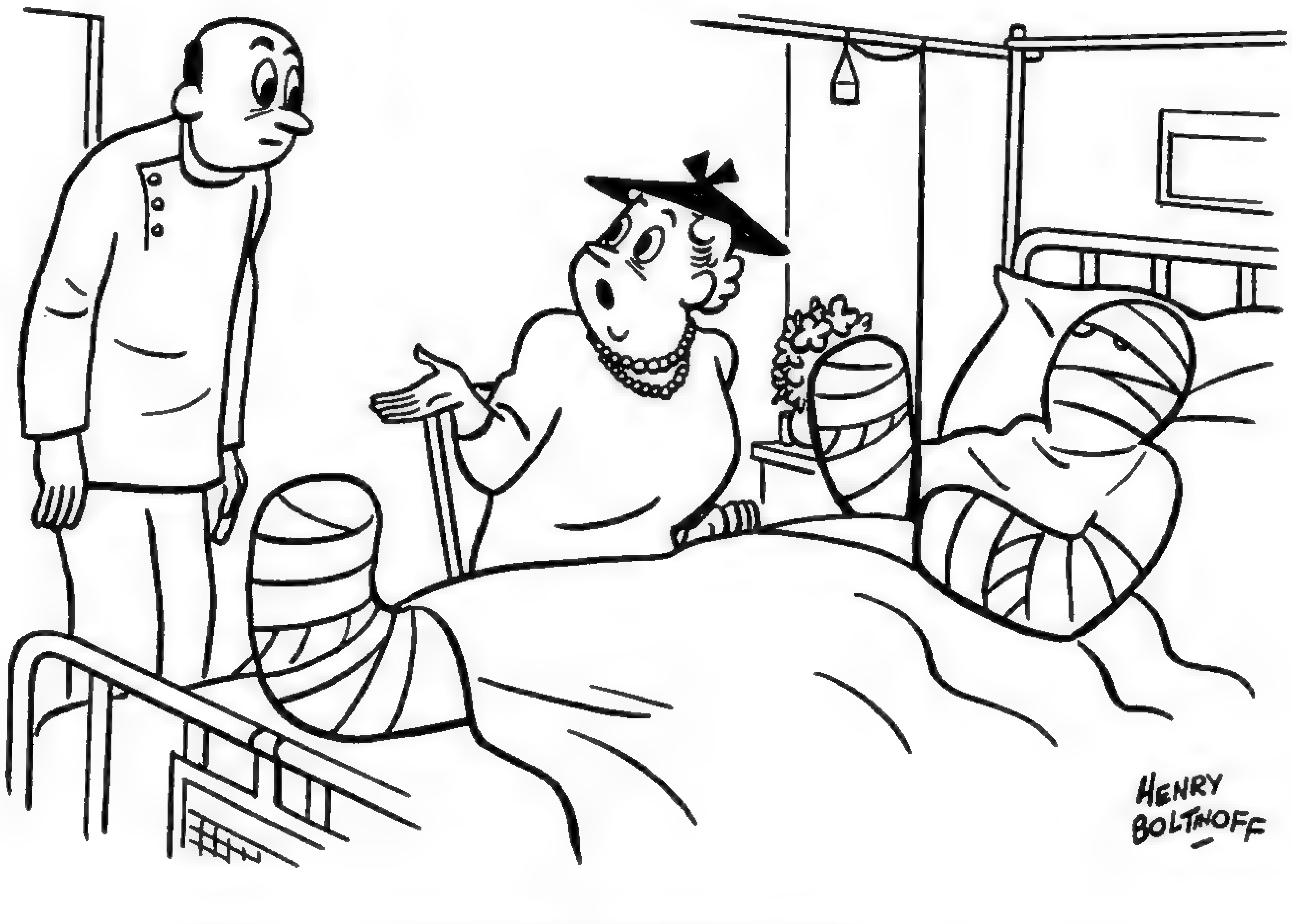
"But the taxi driver . . . "

"In the pay of the Boches, of course. They thought curiosity would take me past the building the Resistance had marked for destruction. There were a thousand greycoats around. The German governor's office was evacuated and under guard on July 14th when the Gestapo barracks on the other side of town went up in a great big poof."

"Delicious," I said.

The *Herald-Tribune* man said: "The only thing I haven't figured out is how you got onto the trick."

Madame Frenay swept off her floppy hat with its pink roses and leaned forward. "You see this?" she said, putting her index finger on the part of her hair. "Seven days after I leave my hairdresser, the roots are the color of soot. When I looked at the mirror in Colonel Flemburg's office I saw it would be at least two days more before I'd need another rinse." ###



"Are you sure that's my husband? I wouldn't want to be visiting somebody else!"

Baseball: Everybody's Game

Robert Smith and Paul Gallico, two bleacher experts, put two sides on that leather pellet: the American baseball

GIVE a kid a ball and a bat and he's happy. Send his old man to the ball park for the day and he's equally as happy. Let either one of them just smell a ticket to the World Series and you have quite a problem on your hands.

Europeans don't get it; with them, it's soccer, or automobile races. And no U.S. visitor, no matter how polite and no matter how interested, ever caught on to that gentle British fever called cricket.

And so baseball has become our own peculiar American mania of the spirit. Much has been written about it, but probably nothing more descriptive and true than the following two quotes from books by two of baseball's most ardent fans.

First, the loving warmth of Robert Smith's essay:

"There are hundreds of thousands of Americans who count few things sweeter than to climb high in a baseball park, in the gentle sun, to smell the baking dry wood of the bleachers; to hear close at hand the inimitable ringing clack when a bat meets a thrown ball with perfect timing and sends it true as a gunshot into the close-clipped field; to observe the ineffable grace with

KODACHROME FROM INTERNATIONAL

which an infielder moves from his position, scoops a swiftly-bounding ball into his glove, cocks his arm and slings the ball in a sizzling low arc across to the base; or to approve the magic agility with which an outfielder, traveling in the same direction as the ball, clutches the flying sphere and pulls it down like a trapped bird to make the out."[*]

But baseball can almost be a religion to its devotees, with its own special rites and music that Paul Gallico knows and writes about so well:

"So, too, the crowd as a whole plays the role of Greek chorus to the actors on the field below. It reflects every action, every movement, every changing phase of the game. It keens. It rejoices. It moans. It jeers. It applauds and gives great swelling murmurs of surprise and appreciation, or finds relief in huge, Gargantuan laughs. I can stand outside of a ball park and listen to the crowd and come close to telling exactly what is happening on the diamond inside. That quick, sharp explosive roar that rises in crescendo and is suddenly shut off sharply as though someone had laid a collective thumb on the windpipe of the crowd, followed by a gentle pattering of applause, tells its own story, of a briskly hit ball, a fielder racing for it, a runner dashing for the base. The throw nips the runner and the noise too. That steady 'Clap-clap-clap-clap-clap . . . ' Tight spot. Men on base, crowd trying to rattle the pitcher. A great roar turning into a groan that dies away . . . a potential home run, with too much slice on it, that just went foul. The crowd lives the actions of the players more than in any other game. It is a release and something of a purge. It is the next best thing to participation."[†] #

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[*] *From* Baseball *by Robert Smith, by permission of Simon and Schuster, publishers,* © *1947 by Robert Smith.*

[†] *Reprinted from* Farewell to Sport *by Paul Gallico, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* © *1938 by Paul Gallico.*

The Pigeon-Blood Star

She was tall, with a poised and sultry beauty; her hair was a tawny mass upswept over tan skin and she wanted the Star badly enough to die for it—and she almost did

I CHOOSE a small table and order kidney pie, and I think: *By God, I wish the waiters weren't barefoot.* I think too: *When you start wishing things like that, Sheddon, it's time you get out of India, before the stench of it digs too sick-deep in your nose.*

Then, as a man eating alone will do, I glance around the room, and she stands out like a flame.

She's tall, lithe-tall, with a poised, sultry beauty, her hair a tawny mass upswept over the tan of her skin. She's English, and alone too; and I can't help it—my eyes keep wandering to her throughout the meal. She's aware of it, casual, ignoring an old story; then she finishes her coffee and stands up and walks directly toward me. She walks with a supple, high-breasted grace, and she says coolly, "May I sit down, Mr. Sheddon?" I remember my surprise, and the little hint of mockery in her smile. "We're bound to meet soon, anyway," she goes on. "There are few foreigners left here, and we're in the same business."

I get to my feet then, rocking on that last, groping for words. For a second she toys with long, dark gloves, then she sits down and says easily, "I know you're Mark Sheddon, and you buy jewels for Heiniken of New York." She adds slowly, "I'm Maya Vail. I buy for Cress, of London. I've only been in India a couple of days, but you may have heard the name in Rangoon."

I've heard it all right, and I get a quick, sinking feeling, as if sensing what's to come. I curse inside, then I collect myself and wave at the waiter and order another pot of coffee. I say quietly, "Checking on me is flattering, Miss Vail, but not always tactful," and she laughs.

There's a pause; then her eyes are on me, smoky. "Having any luck?"

I think, stupidly: *She's lovely. She's damned lovely, but Maya Vail. You know how she works.* I say warily, "No. A few sapphires, but nothing out of the way."

And, so help me, she drops it as calmly as if it's a remark about the weather. She says simply, "I'm after the Pigeon-Blood Star, myself."

It's as if the quick, sinking feeling suddenly overflows; I think: *All the weeks I've spent, and now this.* But I don't move. I even manage to sound blank. "You're after . . . what?"

Her laugh is smooth, sure. "Are we to play games, Mr. Sheddon? I'm sure you know more about the Star than I do."

My mind is racing then; I've got to decide fast. I think: *Deny it, Sheddon; hers is a shot in the dark.* But, actually, my presence in Calcutta is enough. I pause, then I sigh. "Okay, Miss Vail. So I know something about the Star. I also know something about this country, which you don't if you've been here only two days. I know there's a religious war going on, and I know how bad it is. Since you Limeys pulled out, buying stones is a lot more than a question of price."

"So?" And there's that faint, mocking smile.

"If you don't already know it," I say, "the Pigeon-Blood Star is Hindu property, and certain Moslems want it. Primarily a lad named Sanjid, who's the Moslem counterpart of an American Al Capone. It would mean unheard-of riches for him in Pakistan, and the stone has disappeared because the Hindu owner—whoever he is—knows he'd wind up in the river if Sanjid could find him." I add slowly, "It's damn dangerous business trying to locate that stone."

She murmurs, "The great Mark Sheddon worries about danger?" And she makes it sting, deep. I'm leaning over the table then, and my voice is hard. "Have you tried leaving the European section of this city yet, Miss Vail? Have you seen the killing and looting and torture and rape?"

I stop because there's open mockery and scorn in her eyes. Then the words come, harsh and flat; my eyes are on that slim body. "You wouldn't look any different from the rest, lying in the street," I say.

She winces, then her face tightens. "That ruby has six rays, and it's as big as a grape. I intend to buy it for Cress, Mr. Sheddon."

It's the way she says it; our eyes lock for a long moment, and it's as if something snaps between us, hot and personal. Then I'm on my feet and I hear my voice, savage. "I've heard how you worked in Rangoon. Taking advantage of other buyers because they're men in a country where there are no women. Getting information, locating stones through them, then beating them out in the final bidding." I add, softly, "It won't work with me, Miss Vail!"

And she laughs. Her head is thrown back, arrogant, provocative, and she laughs. "You overrate me, Mr. Sheddon."

I start to turn away, but there's the closeness, the challenge of her. I hear myself saying, "I'll drop you at your hotel."

She brushes against me on the stairs; then the vapid, hot smell of the city strikes us. Ram, my bearer, jumps for a taxi. He's a coal-black youngster in a pair of my castoff shorts; I see her watching him, amused. He opens the door and grins toothily as he announces, "I best dam' bearer in India" and clambers in front. She says, "The Queens," and it's near by. For a few moments there's silence and the faint, stirring scent of her; then the cab stops and her voice is low, husky. "I told you you overrate me, Mr. Sheddon. Perhaps it's just that . . . some men interest me."

And I'm staring, meaningful, at her figure, moving up to that mocking smile. I feel my mouth twist into a grin as I say, "This time you've bought yourself a war, Miss Vail." And she's gone.

I sit for a moment on the edge of the seat, feeling strange and shaken; then I snarl at the driver: "Move! Around the first corner and stop!"

We stop and I drag Ram from the front seat. "You!" I say. "Listen! Memsahib lives in that hotel. Watch the lobby and follow her. I want to know everything she does, everyone she talks to. If you lose her

A Story by

GEORGE W. MORSE

or get caught, I'll cut your Hindu hide to bits!"

His face breaks into a wide grin. He bobs and says happily, "Sahib, I do good, you take me to America, no?"

Another time I'd have laughed. He's fiercely loyal, but I've made a mistake: I've talked America to Ram until his going back with me has become a passionate, childish obsession. No matter how many times I explain it's impossible, he merely believes himself as yet unworthy and continues his campaign. This time I shove. "Go after Memsahib! Beat it! *Jao!*"

I go to my own hotel and soak for a long time in a cool tub, but it does no good. I curse the long month I've spent trying to track down the Star and the times I've stuck my neck out doing it. *Like I'm going to do this afternoon,* I think suddenly. But I think then: *By God, if Rashid's right, I may have it before she even gets started.*

I scowl: Rashid. There's something furtive in that bland, chocolate face—something too shrewd. He comes into my rooms yesterday a stranger, a young, British-educated Moslem, Bengali-dressed in white dhoti and shawl, and he simply announces he knows I want to buy the Star. "The grapevine, Sahib. You are a buyer, and word gets around . . ."

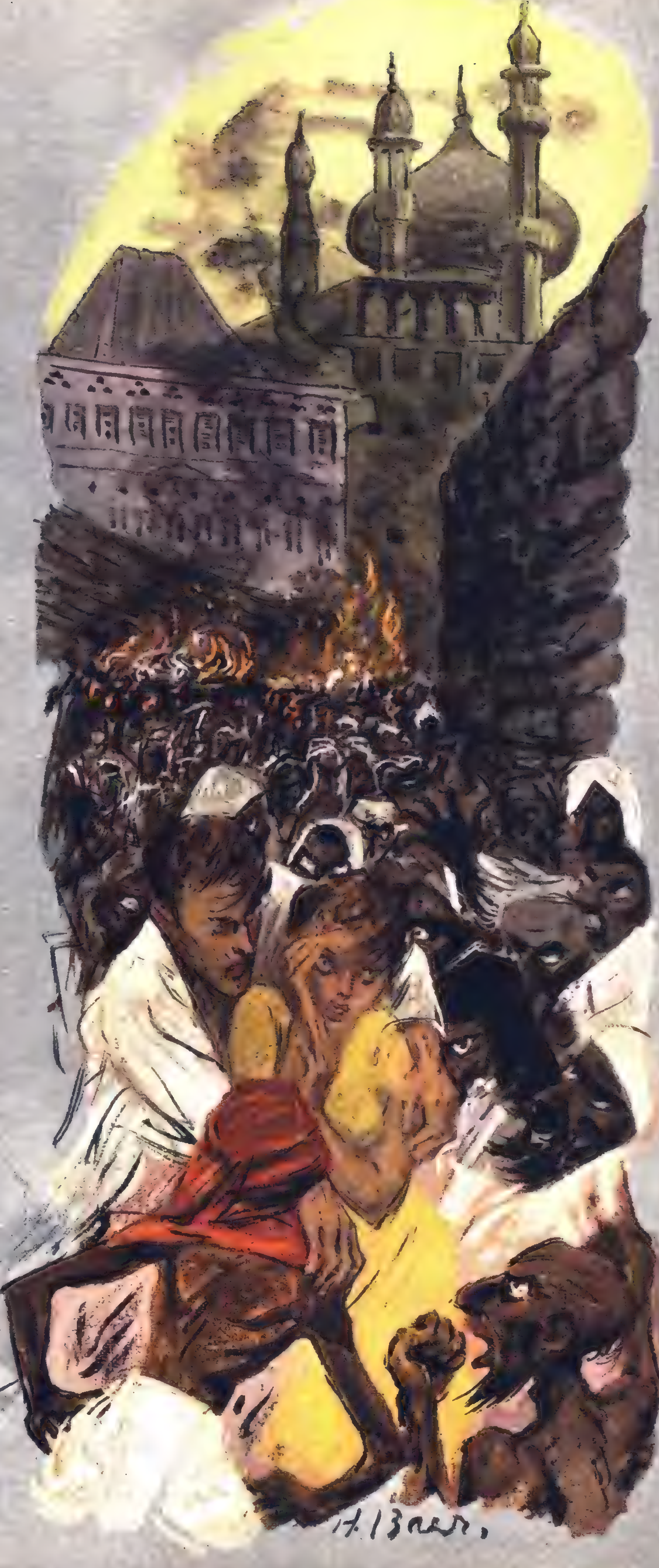
And he goes on to hint that the stone's whereabouts are known to him; if he's right and I get it because of him, will five hundred rupees find their way into his pockets?

I'm sweating then; it's the best lead I've had and there's nothing to lose—*except,* I think afterwards, *that same neck.* He has said, "Tomorrow, Sahib. The burning ghat, near the Hindu Temple of Kali, at three. There's to be a burning of red feet and there will be a very old man among the relatives, with white beard. Tell him you are buyer, but tell him I send you." And he has slid out, bandylegged and smiling, as unobtrusively as he's come.

I scowl further. It's the way things happen in India, but I don't trust him. Even in normal times, they'd barely put up with white men in the Kali Temple, and with a civil war and the city gone mad, the thought of it leaves me cold. And the burning of the dead on open log fires. I shudder. I've seen it before.

I have an hour; *(Continued on page 101)*

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD BAER



The Best Things Are the Nicest

Horses are very fine animals indeed, and one of the better things in life is watching them run—if you are smart enough to keep your hand in your pocket

An Article by

JIMMY CANNON

THE horse player is a sour-natured but fanatical optimist who has dedicated his life to a crusade against logic. There is not one of them who does not realize that his dream of sudden fortune is a preposterous hallucination. But they continue to ignore the truth and it is seldom they escape from the brutal vision where they are incarcerated as prisoners of their own desire. They understand that poverty is the horse player's only reward and there is no way yet devised by man to beat the races. There are some who have never had a profitable day in twenty years, but they are loyal to their philosophy that the law of averages eventually assists the loser and causes him to make selections which can't run out of the money. Many horse players in the last stages of the disease have never watched a race horse run. They consider the railroad fare and the price of admission to the track to be an unnecessary drain on their funds and a waste of playing money. They conduct their transactions with neighborhood bookmakers and base their opinions on the knowledge sold by scratch sheets and by newspaper handicappers. I have been employed on newspapers for more than twenty years and I am familiar with the majority of those who pick the horses for the metropolitan dailies. They are usually acquainted with all those involved in a race and have a line on the habits of horse, jockey, trainer and owner. They have access to information denied the ordinary horse player and yet I do not know one among them who has become wealthy from gambling on their prophecies.

I am not celebrated for my philanthropy. There are many who insist I am stingy and these include the chambermaids, the bellhops and the room-service waiters employed by the hotel where I reside in New York when I am not traveling around the country on an expense account. It is a description I must dispute because I believe that careful is a more accurate word. But on many an occasion I have been bitten for two dollars by handicappers with national reputations and this is the smallest amount which will buy a mutuel ticket. It is not unusual for a newspaper handicapper to make his selections on the night before and then go to the race track the next day and bet against the opinions which appear under his by-line. There is one of them who picked the entire card and gave valid reasons why a man should invest his money on these horses. It was rumored around the shop that the young man had won himself a piece of the track because he is a guy who will gamble as fast as his bank roll will take him. But the handicapper could not resist the whispers of larceny which were told to him by the scholars of dishonesty and he bet against himself and did not cash a ticket. He was around trying to dig up lunch money the next day while the sports pages of his newspaper bragged that the shortest cut to wealth in our time was to follow his advice on the horses. The most successful of these guys is a fellow who lives off his salary and refuses to bet a dime on his highly regarded and well-backed selections.

* * *

There used to be a bookmaker in New York who annually proved his contempt for those who bet into his ambush. It was a public testimonial to the ignorance of his clients, but they mistook his controlled greed for generosity. The old burglar has been dead for ten years now, but to this day they praise him as a sportsman and an opponent who was devoted to fair play. On the night before Christmas he assembled his steady patrons in a private room in one of the town's most expensive restaurants. It was an impressive feast and those who attended free loaded on caviar and champagne and there were limousines to take home those who fell drunk. It was his custom to revoke all debts at this party and announce to his regular customers that they would start the new year even, no matter what they owed him. It did not matter to him how much he crossed off his ledgers as long as he was certain that the forgiven player would continue to give him the business. It was his contention that a player who gets into a bookmaker for a sum of money may search for a new guy to take his bets. It was an insurance that he would wind up with all they earned in the year to come and he fixed their credit so that at the end of a season the bonus he gave them for losing would be only a small percentage of the money he took from them.

GOOD HUMOR
PD
B TOBEY

"As long as they keep playing," he once told me, "I'm going to wind up with it all. I let them get into me for a little and when I give it back to them they figure I'm doing them a favor. I'm just guaranteeing myself I don't run out of players."

* * *

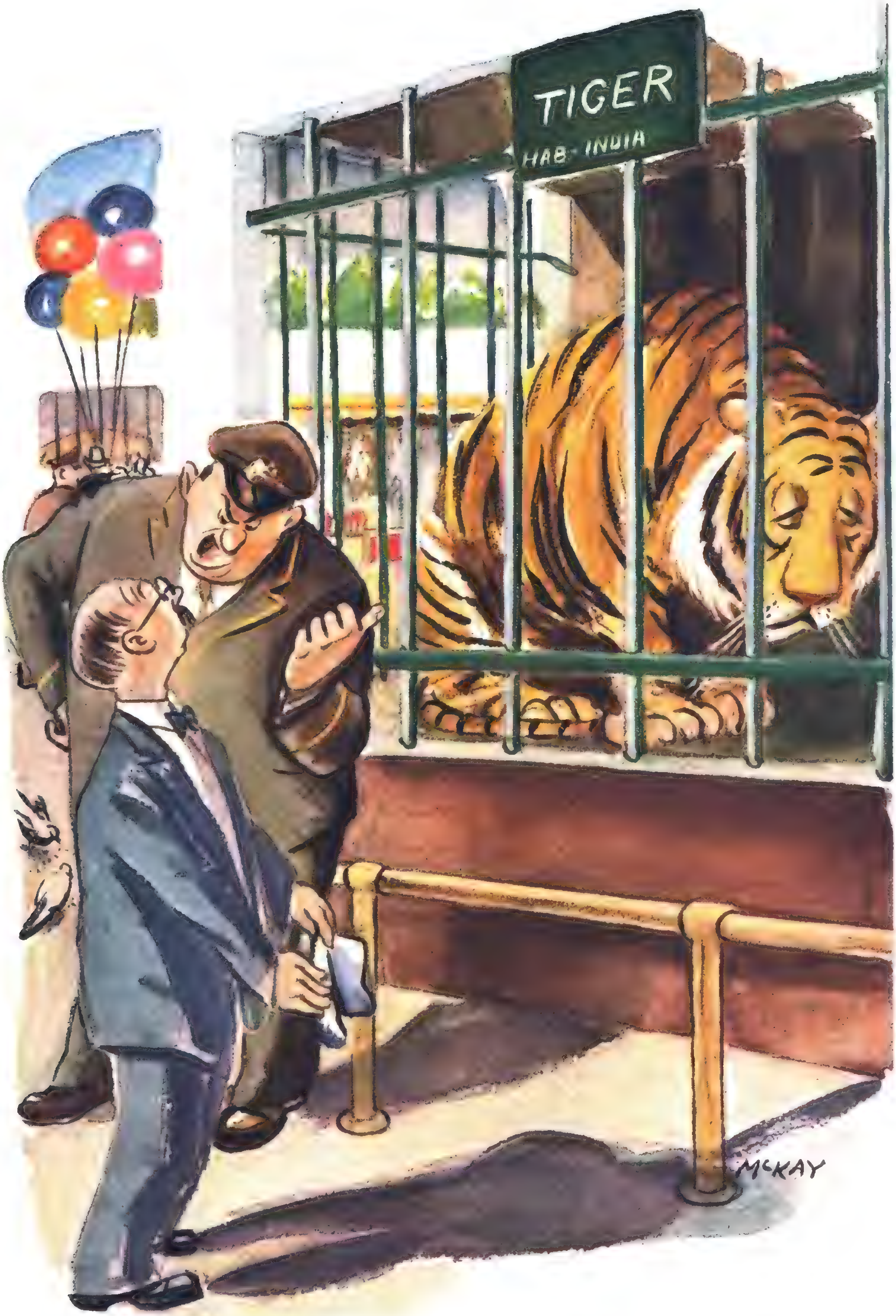
It is the policy of all banks to discourage cashiers who have opinions on the speed of horses going a measured distance. But there has been many a teller who played out of the draw and the one I mean was finally nailed and sentenced to do from three to five in Sing Sing. The player accepted his sentence in blank-faced silence and was taken back to the Tombs to await being shipped to his more or less permanent home on the Hudson. It was noticed by the guards that no one came to visit him and he cried in the night with heartbreaking grief. One of his jailers was moved by this anguished loneliness and asked the prisoner if there was anyone he would like to see. The cashier named a girl and gave the keeper her address and, as is the custom in such matters, probably came up with expenses for the journey to Brooklyn. On his day off the warder called on the lady and suggested that she show up at the can because the guy loved her beyond all others. The lady hesitated, considering the disgrace, but finally accompanied the keeper to the Tombs. The guard was there when they rushed into a weeping embrace and was about to turn away to give them the privacy love demands, but the conversation fascinated him.

"You don't love me," the cashier said.

"You know I do," the girl pleaded. "But I was afraid of the publicity. I thought I would lose my job. What do you want me to do? What can I do to prove I love you?"

"Make sure I get

(*Continued on page 107*)


TIGER
HAB - INDIA
McKAY

"Say, you – are you annoying that tiger?"

Those Fascinating Herberts

The next time you find yourself out on a limb in the conversation department, just take a tip from the Herberts and toss a swift curve at the lovely wife

A Story by

MATT TAYLOR

MRS. HERBERT returned the phone to its cradle, well-pleased. The Ritchies, down-the-street neighbors, had invited the Herberts for an evening of bridge. It wasn't much, but it was something. In the three months since they'd moved to town the Herberts had been able to latch onto very little social life. The Ritchies were key people. They had many friends, and this might be the beginning of goings-on which Mrs. Herbert, a young and party-minded thirty-six, dearly loved.

She told her husband about the invitation at dinner, and he, as usual, said the wrong thing: "It's about time they asked us. It's almost a month since we had them here."

"Perhaps they didn't enjoy themselves that evening," said Mrs. Herbert stiffly.

"They polished off a bottle of Scotch!"

"Do you think that's all entertaining amounts to?" she asked.

"I've known times when," he replied.

His wife glowered. "If you tried to make more interesting conversation, we might have more friends," she said. "That evening, all you talked about was your stupid brush business."

Mr. Herbert put down his fork. "I suppose you think you were sparkling?" he said.

"I talked very little. You kept interrupting."

"Tonight I'll give you your head," said Mr. Herbert, grimly. "You can talk their ears off if you want."

A strained silence prevailed as they walked down the street an hour later. Mr. Herbert was annoyed and showed it. He claimed no conversational honors, but he felt sure he topped his wife. All right—tonight he'd let *her* carry the ball.

But Mrs. Herbert would have none of it. After bridge, as they sipped highballs, conversation lagged sadly. And then the savage and malicious idea flashed into Mr. Herbert's mind. His eyes sparked a challenge to his wife and he said, apropos of nothing at all, "That reminds me of the time the roof caved in on Julia."

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Ritchie. "The roof caved in on her? Was she hurt?"

"She did some quick thinking," said Mr. Herbert. "Tell them about it, dear," he urged, a serene smile on his face and black villainy in his heart.

Color mounted to Mrs. Herbert's cheeks. She smiled nervously, breathed deeply, and took up the challenge.

It was when they were living in San Antonio, she told them. There was this terrific hailstorm, so there was no escape outdoors—the hail was too dangerous. The roof of the bungalow began to sag, and she crawled under the bed and stayed there for an hour with the plaster from the ceiling dropping all around her. But the funny part was that when she was under the bed she found the sapphire dinner ring she'd lost a month before. She was so happy about it she lay under the bed, laughing and laughing, and when Mr. Herbert found her he was sure she was hysterical.

Mrs. Herbert leaned back, flushed and happy. The Ritchies seemed entranced, and Mrs. Ritchie asked: "Weren't you terrified?"

"A little," said Mrs. Herbert, "but not as much as Harold was that other time." She smiled at her husband and threw him a fast curve. "That time he found the gorilla on the front porch."

"The hell you say!" cried Mr. Ritchie. "A real gorilla?"

Mrs. Herbert nodded eagerly. "Harold had gone out to get the morning paper," she said, "and there was this huge gorilla not ten feet away, snarling at him. Tell them, darling."

Mr. Herbert drained his glass and enjoyed a coughing spell before he went to bat.

They were living in Springfield at the time, he said. The gorilla had escaped from a circus. It came toward him slowly and he was afraid to dive back through the door, because the brute might spring at him before he could get it closed. So he tore off the first page of the newspaper and rolled it into a ball and tossed it at the gorilla, and this distracted the beast for a moment. He kept this up, a page at a time, inching back toward the door, until he was down to the classifieds, when a police car came screaming down the street, and the gorilla bounded away and climbed a tree, where it was captured.

"A mighty tight squeak, I'd say," said Mr. Ritchie, eying Mr. Herbert with new respect. "How about another drink?"

"I could use one," said Mr. Herbert.

With round one a draw, they rested during the next highball, eying each other cautiously, alert and on guard. Then Mr. Herbert came out slugging. "Speaking of embarrassing moments," he said, "there was that time Julia locked up Ronald Colman."

This one had Mrs. Herbert on the ropes for a full ten seconds, but she came back fighting. It was when they were living in Pasadena, she said. This movie company was filming some scenes in their street, and Mr. Colman had asked their maid if he might use the phone. Then the maid, who came in by the day, had left, and Mrs. Herbert, going out, had locked the door from the outside while Mr. Colman was in the den, telephoning. And, the next thing she knew, there he was at her front window calling, in his delightful British accent, for someone to let him out.

Mrs. Herbert was wobbly, but still on her feet at the finish. Then she was reminded of the time Mr. Herbert had been arrested for causing a traffic jam in Seattle.

Mr. Herbert polished this one off neatly. It was a bet, he said. He'd bet a friend he could stop traffic within ten minutes. So he knelt on the sidewalk and began to scratch marks with a nail, putting his ear to the ground to listen and shaking his head and moaning, and before long a crowd collected. It got bigger and bigger, and finally some cars parked double and people got out to see what was wrong, and in an even nine minutes traffic was stopped. Of course, the judge fined Mr. Herbert twenty-five dollars, and it was only a five-dollar bet, but the satisfaction was worth the difference.

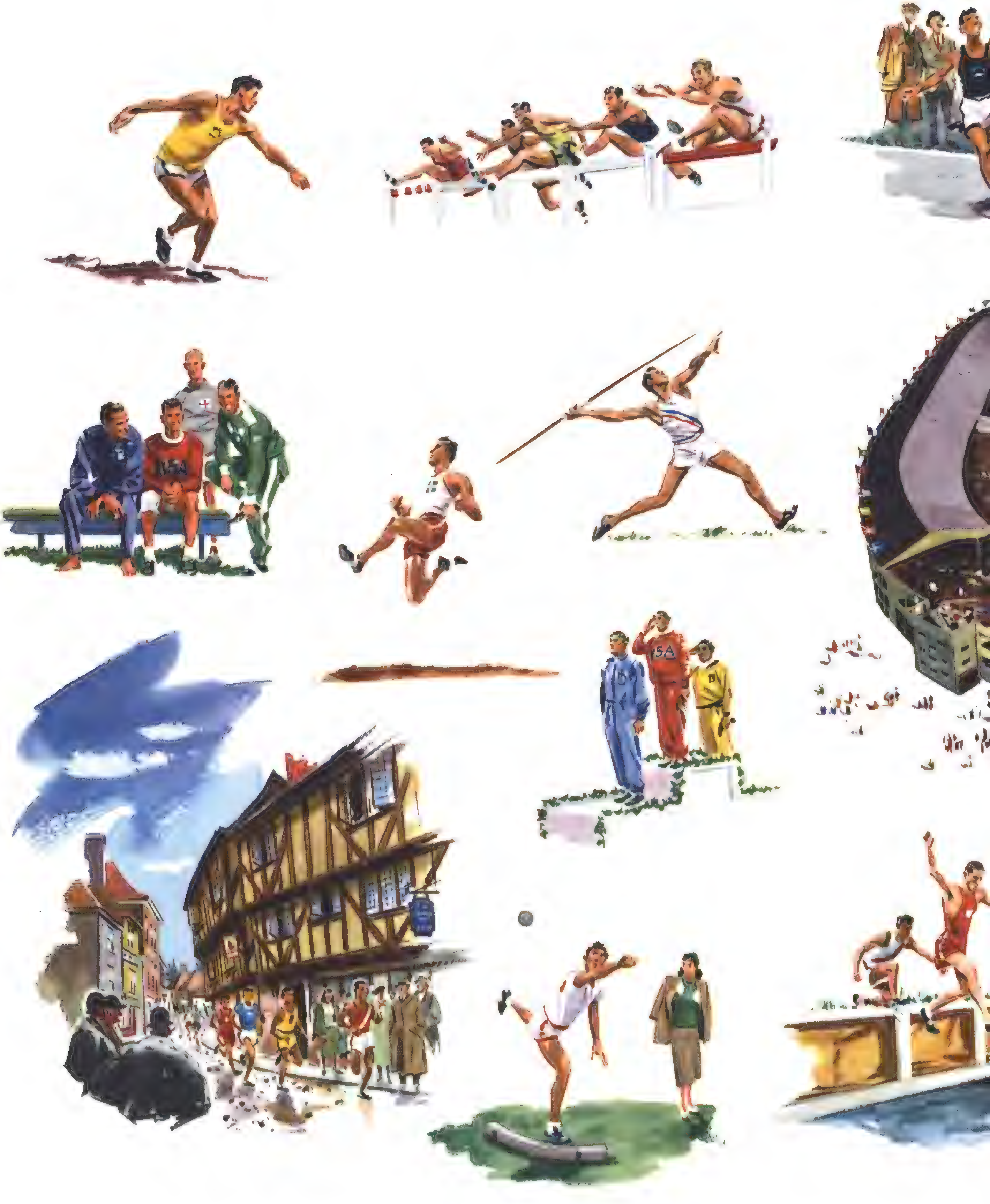
"I declare!" sighed Mrs. Ritchie. "You people have had some amazing experiences! I want some of our friends to meet you. We'll have a party next week, if you can come."

"There's a dance at the club next month," Mr. Ritchie said. "You'll have to join us. You'll like the club crowd."

Going home at midnight, Mrs. Herbert latched her arm through her husband's. "Isn't it wonderful!" she said. "It used to take us so long to make new friends. And by the time we did, your company would transfer you and we'd have to start all over again. Now—what are you chuckling about?"

"I know a swell one to throw you the next time we go out," said Mr. Herbert happily.

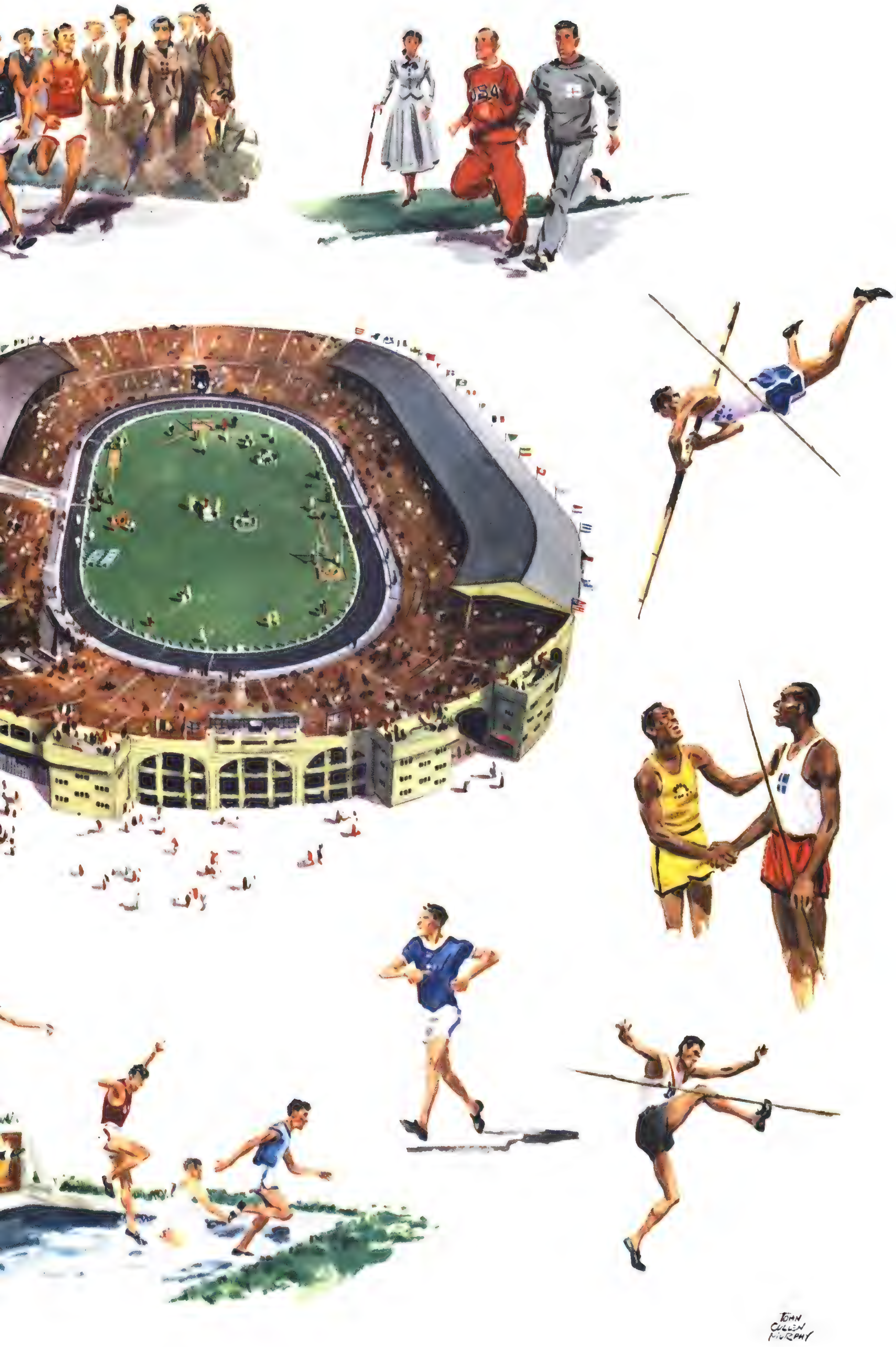
"Wait till you hear my throw at you," said Mrs. Herbert. "Why didn't we think of this before?" ⧺



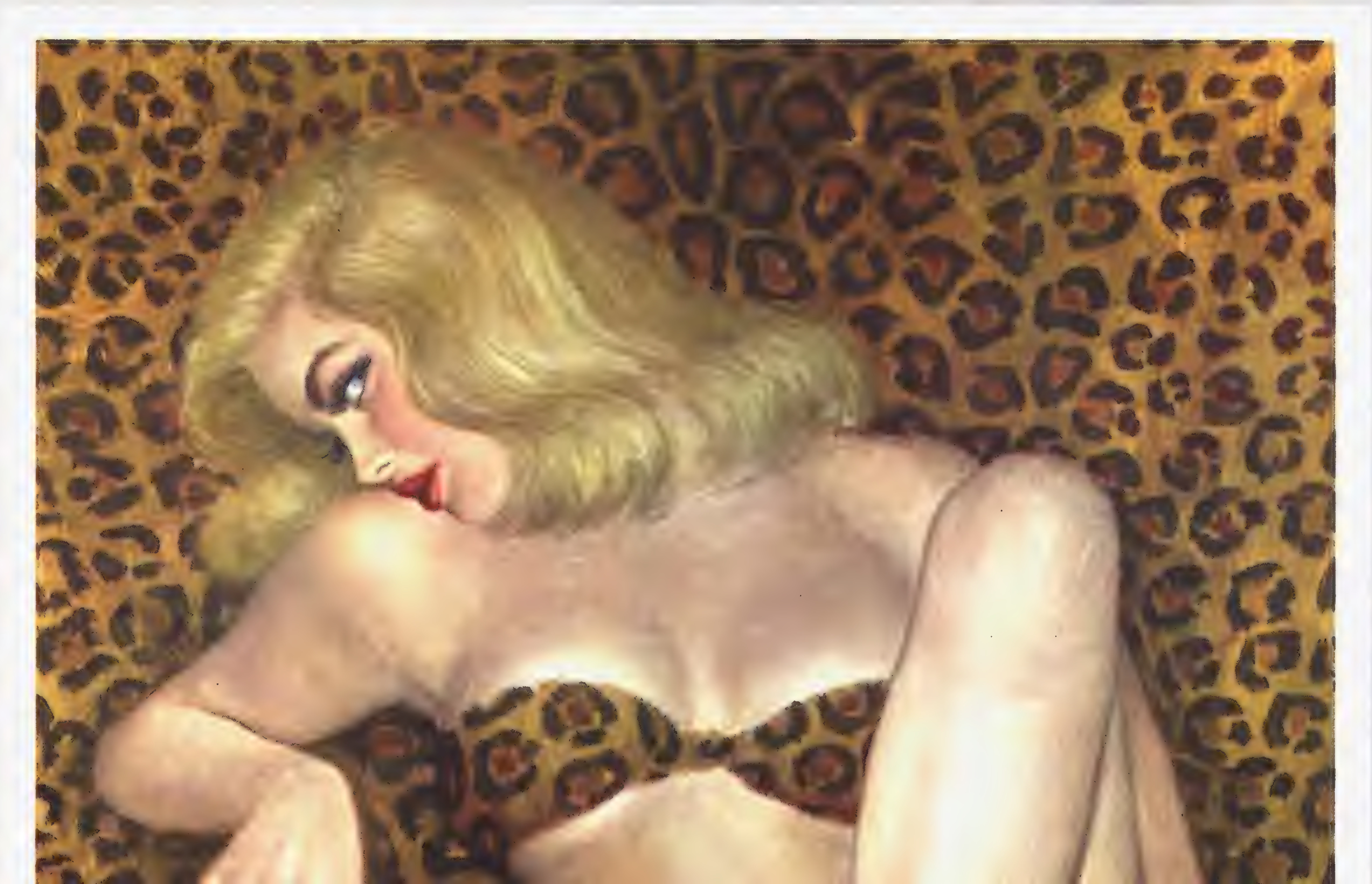
Olympus On Thames

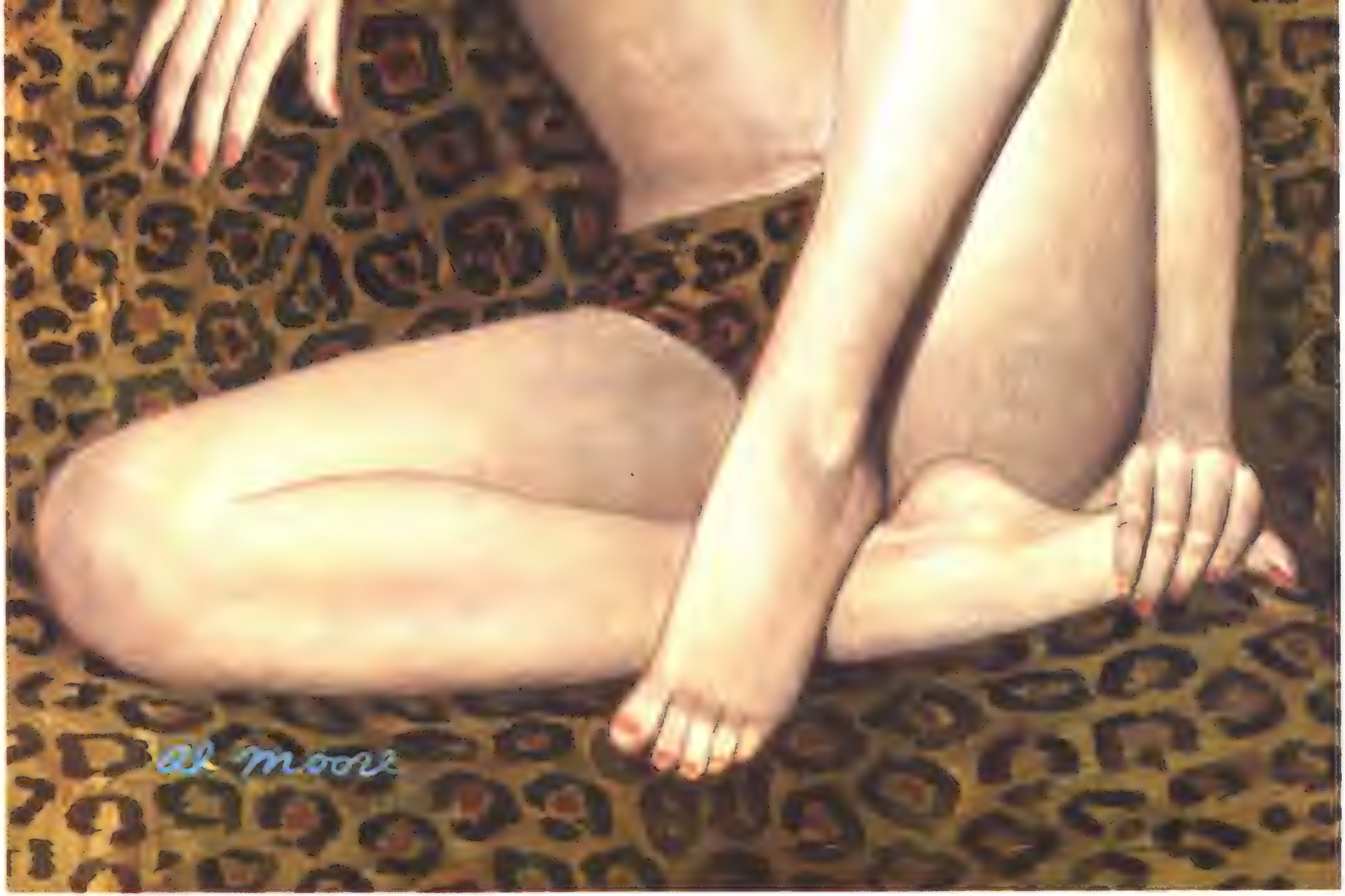
PAINTING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

MENTION the Olympics to a man and a far away gleam shoots into his eyes. Maybe he remembers that time he put the shot or heaved a javelin or ran the 100 in 10; and maybe he remembers he wasn't the greatest guy in the world with the discus but he remembers the feel of the platter, the twist of his muscles, the excitement of compe-



tition. There's something classic about athletics. Probably in no other mass event does it all combine to reach such a maximum of excitement as it does in the International Olympic Games. This year, the summer green of the English Isle played host to the thousands of entries from almost every country in the world. In the great tradition of the event, the Olympic Torch, lit from Mount Olympus in Greece and run by relay to Wembley Stadium, opened the Games. The torch itself may not have thrown much light on the proceedings, but the thousands of spectators and millions of people throughout the world united once more — in that rare universality which belongs to sport.





"Here, Kitty!"

WHEN Kitty danced to the tom-tom beat at the Club Tropicale, even the manager watched—the first time his eye had been off the cash register since Repeal. Naturally, the Broadway sharpshooters marked Kitty as their target for tonight. They went down swinging. Kitty was blockaded by a Stage Mother who strongly resembled the *USS Missouri* both in silhouette and effectiveness.

Then Skillgame Malloy moved in. Malloy boasted he could swipe the spots off a leopard. Give him a month, he said. His Operation K, top secret, was to soften up Momma with sweetmeats, sweet talk and a friendly hand of gin rummy.

Well, it worked — in a way. The second week of the offensive, while Malloy had Ma nose-to-nose over the cards, Kitty sneaked off and married the manager. Malloy? Oh, he's still playing gin with Ma. So far she's got him for $600, not counting the price of the candy.

A Broadway Legend: Harold Arlen

Success can be an accident sometimes, but in that alley called Tin-Pan you've got to want it awfully badly and then you've got to write a song like, say, *Stormy Weather*

An Article by

KEITH MONROE

"I'll take three drinks first, and they can have me," mutters Harold Arlen when he gets a party invitation he dares not decline. Arlen, not ordinarily a drinker, knows he'll be asked to sing—and he hates singing.

Perhaps no man in history has so resolutely resisted the efforts of important people to make him burst into song. He has rejected two bids to sing on the Chesterfield Hour. He has turned down non-hay offers from Sid Skolsky and an advertising agency that wanted to build a weekly coast-to-coast radio show around him. He has brushed aside fistfuls of thousand-dollar bills from impresarios who wanted to book him for a week on the stage of a big movie house, or a guest shot on the air, or a brief appearance in a movie musical.

The reason for the mass urge to make Arlen sing is that he possesses a voice that is, according to numerous show people, the sexiest they have heard. And the reason that Arlen keeps his mouth shut is that he'd rather write songs than sing them; he is able to fend off starvation by composing such tunes as *Stormy Weather*, *Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive*, *Blues in the Night*, *I Love a Parade*, *Let's Fall in Love*, and the entire scores of shows like *Bloomer Girl*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and *Casbah*. No less an authority than Deems Taylor has called him one of the best American melodists.

There was a time, however, when Arlen was eager to sing in public or in private, for dough of any dimensions, or for free. During this period he did some vocalizing that has made him something of a legend around Broadway. He first hit the White Way as a singing piano player from Buffalo, where a New York agent had happened to catch his act in a small night spot. The agent lost no time in booking him into the Silver Slipper; Vincent Youmans heard him there and speedily signed him for a singing part in *Great Day*. The skinny, bushy-haired, big-eyed youngster didn't look like a matinee idol, but Youmans was sure he sang like one.

Arlen began to doubt that he really wanted to be a singer when, during rehearsals for *Great Day*, he discovered, by sheer chance, that he could compose. The rehearsal pianist fell ill one day, and Arlen good-naturedly filled in at the piano to help the Negro chorus rehearse. It is customary for a rehearsal pianist to take a few measures of vamp while the chorus gets ready to attack the first note. This vamp is usually a standard umpa-umpa series of chords. But Arlen improvised some chords of his own, with a fragment of jubilant melody that drifted into his head. Finally one of the members of the chorus said to him, "Kid, you've got a tune there. Put it on paper and sell it before somebody robs you." Arlen took this advice and sold his song as *Get Happy*, which emerged as the finale for *The 9:15 Review* with Ruth Etting.

So Arlen gave up his Youmans job; he was on his way as a song writer. He contracted to do the music for the Cotton Club shows with Ted Koehler as lyricist, and for four years the two of them managed to produce at least one low-down smash song for Cab Calloway in each show: among them, *Minnie Moocher's Wedding Day*, *Kickin' the Gong Around*, *Between the Devil and the Deep Sea*, and *I've Got the World on a String*.

But he couldn't stop singing. He demonstrated each of his new songs to whichever performer was scheduled to sing it. The rehearsal room was packed whenever word spread that Arlen was to demonstrate; his singing was the talk of the Gotham grapevine, and agents kept thrusting personal-appearance contracts at him.

For a while, he was tempted to sign a contract and go back to singing for pay. After four years in a cellar, he yearned for higher things. But one day his life turned a corner. He wrote a tune called *Stormy Weather*, dropped it on the piano, and went disconsolately out to supper. He didn't know what he'd written. All he could think about, in fact, was that the song wouldn't fit Calloway, for whom it was supposed to have been tailored. Moreover, its refrain was more than 32 measures. Few popular songs had been written, up to that time, in anything but the 32-measure pattern.

Koehler, however, went into spasms as he heard the alternate moans and wails of the melody; so did all Arlen's friends. Arlen persuaded Ethel Waters to sing it in the Cotton Club.

The song, of course, hit like a tidal wave. It was everywhere. One of the maestri who decided to give it a grandiose staging was Leonidov, of Radio City Music Hall. With Olympian assurance, Leonidov ordered special costumes and scenery, and even a gigantic machine for producing rain onstage. He didn't bother to make sure that the Music Hall would be permitted to produce a setting of *Stormy Weather*; he took it for granted. But he soon discovered, like the lesser maestri, that the Cotton Club had retained all production rights to the song: *Stormy Weather* could be sung anywhere, but could be sung with costumes and backdrop only in the Cotton Club.

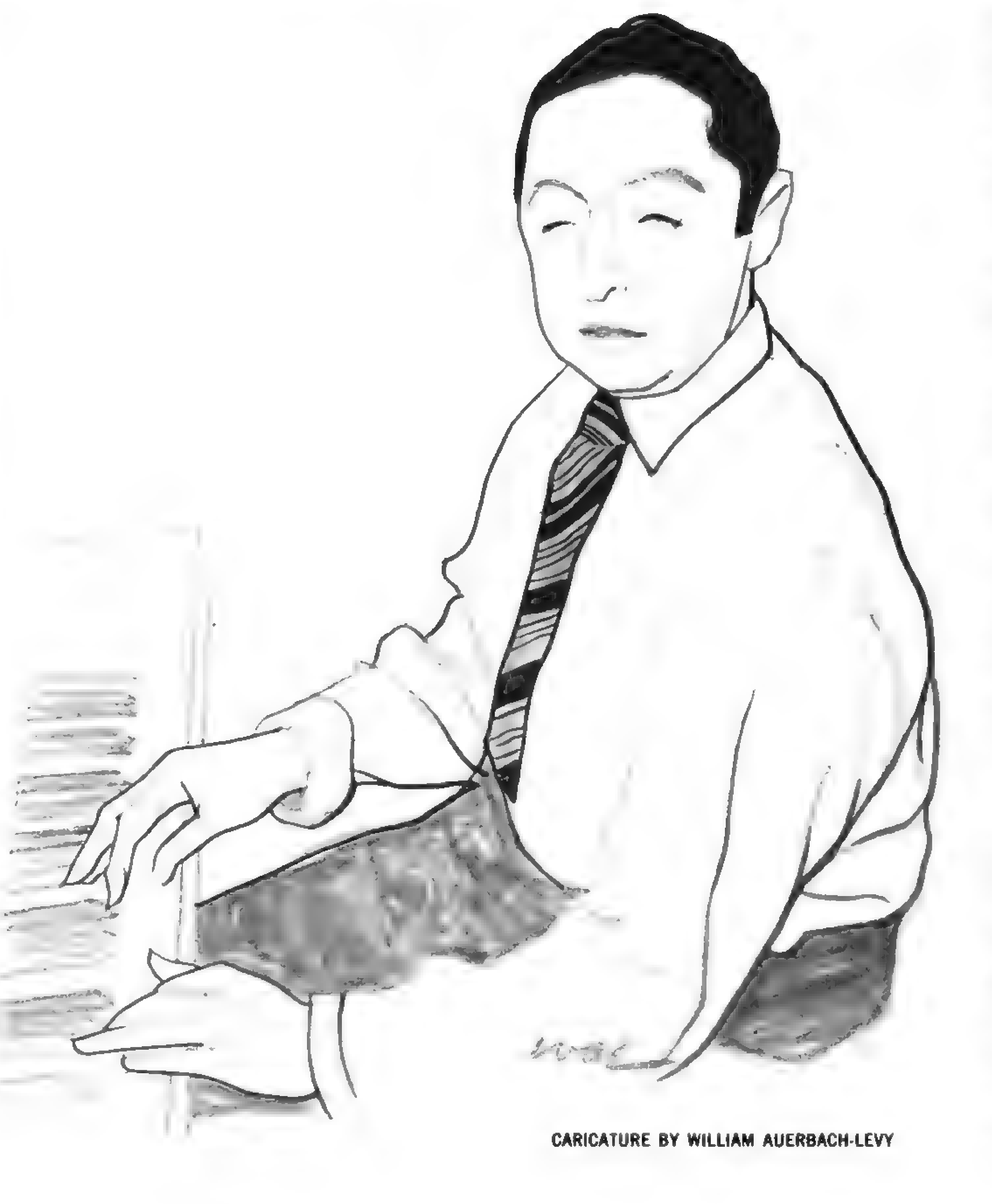
Leonidov was tearing his clothing and invoking hellfire when Arlen's manager went to him with a suggestion. "I'll talk the Cotton Club into releasing production rights," he said, "if you'll put Harold in the pit, bring him up on the elevator with a spotlight on him, and have him sing *Stormy Weather* and several other songs of his."

"What banditry is this?" demanded Leonidov. "Your man Arlen is a writer, not a singer."

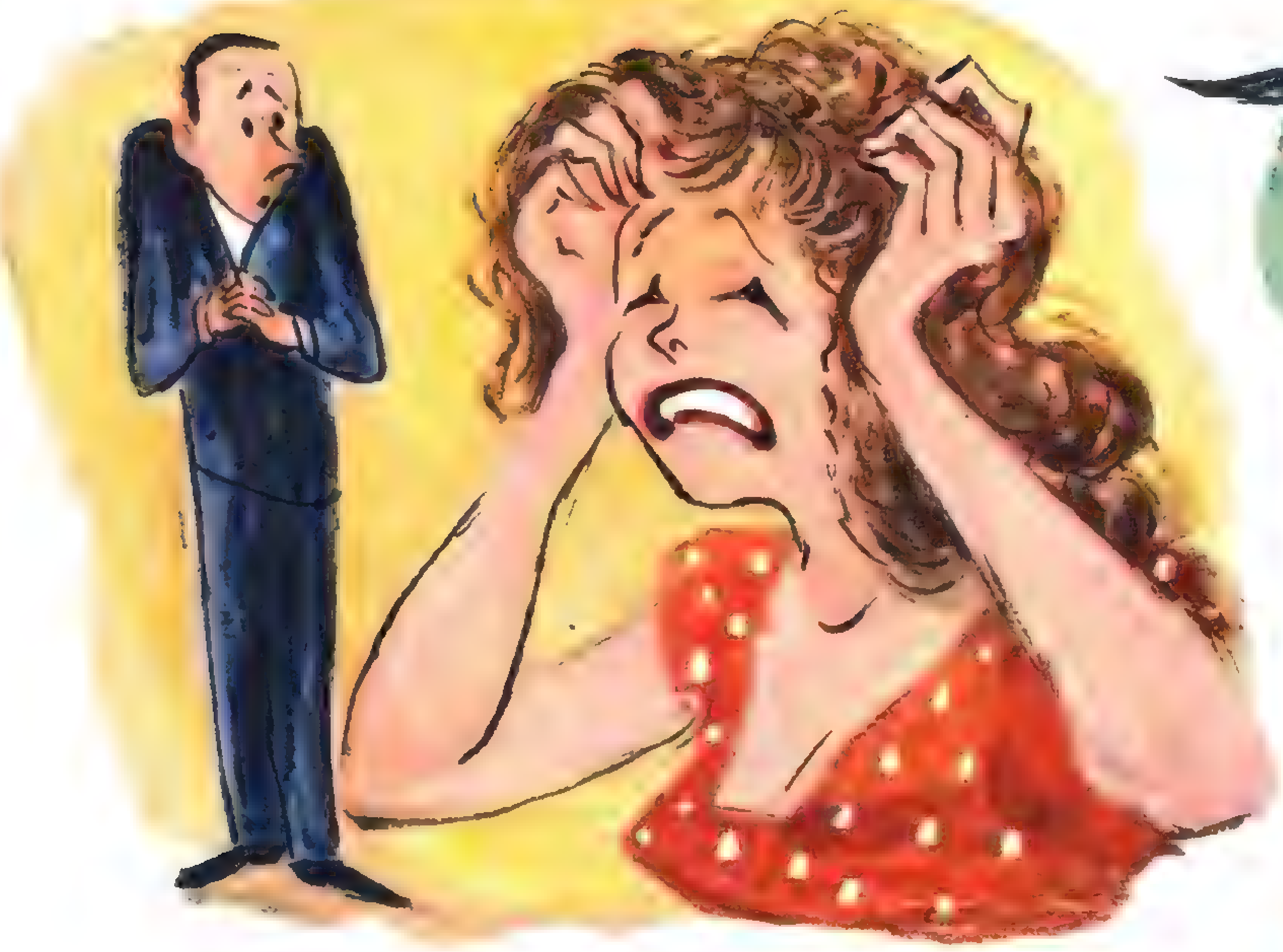
"Pop, he's a singer like you never heard," the manager retorted. "Just wait." The next day Arlen gave a private recital for Leonidov and Roxy. They nearly demolished Roxy's desk in their hurry to get across the room and shove a contract into Arlen's hands. They used all their wiles and vehemence to tie him up as a long-term attraction at the Music Hall, but he refused to sing for more than one week.

That week is still remembered at the Music Hall. Young girls and middle-aged housewives came early and stayed late, sitting entranced through performance after performance. The vast theatre was packed from noon to midnight. Booking agents besieged Arlen.

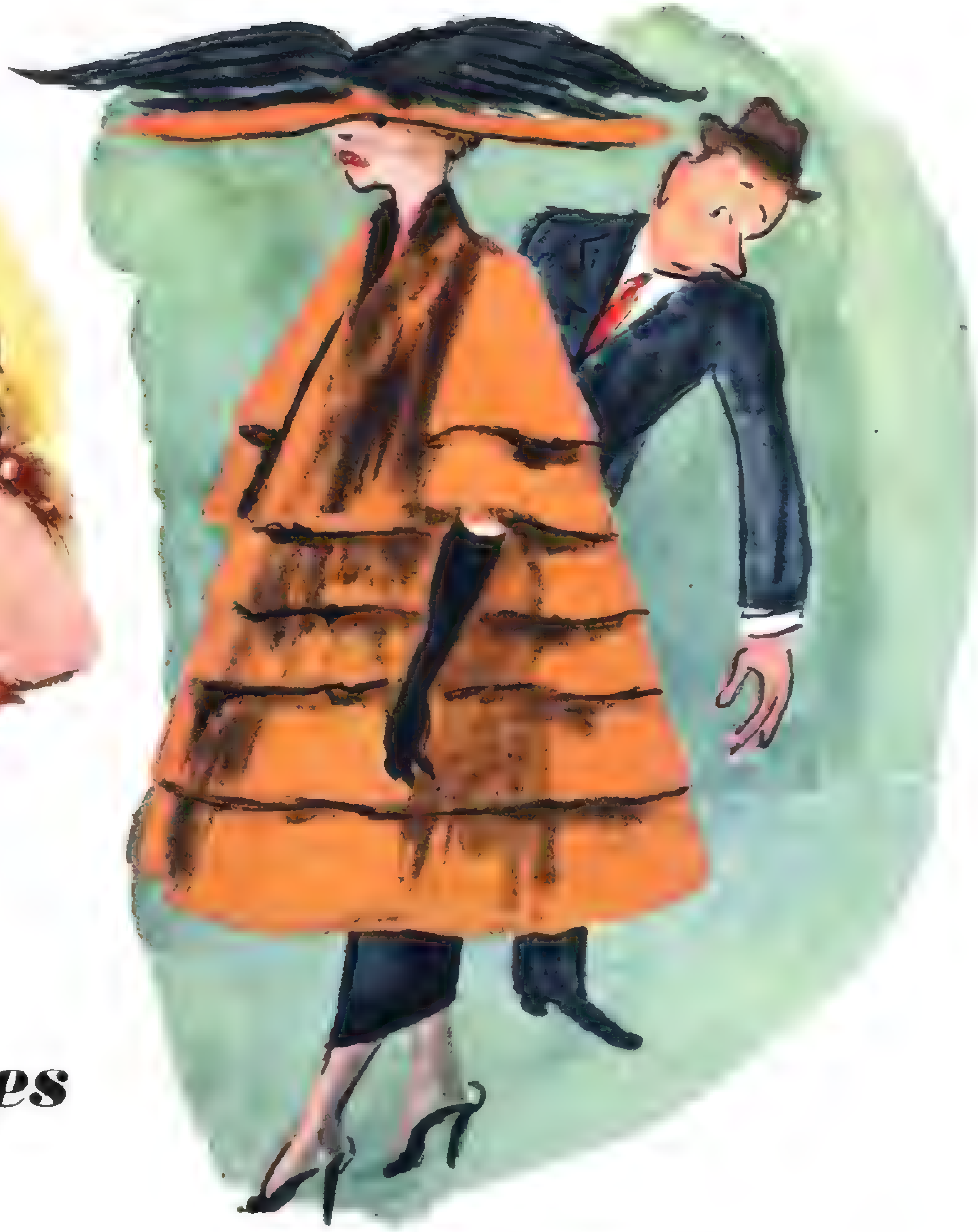
Finally he capitulated and bound (*Continued on page 119*)



CARICATURE BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY



Propaganda has developed into a fine art. Powerful slogans like "You're cruel to me!" and "I wish I were dead!" have almost completely subjugated the male

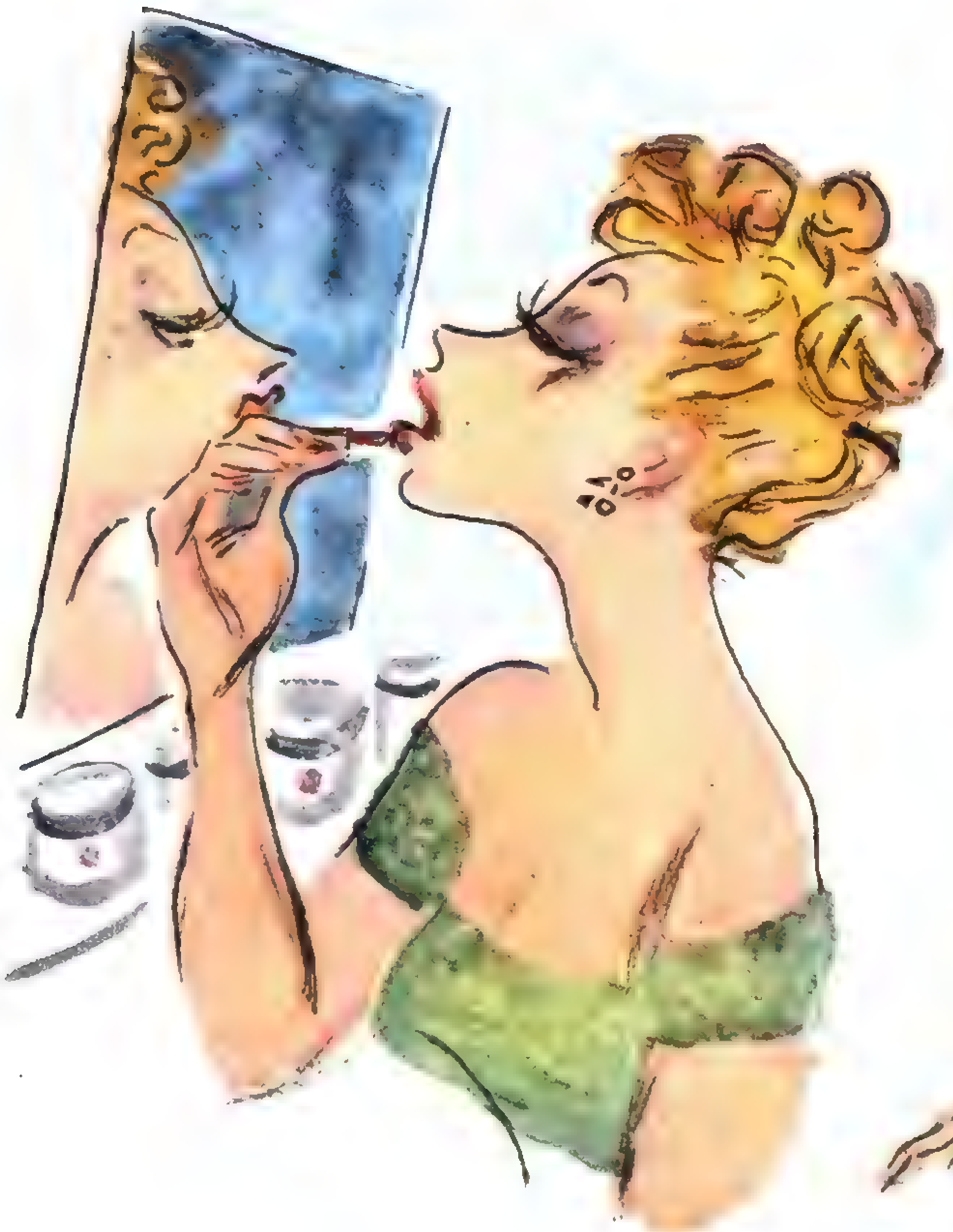


Concealment is greatly improved. The New Look, which could almost be called the No Look, makes the mysterious female even more mysterious

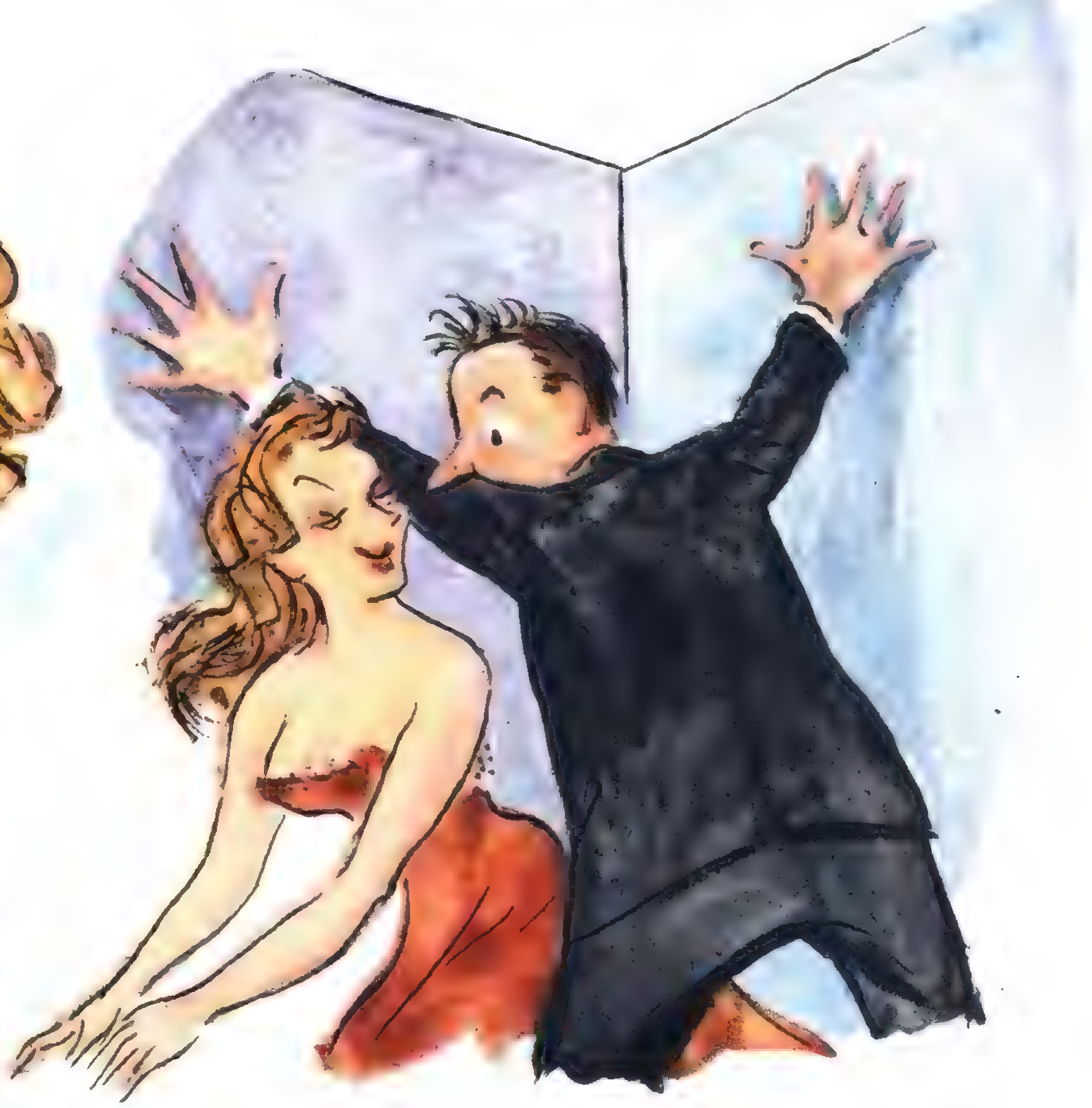
War Between the Sexes

A report on developments influencing the age-old struggle between men and women

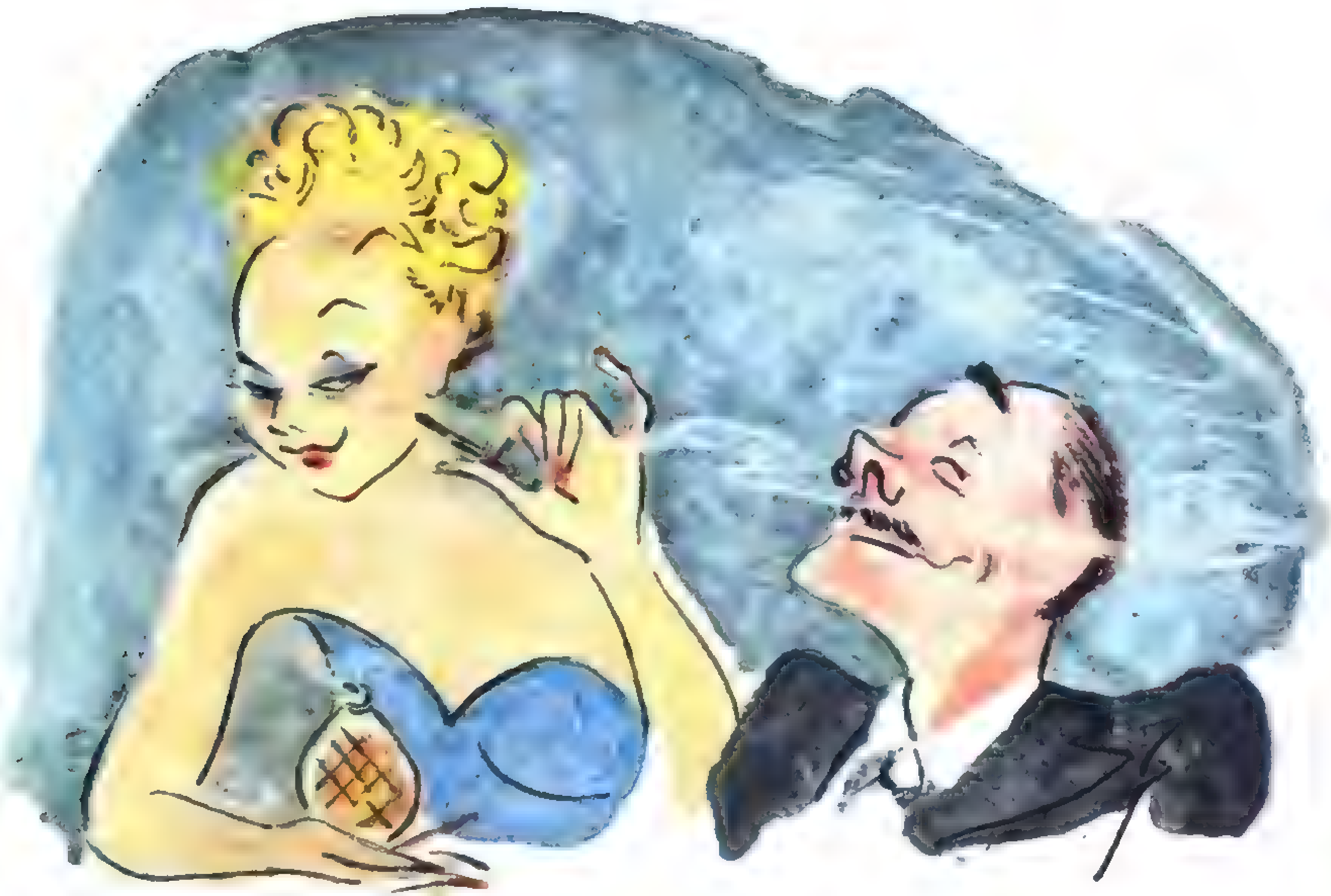
DRAWINGS BY HOWARD BAER



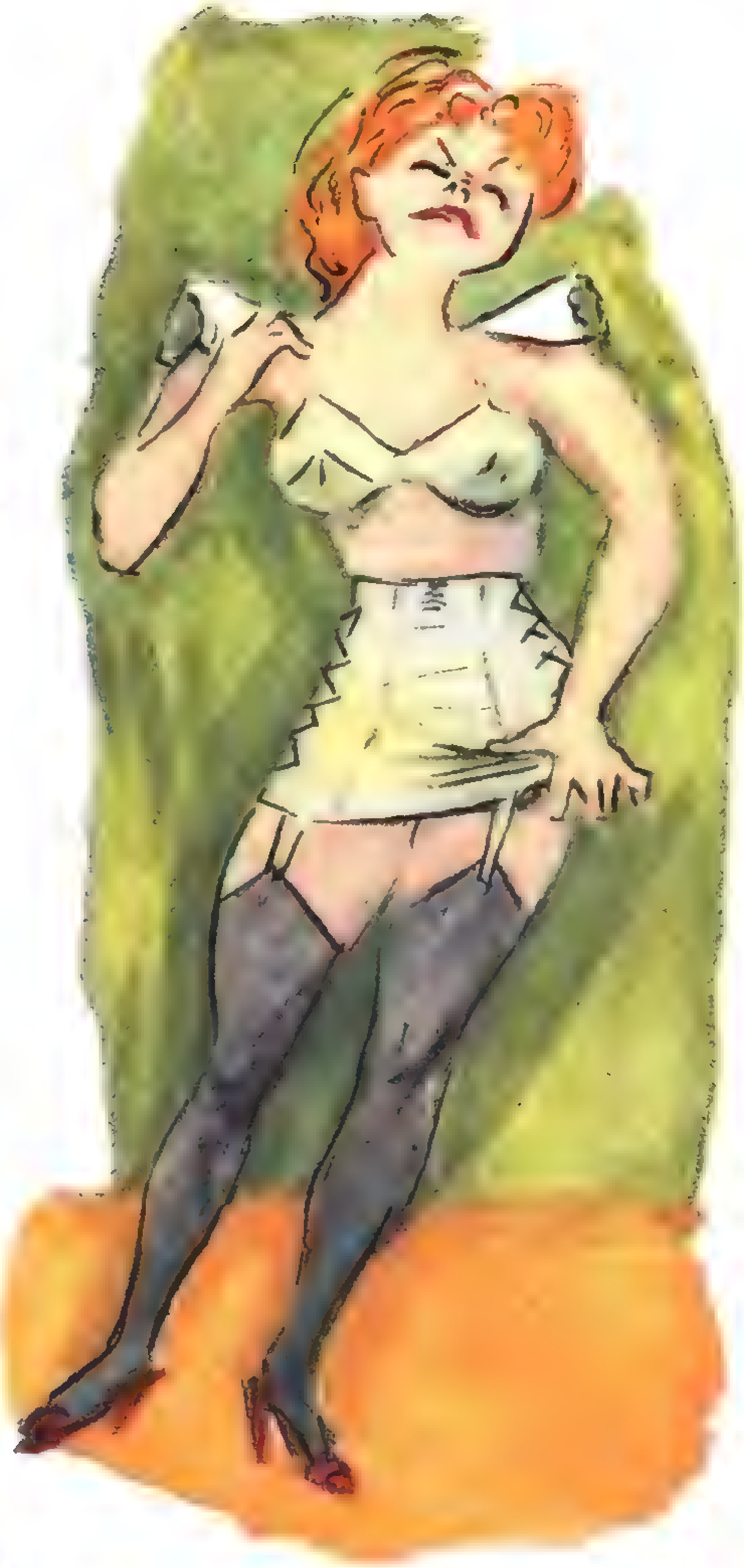
Camouflage assisted by science's wonders has made seven different shades of healthy glow available in jars



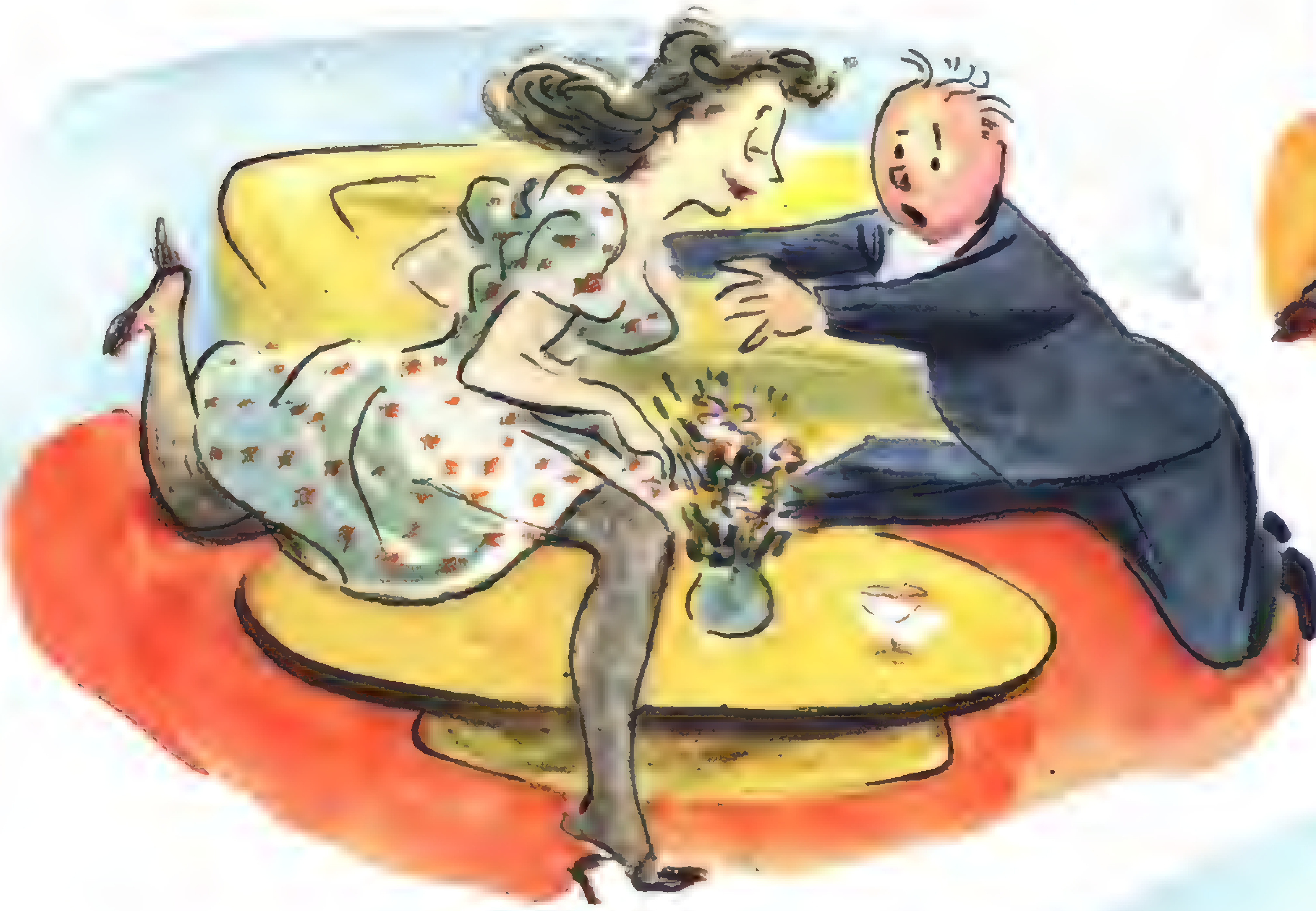
Strategy still follows the classic pattern. The male favors warfare of position while the female favors maneuver



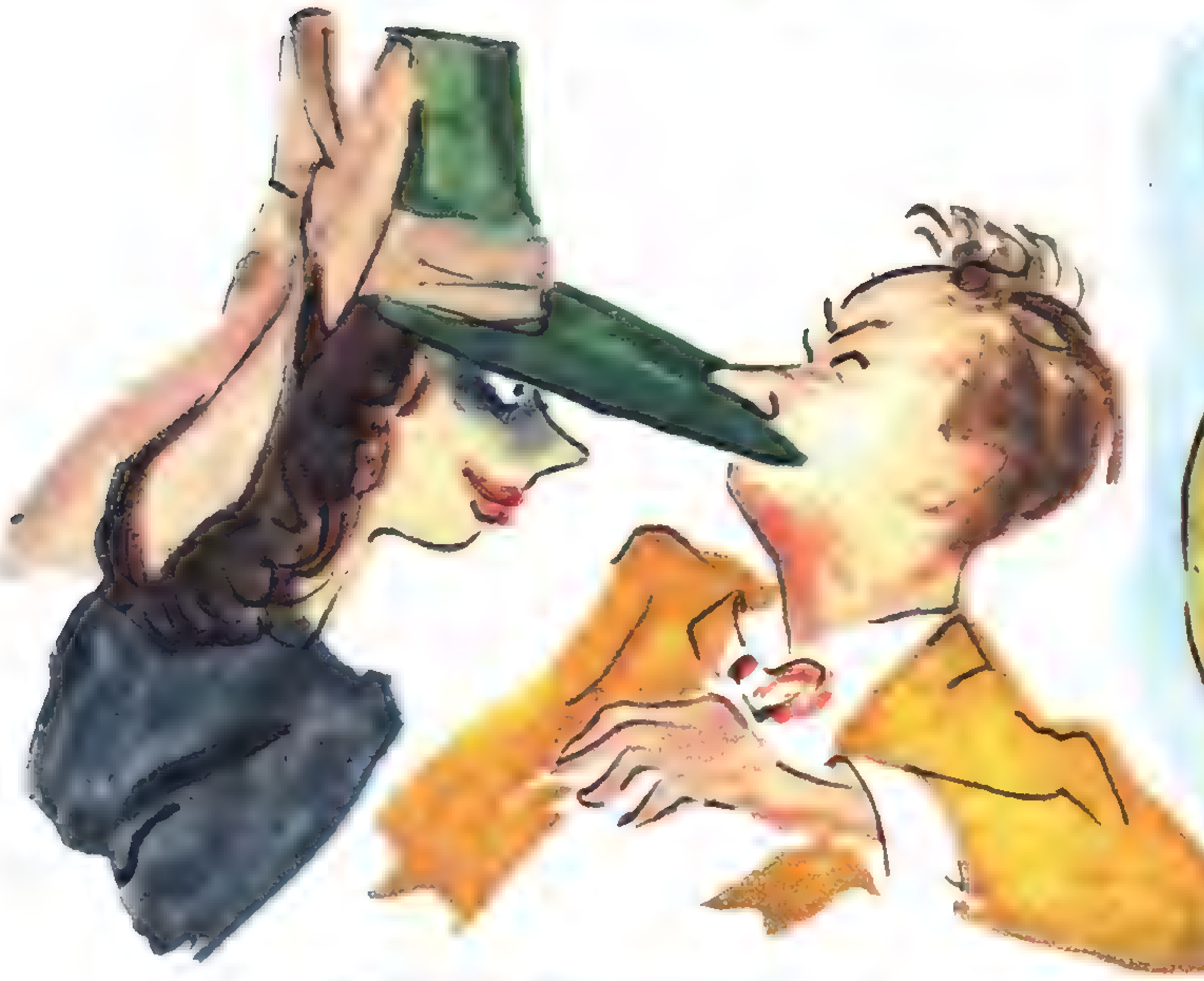
Chemical Warfare has made tremendous strides in recent years. No successful method of retaliation has been discovered



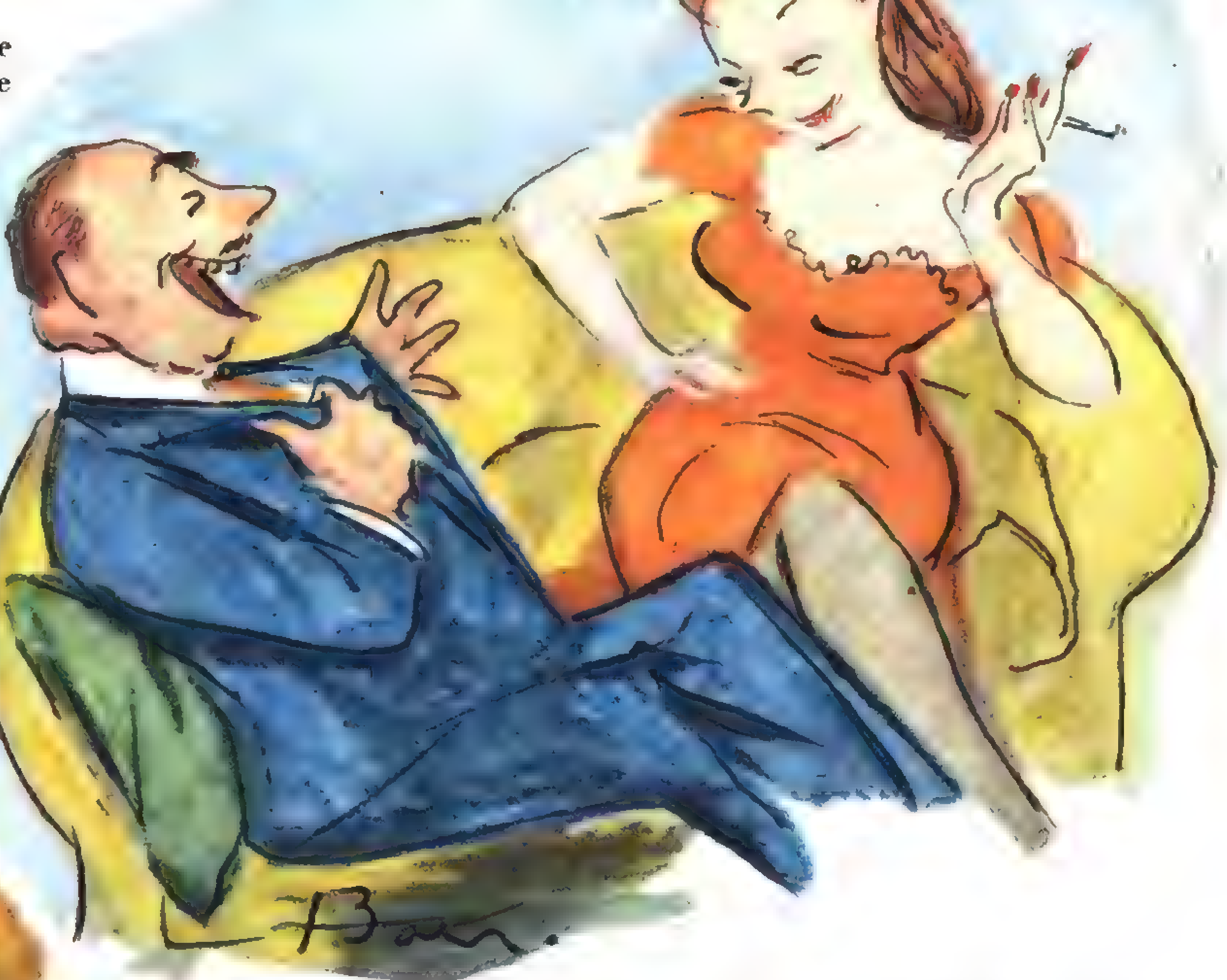
Combat Equipment has been improved to include shoulder pads and armorlike garments of steel and fabric



Physical Fitness is demonstrated by the ease with which the female can outrun the male



Defensive Devices have been designed to keep man at a safe distance



Espionage has never been a problem for the female. She gives the male a chance to talk about himself and he tells everything he knows

Stan Kenton, musical prodigy in his thirties, who has confounded the music industry with his *Artistry in Rhythm*

A big attraction, Kenton is over six-four

His tie, like his music, is often very loud

But sometimes he jauntily sports an Ascot

His piano style is rich and full of devices

Naturally, he never looks at the keyboard

He gives the impression of liking his work

He loves jazz and believes in its meaning

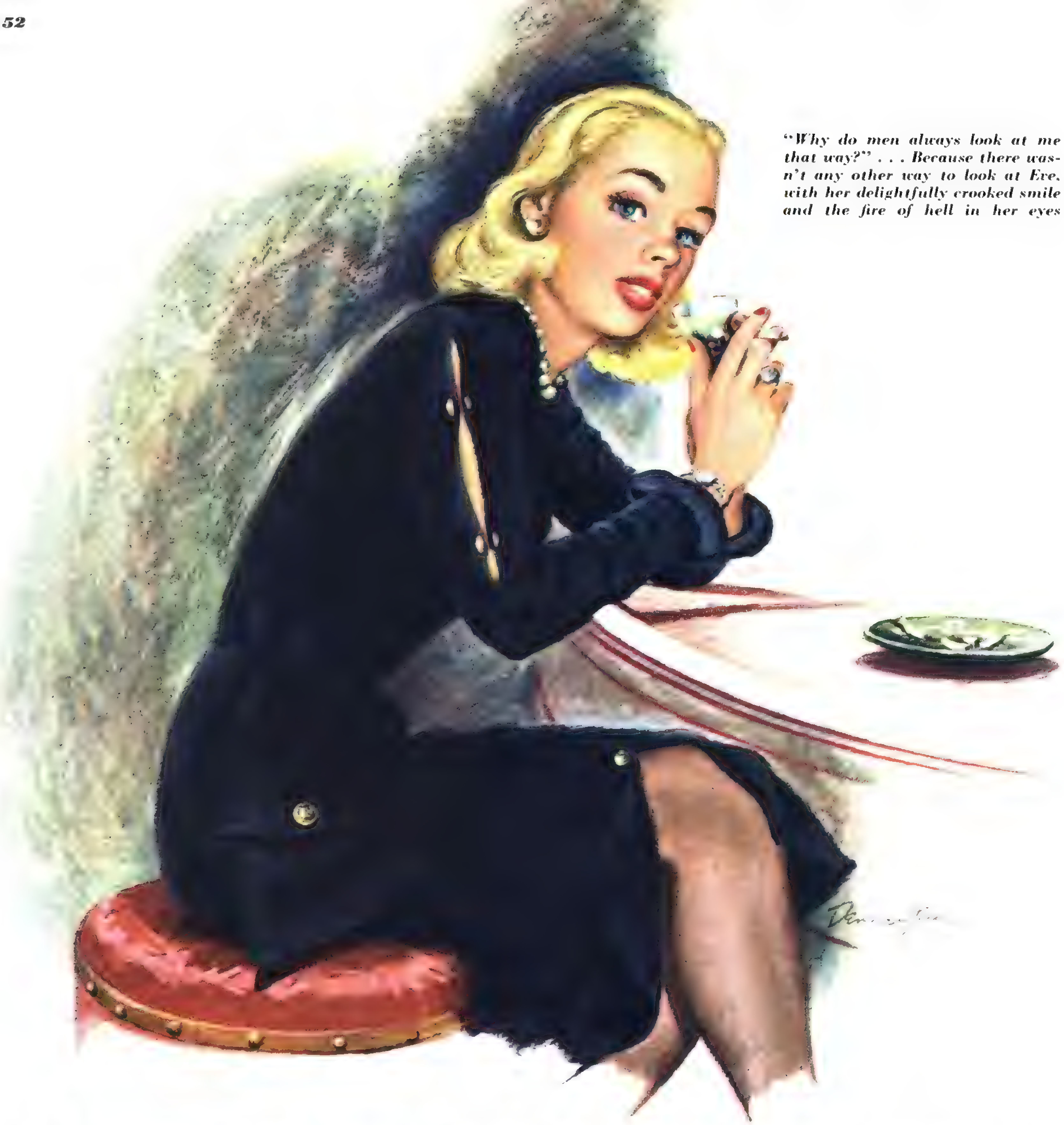
His band blares "emotional projection" at you

But whatever it is, it spells the magic SRO

Hotcha Culture

NOT so long ago, Marse Paul Whiteman strode down the middle aisle of Carnegie Hall and, looking neither to left nor right (where Basin Street devotees and their opposites were sticking pins in each other's images) he established himself as the King of Jazz. The least that his detractors could say—and they were many and they were vehement—was that he was a success. While New Orleans and 52nd Street curdled in their own blues, Whiteman sold his stuff to the nation, and lo! it sounded good to those who stepped up to the box office. Come to think of it, we've heard Glenn Miller and Harry James singing sweet and high since that happy day. And now comes the dapper young man above and the old argument has started again. People who should have known said Stan Kenton was insane and anyone who made that much noise wasn't proving a thing. Kenton said jazz was culture; that it didn't have to be played to hepcats throwing each other around a dance floor. He said, further, that he'd prove it. He did. Kenton refused dance dates, took on jazz in the concert field and went on tour. His "take" at such staid stands as New York's Carnegie Hall and Chicago's Civic Opera House is musical history. He made more noise and money than any comparable outfit and if there are still those who don't agree his kind of music is culture, they now end their statement with a soft, querulous question mark.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT PARRY



"Why do men always look at me that way?" . . . Because there wasn't any other way to look at Eve, with her delightfully crooked smile and the fire of hell in her eyes

Murder Is Her Crooked Smile

You could tell by her smile that Eve had heard about the apple, but a wise man would see more

A Bedside Mystery by JAMES WEST

WHAT was on my mind was as homespun as hashish and easier to spell. Because I was looking at Eve and looking at Eve was something I had never considered a strain, for she had just enough of a couple of good things and more than a hit-and-miss way of using them.

She was a tall, tawny creature with a beautiful and exciting face and the most illegal-looking set of blue eyes this side of the Mann Act. And at the moment they were locking bumpers with mine. I looked. First where you always look, and then at her silky blonde hair—that hair like a chip of the California sun that hangs over us out here. It gleamed as though she had just finished brushing it a hundred times.

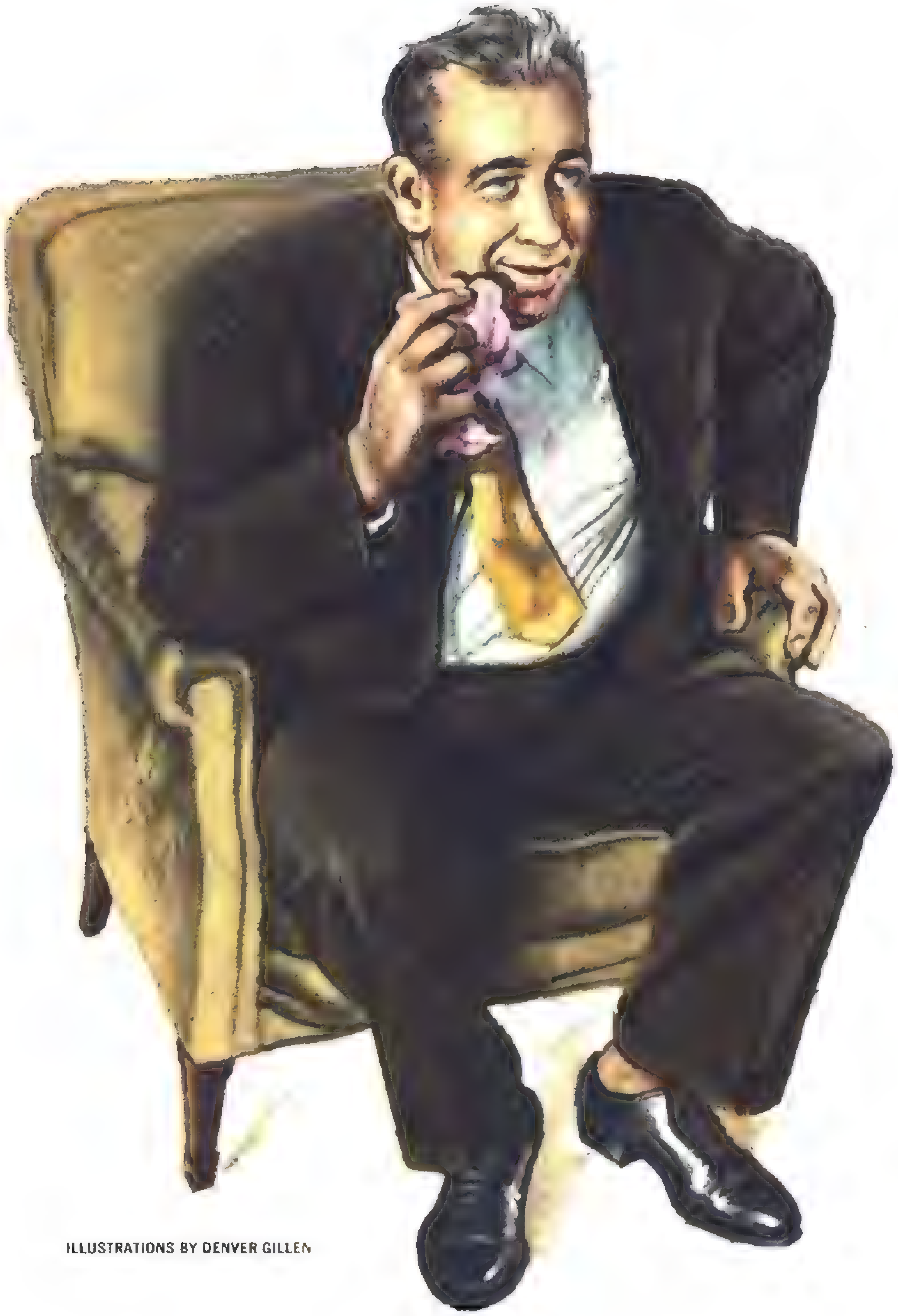
For a moment I thought she'd outstare me. But her eyes dropped and mine shifted to the bulky individual sitting beside her at the bend in the horseshoe bar. Her ear seemed to be at his complete mercy as he spilled his obese charm all over the place like ashes on an icy sidewalk. The guy was loaded with neck and nose, and suddenly she was moving away to the cigarette machine. I got up from where I was sitting at the bar and put myself next to her as she took her cigarettes from the monster's mouth. She wasn't looking at me. She was tearing the pack open. Then she said evenly, as if she were asking for a match, "Why do men always look at me that way?"

"What way?" I said.

"You know what way. The way you're looking."

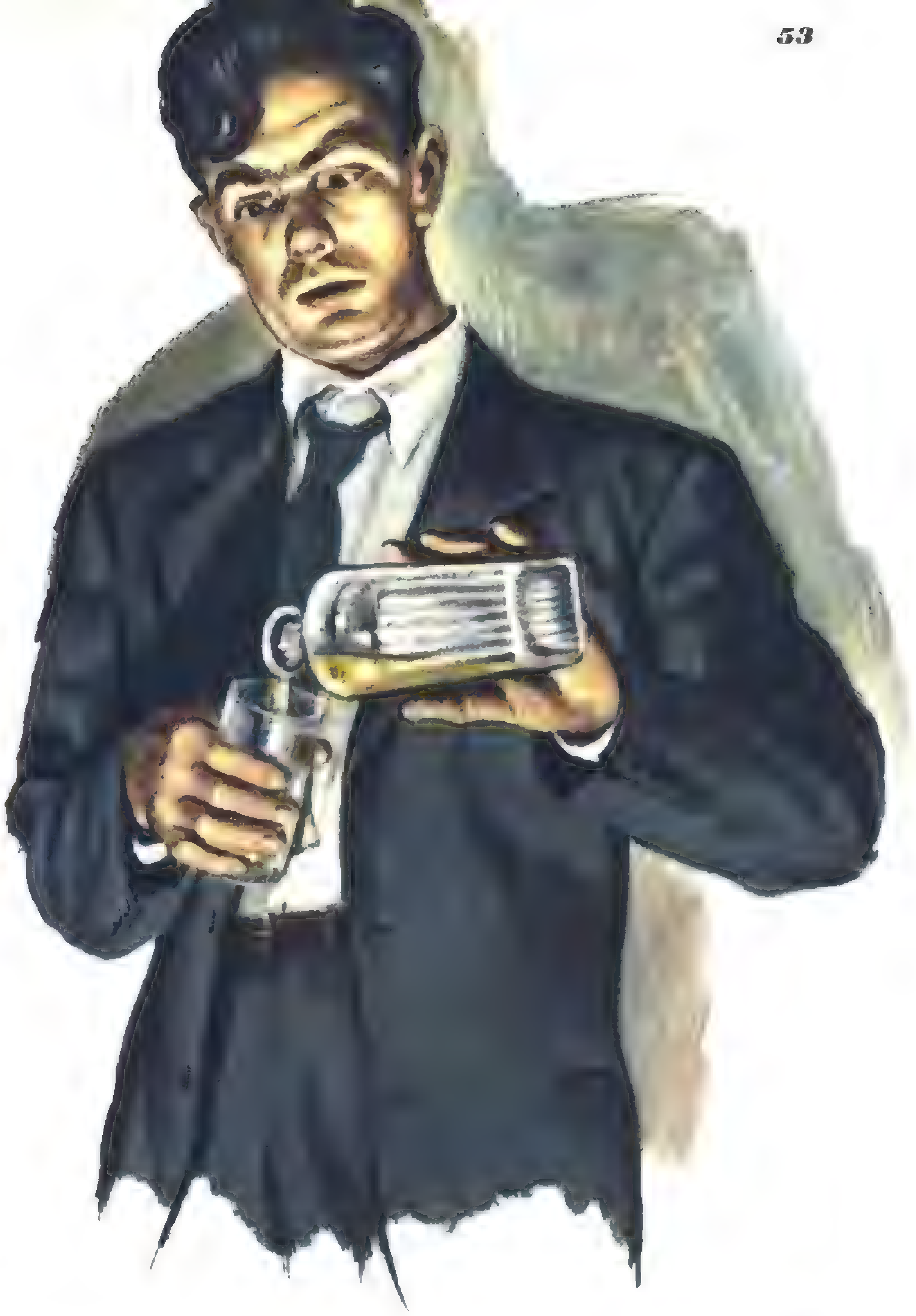
"What way is that?"

"Like I was a French post card."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENVER GILLEN

Walton DeVoester was two hundred and fifty pounds of trouble and betrayal



"That's the way it was with Eve and me . . . We were of the same vine and our kind of grape made only one kind of wine"

"How would you like me to look at you? Like you were a crate of eggs?"

She hit back with those eyes and said, "Try not at all."

And I knew how it was with her. She wasn't mad because I was looking and having my little thoughts about what I saw. She was mad because I wasn't doing anything about it.

"You used to do better than that," I said, rocking my head toward the gun-turret shape at the bar.

"With who, for example? You?"

She started to move away from me, but I wrapped my fingers around her arm and tugged it in close to me, so no one would see. "I know what's eating you. You've been burned ever since I married Ann." I found I was talking through clenched teeth, which means you've either got lockjaw or you're a little burned yourself.

I guess she saw it, because a taunting glow lit her indolent eyes as she smiled. And a dimple big enough to hide a cookie jar in fell open as her mouth turned up, more at one corner than the other.

"Burned?" she said slowly. "Who? Me? Or you?" And she pulled away and went back to the bar.

You might think it would only go that far. Because that's as far as it should have gone. But it kept going. It hadn't stopped or slowed down. Not even after I had married Ann. And it pulled hard. So I let it pull me, and as I sat down on the portside of her I heard charm-boy using her first name like it was public domain. And killing himself being delightful. When he caught sight of me, he slowed down a bit.

She didn't turn her head. But she knew I was there. Then the Sydney Greenstreet character saw somebody he knew at the end of the bar. He dissolved as casually as his girlish physique would allow.

"I've been wanting to talk to you," I said.

She was looking straight ahead into the dusty blue mirror in back of the bar. "What about?"

"You know what about."

"No, I don't."

I started to take a cigarette from my pack. "Look, Eve, what's the sense of us acting this way?" She made a breathy sound too smooth to call a snort, and I said, "We've passed each other by like a couple of plagues ever since . . ."

The words froze in mid-air and she seemed to be reading them over as they hung there. Then she said, "Yeah. Ever since."

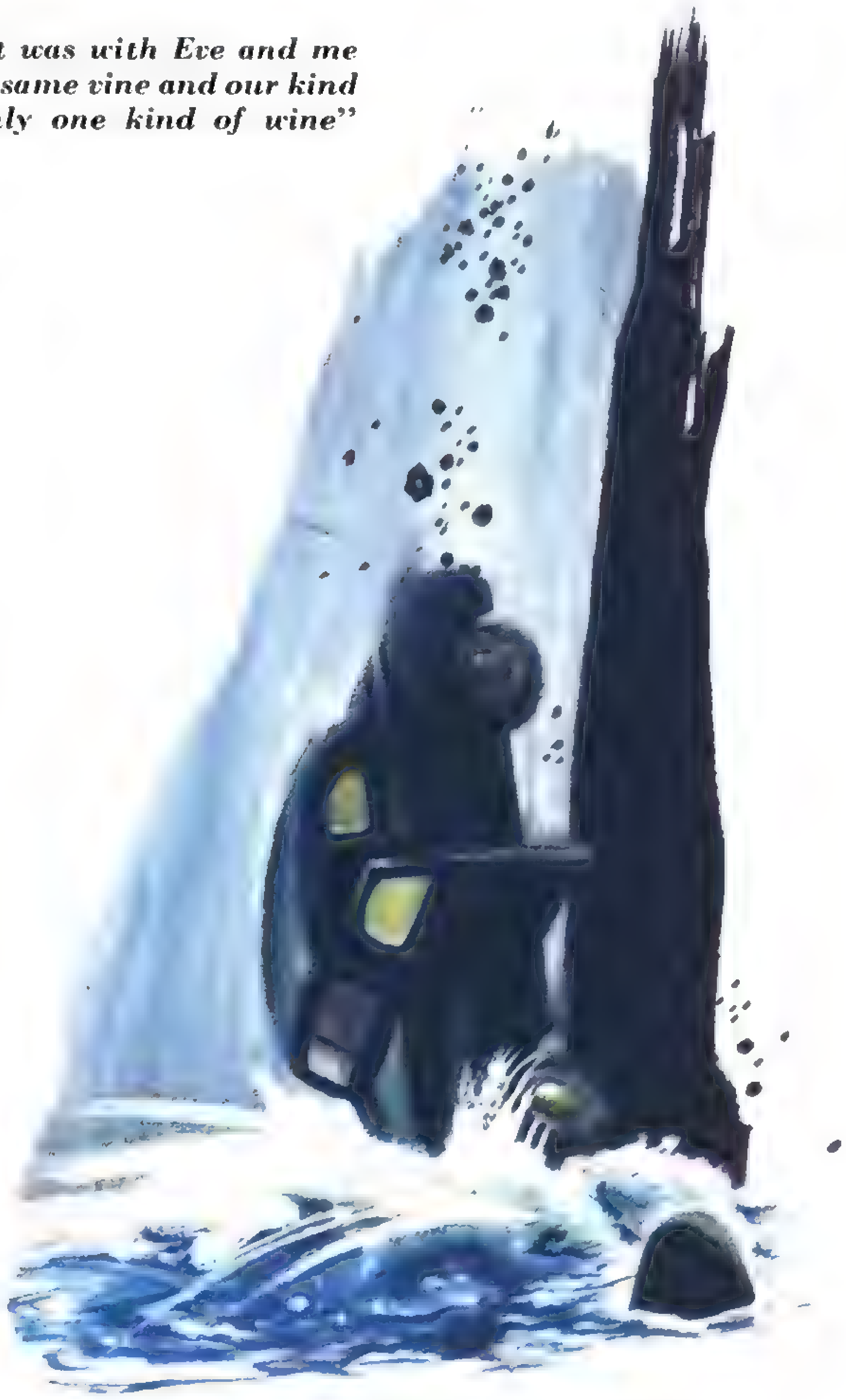
"Look, Eve," I said.

"Sure," she said, the soft sound of steam in her voice. "I'll look."

"You knew how it was. I never changed, baby. It was just that . . ."

"Don't explain, George. I've already explained it for you."

I suddenly lost what little confidence I had in science. So *(Continued on next page)*



"Not murder . . . an accident"

I went in slugging with the best I had in hopes of a short fight. "Ann went up to San Francisco this morning," I told her.

She looked at me for the first time. Her face tried hard to keep from telling on her. But it was as loyal to her mind as a shifting breeze to a windmill. "Her uncle just came in from Shanghai with his wife and kid," I went on. "She's going to spend a few days with them."

She sipped her Martini just to give herself something to do. I knew I had won or lost right there.

I stood up and said, "I thought maybe we could get together for a couple of drinks."

"And talk?" Sarcastic as hell.

"Don't make it tough. It's no contest." I watched her as she quietly nibbled on her lower lip. Then I said, "Maybe we could go for a drive someplace. I'm parked outside. What do you say?" The words were on their knees. But I couldn't think of anything else. I knew that, whatever she would do, she wouldn't say yes or no right there. So, just as though we had rehearsed it, I left her sitting at the bar in the cone-shaped beam of charm-boy's gaze. He was now placed at the end of the horseshoe, looking hard as I went to the men's lounge. A few minutes later I got my hat and trench coat from the checkroom. Then I left through a door that emptied out to a modest parking lot in back of the place.

The air was filled with finely sifted rain, and the night was a joyless shade of grey it wouldn't ordinarily be at that hour. I could see my car at the end of the lot. I wasn't looking for anything, but when I opened the door and poked my head inside I found it. She was there. Backed into a corner as if there was nothing and no one in the world except her and me. I looked at her and I knew that there wasn't.

We just drove for a while with only the sound of a polite rainfall peppering the roof. That and the hum of the motor.

Where Ann and I lived was right along the beach. In Playa del Rey. Our house was up the hill on a street right off Vista del Mar which ran parallel to the shore. No other houses on the block. And with a night like this blanketing it, you felt as if there were no other houses anywhere. It was about ten-thirty when we got there.

It was cold enough for a fire, so I built one in the fireplace. It threw cascading shadows on her face and strange hot lights into her eyes. She sat on the floor in front of it, not saying anything. I looked at her. It went to my head. It didn't stop there. Then I was down beside her. We hadn't spoken much, but I could feel a thaw setting in. I was voting openly for it. Hers was a secret ballot. But it was a vote. And for the same thing. Because we were of the same vine and our kind of grape made only one kind of wine. And we made it.

"You son-of-a-bitch," she whispered in a voice that would bite your lips full of holes and tear pieces of flesh out of your back. "I'm one too."

"Who cares?" I mumbled.

"Maybe that's what it is with us."

"Maybe."

It was fire and you might come away with a bad burn. But not the kind that leaves blisters.

Neither of us was tired: that is, not until the morning fog rolled in on schedule from Long Beach at about eight a.m. And by then we were both ready to sleep for a week. But of course we couldn't. I didn't plan it that way. It just happened.

She fried some eggs for breakfast. Then I was going to drive her into L.A. and meet her after I left my office. So, after putting a couple of cups of coffee away and feeling no better for it, we got set to leave. But just then the front doorbell rang in its hoarse morning-after voice.

I said, "Sit tight. I'll answer it." If she was scared, I never knew it. I opened the door like it was Pandora's box and I couldn't do a thing about it.

It was charm-boy. The corpulent soul with all the clever patter. The guy I had seen Eve with the night before. And it kicked all the sleep out of me.

"Good morning," he said, sounding like a diction incubator. "May I come in?"

My mouth must have looked as though it was trying for a pear-shaped tone somewhere around high C. "Well, what is it? I was just leaving."

"Just thought we'd have a little chat."

"What about? I don't think I know you."

"We've met. On several occasions in fact. One or two cocktail parties if my memory serves me. My name is DeVoester. Walton DeVoester. And you're George Landree."

"I can answer maybe to all of it. What's on your mind?"

He smiled. One of the phoniest smiles with a dirt-mean glow in it you ever saw. He couldn't smile any other way. He said, "A woman. A woman with the radiance of the moon and the fire of hell in her eyes."

"Stop wasting time. What do you want?" I was starting to get hot.

He saw I was no lover of rolling blank verse, so he chopped his sales talk in half. And I guess I knew right from the start what was coming. "Keeping in mind your apparent desire to eliminate all forms of pleasantry, I'll be brief and to the point." He paused and looked slightly pained. Only as a fat man can. "But couldn't we go indoors? I find standing here rather shabby. *Infra dignitatem*, as it were."

I didn't know what that meant for sure and without my pony on hand I would never know. But I got the idea that charm-boy didn't like being relegated to the level of a door-to-door canvasser. Which brought tears to my eyes. "Talk here," I said.

"I promise you I shan't go further than your living room," he said quickly. "You see, I know you have a visitor."

So I let him in, and he poured himself into a chair near the fireplace. She was in the kitchen, which didn't make either of us safe. But it did keep her out of sight.

"Lovely place you have," he said.

"We've been told that before. What's on your mind?" I spoke fast and wasn't polite.

He gave me the pleasure of his full face, neck and nose attached, and said simply, "Ten thousand dollars. And you have a choice of giving it to me or . . ." It melted on his tongue like a nibble of bonbon. ". . . or suffering the harvest of a phone call to your wife when she arrives home." He smiled. "And that is as succinct as I have ever been. Now shall I be more detailed?"

I stared. "Telephone my wife? About what?"

A quiet rumble traveled from his stomach to his wet throat where it turned into a chuckle. "A woman with a delightfully crooked smile and the fire of hell in her eyes."

"Stop mumbling. I can't hear you."

He leaned back in the chair. And he said, "I'll tell her of a free and not-so-innocent passion during a dreary night in Los Angeles." He stopped. "Or is Playa del Rey out of the county?"

It was then that I walked over to where he was sitting and grabbed his lapels like a couple of suitcase handles and tugged him out of the chair. And I guess it was more him than me that brought him to his feet. He was no ballet dancer, and he wasn't going to steal many bases that season. But he was up. Large and wide open. And I let him have it. With both hands. He caught them in his mouth and on his nose like a trained seal. I felt his flesh give and crowd the bone under it as I hit him. He moaned, getting as close to a scream as you can get without touching it.

He was slow about falling, but he made it. Into the chair. It moaned too. His mouth was a ketchup red. His face had a dazed look as he brought a magenta silk handkerchief into play. It took the blood on his mouth the way my brown suit takes gravy—you can hardly tell there's a stain.

"Keep that in mind, Chubby," I said, not at all like a Harvard graduate. Which I wasn't.

He looked up at me as he daubed delicately. He was breathing heavily. "I shall, my friend," he said. "I shall." He gave me a bloody smile and got up. A little rocky, but able to stand up.

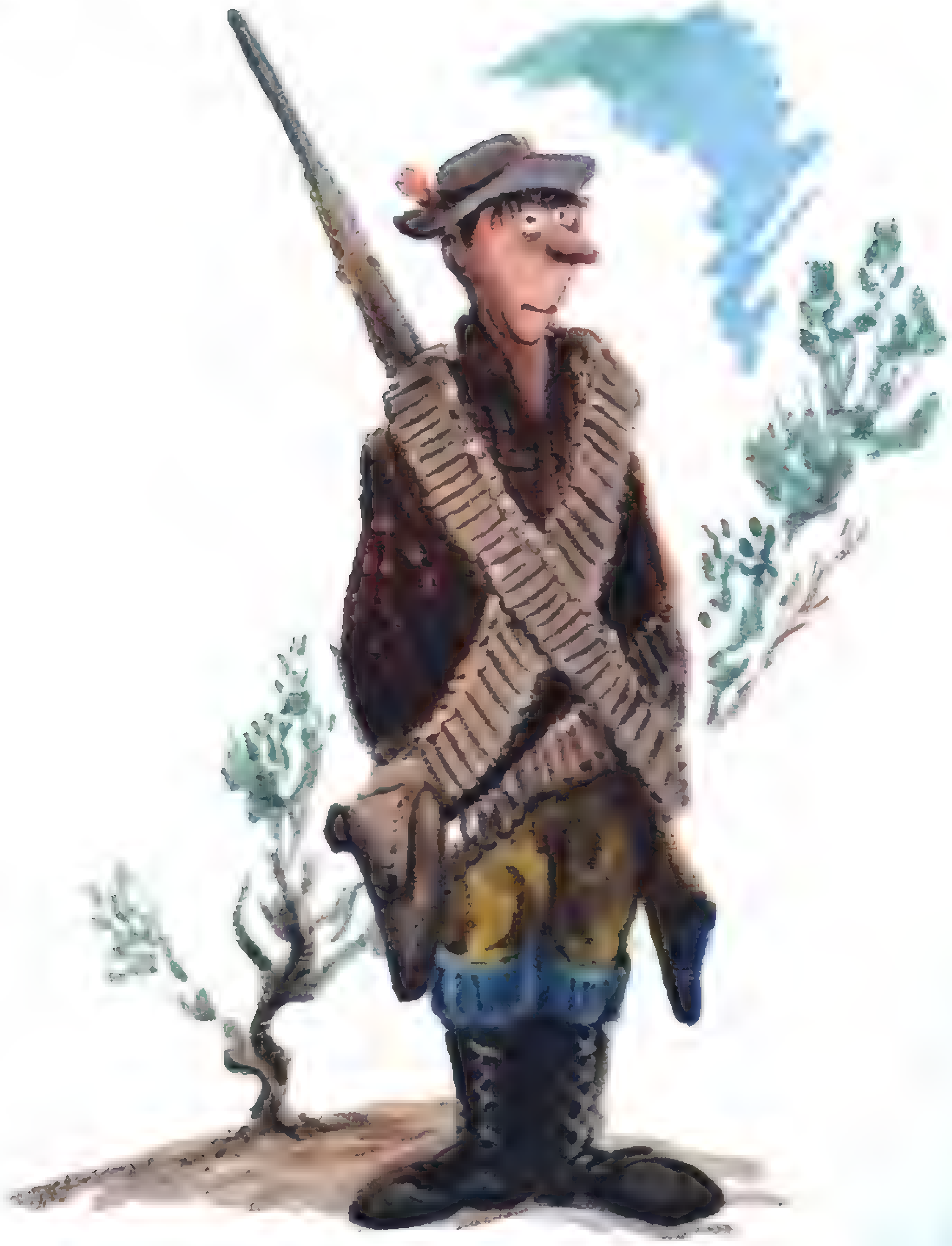
He picked his hat up from the floor with a maximum of effort and moved to the door. He opened it and balanced a small card in the ring of the brass knocker on the outside. "My card, sir." Then, before he left, he said, "My (*Continued on page 126*)

NO PARKING
hoff

"Are you kidding?"

Veiled Threat

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROUBEN SAMBERG

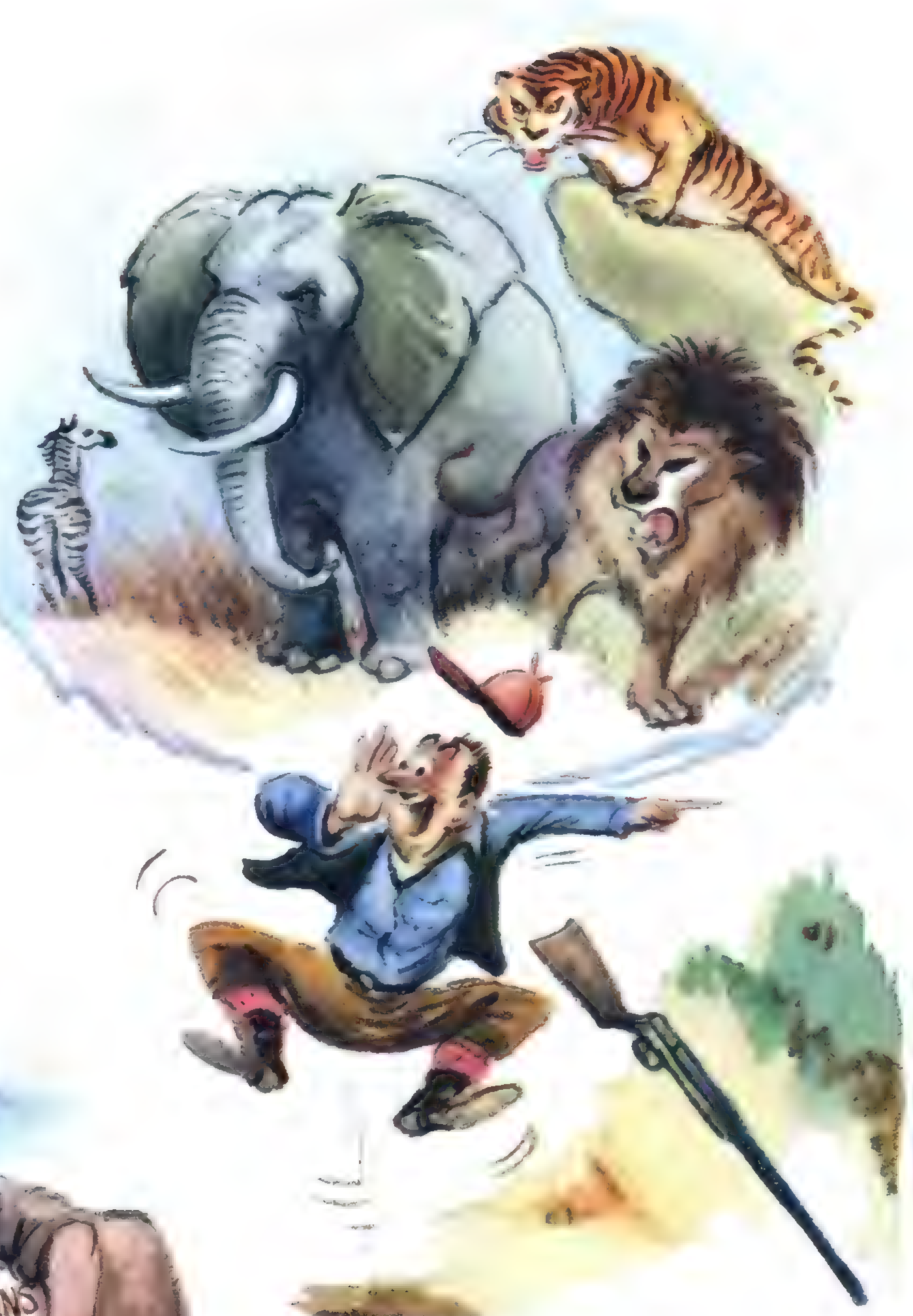


Bullet Man: Thinks everything in the wilds is out to get *him*. Preparedness is his motto and he can throw more hot lead than a Balkan guerilla

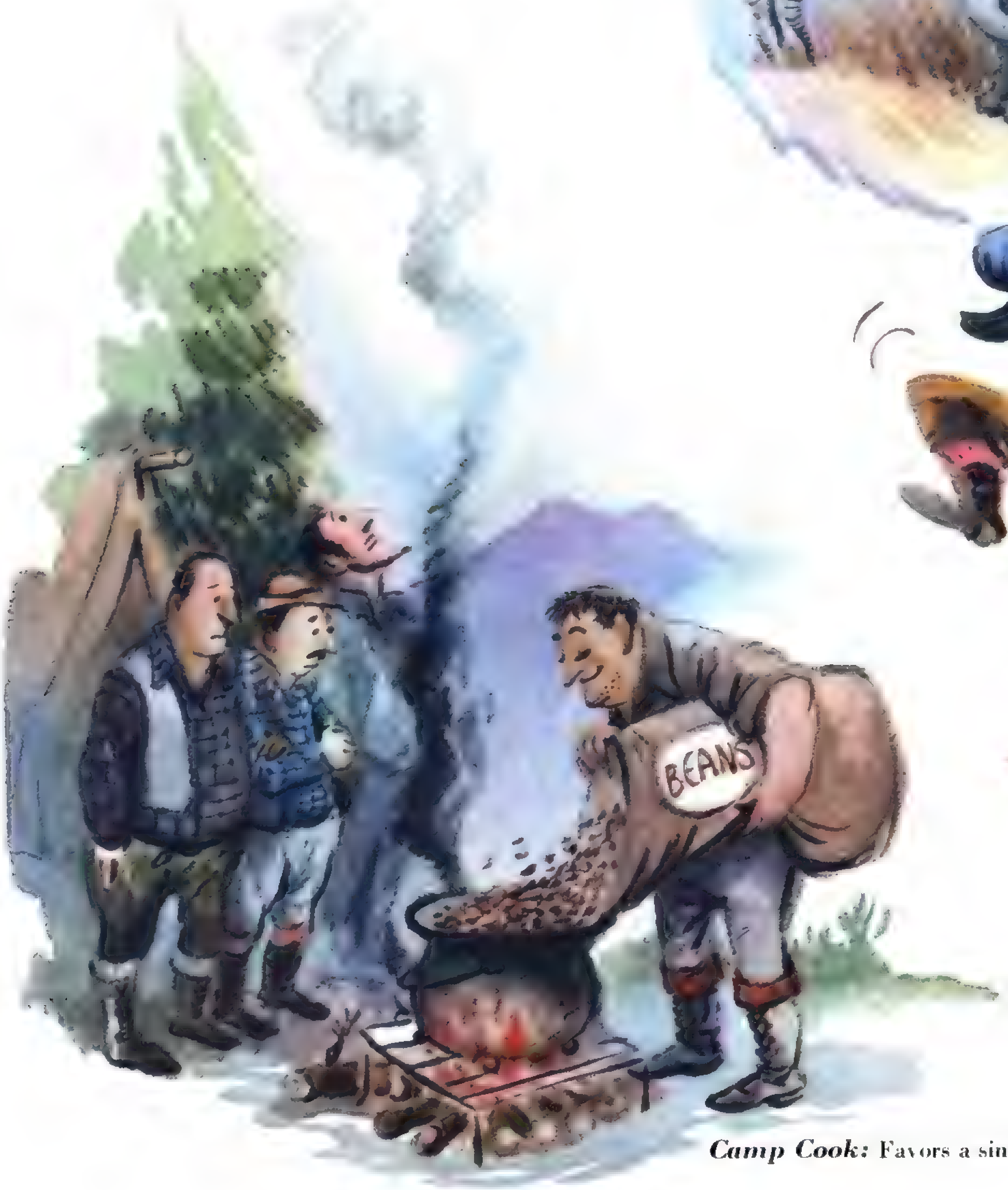
A-hunting We Will Go

A manual for modern Deerslayers and their companions of the trail

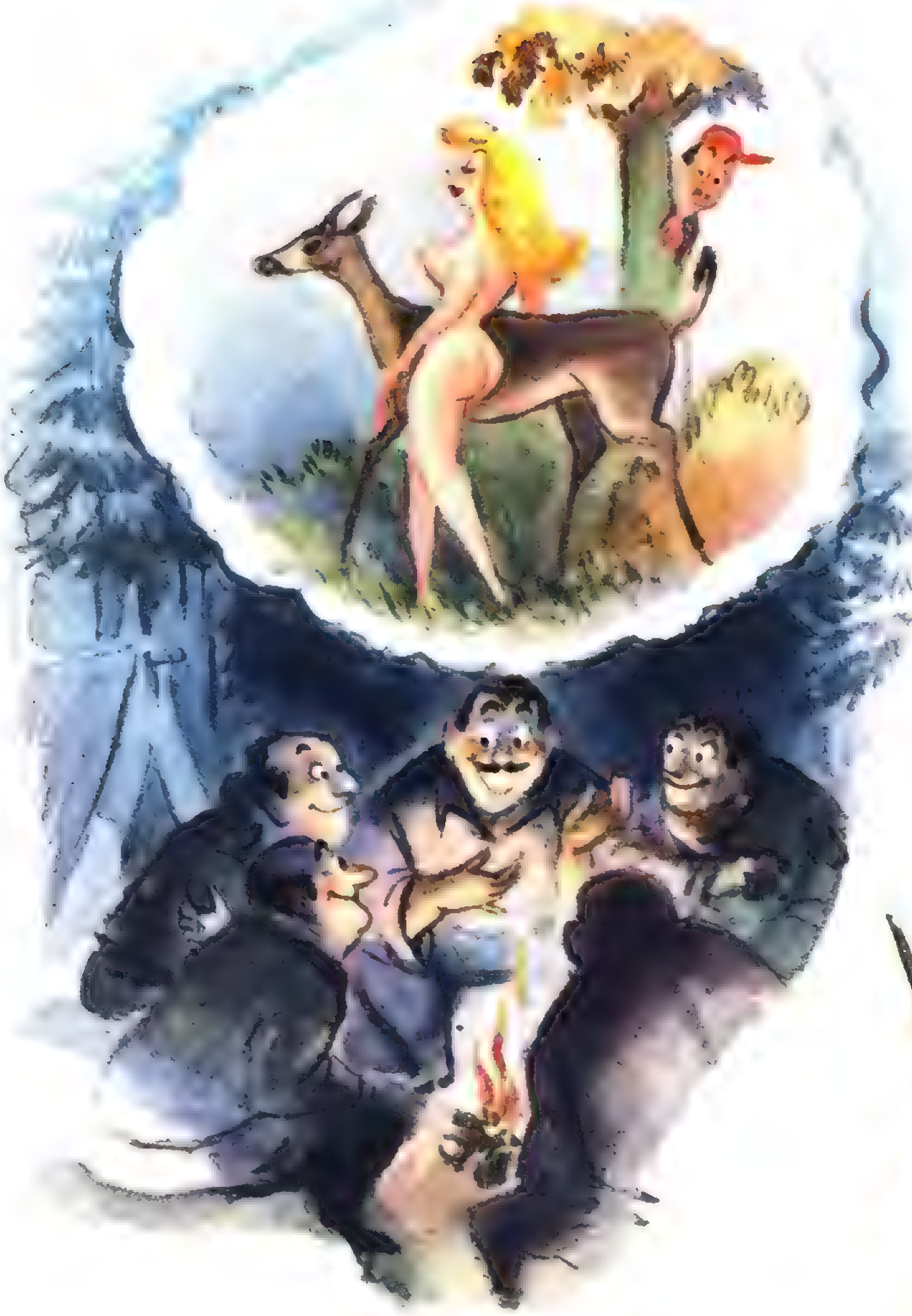
DRAWINGS BY ELDON DEDINI



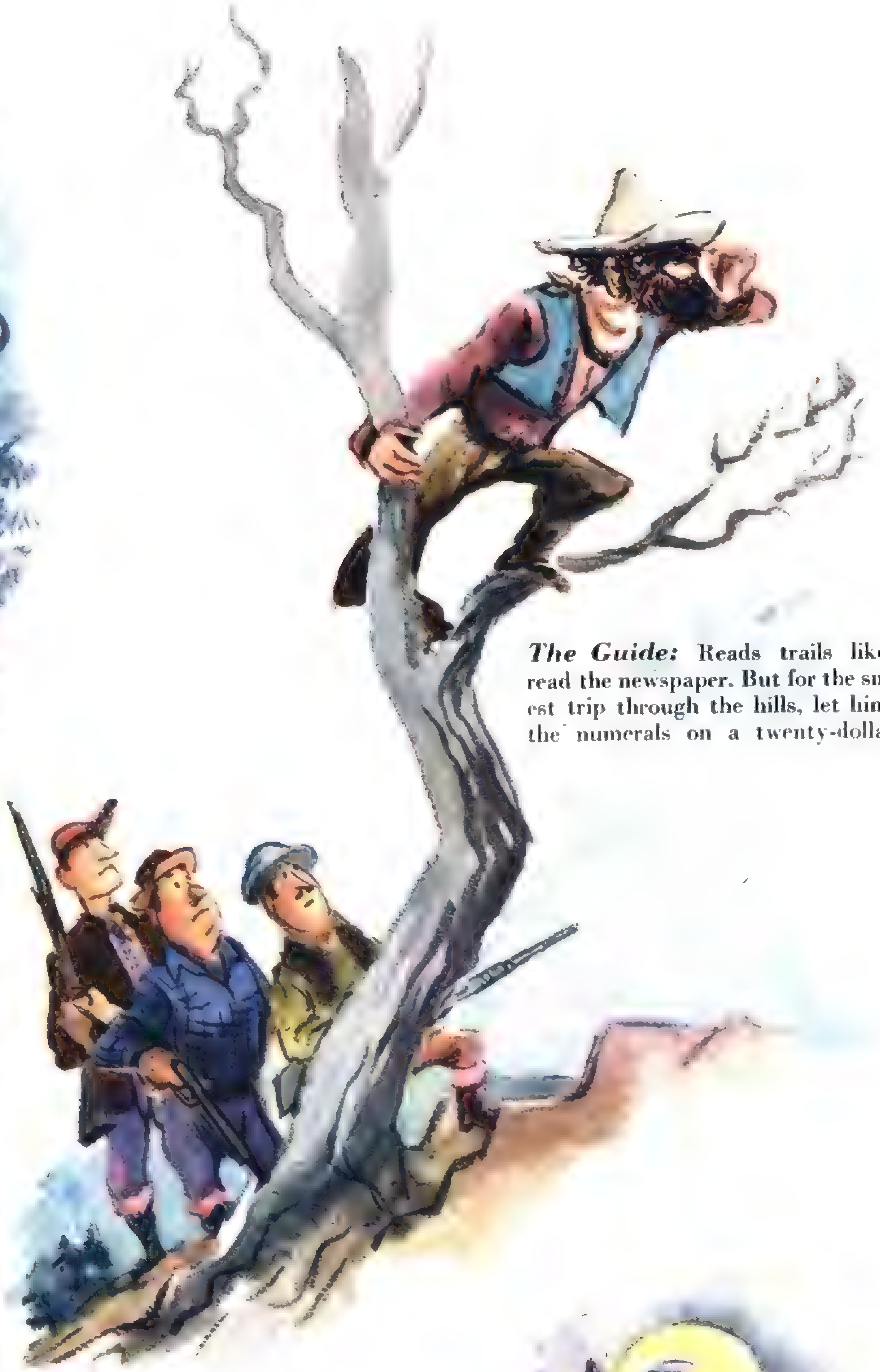
The Sunday Hunter: He's in rabbit country, but imagines more animals than are found in the Bronx Zoo



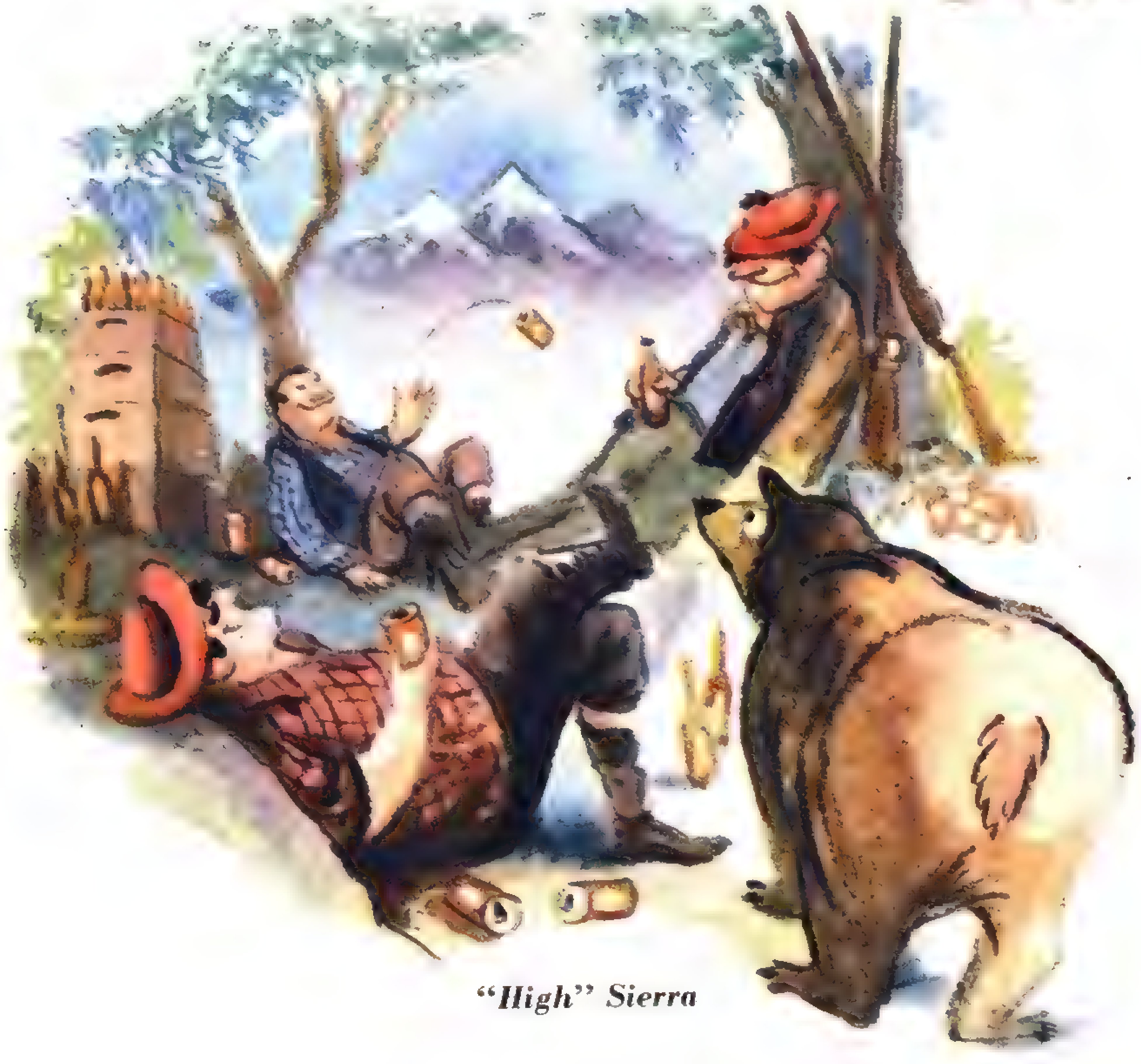
Camp Cook: Favors a simple sort of menu



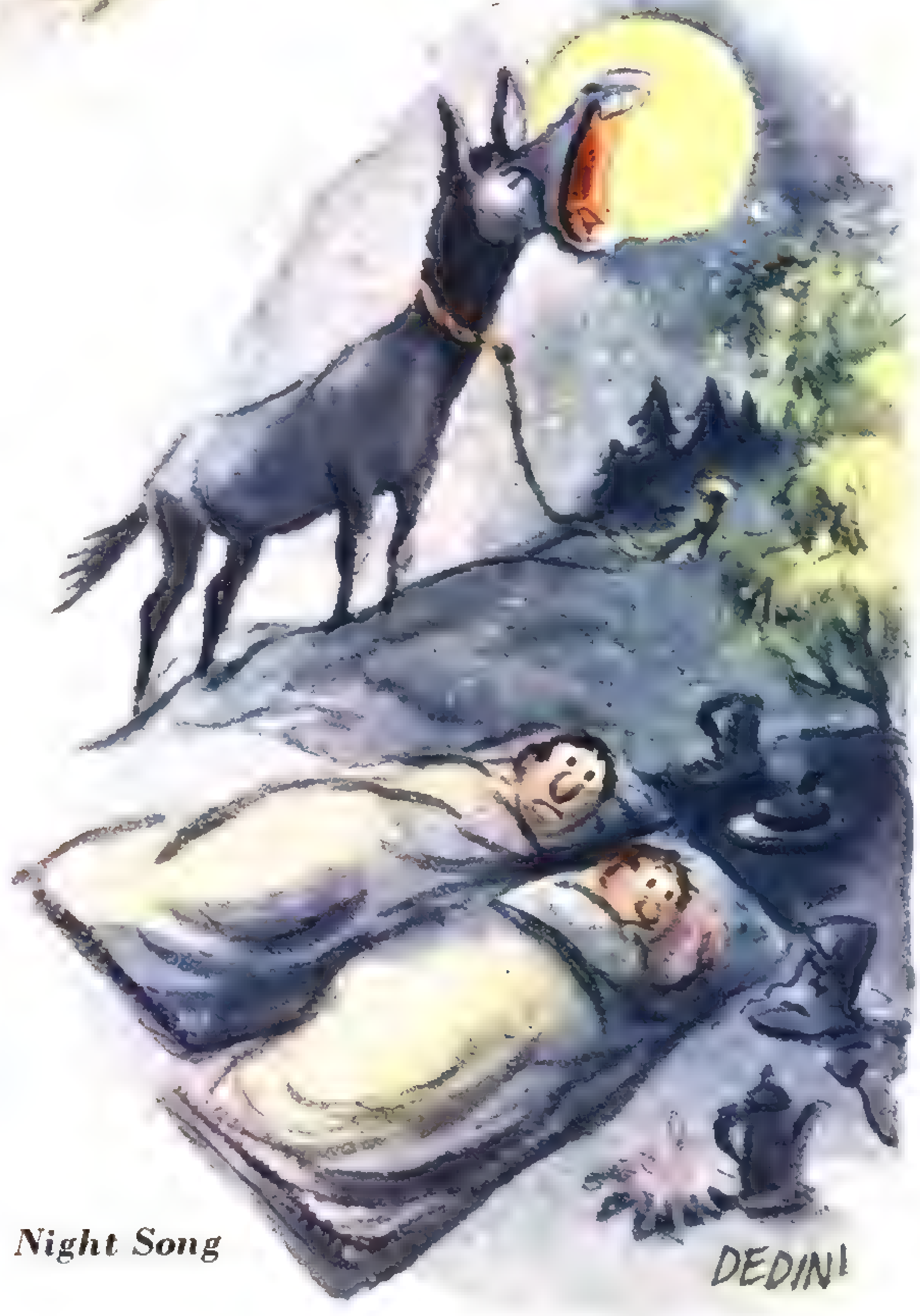
Tall-Story Teller: Mountain nights and the stars inspire talk never heard elsewhere. As the campfire dims, fact and fiction melt together into a convincing, pleasant mixture



The Guide: Reads trails like you read the newspaper. But for the smoothest trip through the hills, let him read the numerals on a twenty-dollar bill

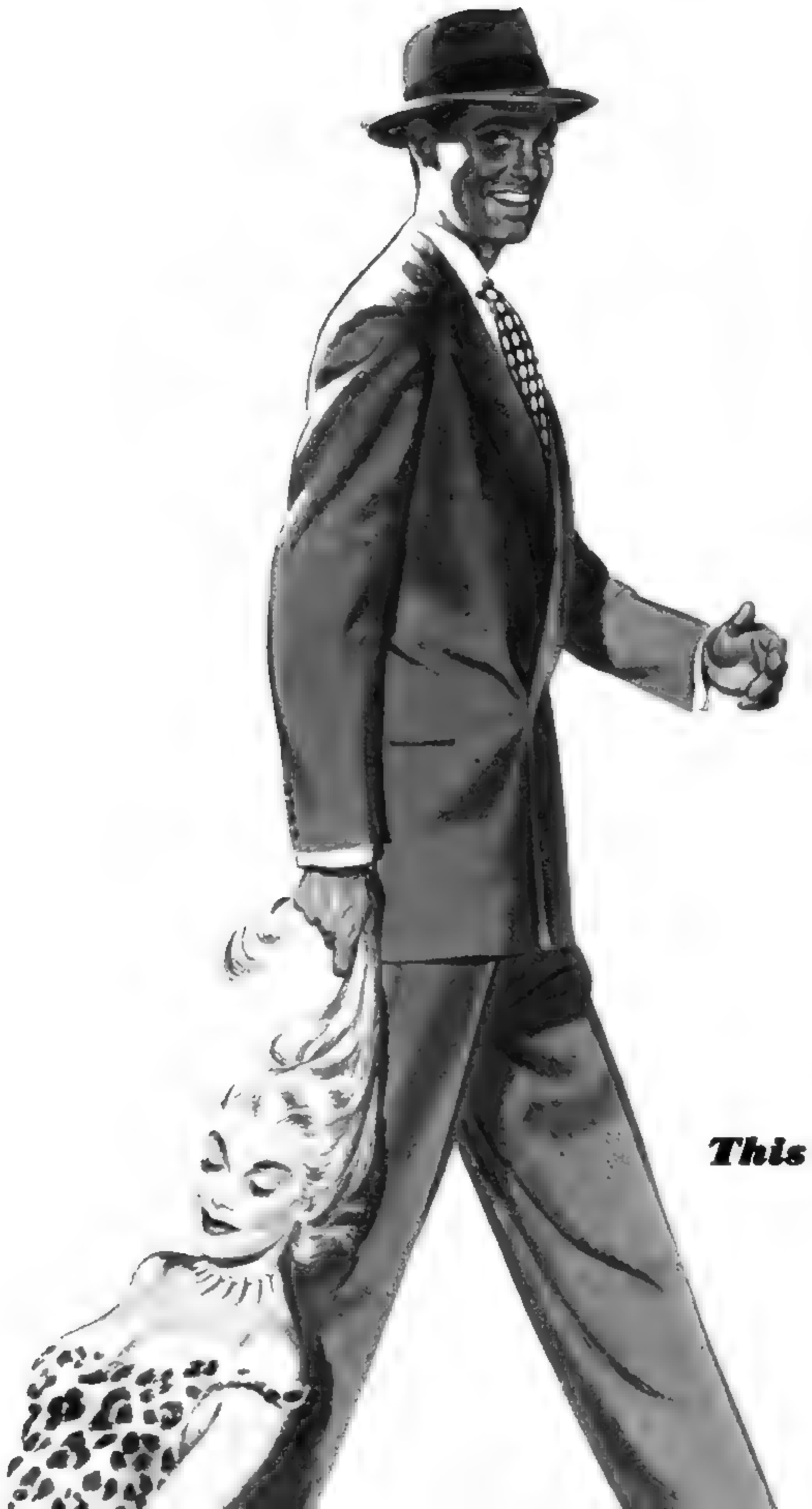


"High" Sierra



Night Song

It's THE BOLD *Dominant Male* LOOK FOR YOU FOR FALL 1948



Self-confidence isn't something that can be packaged and sold at the corner drug or grocery stores. Too bad — but that's the way it is! Self-confidence is something that's entirely within a man — it's part of his character and of his personality. But the appearance that that man makes — the manner in which he displays his dominant personality to the world — that's something else again. He can look like the assured, confident, successful American that he is — by wearing the Bold Look.

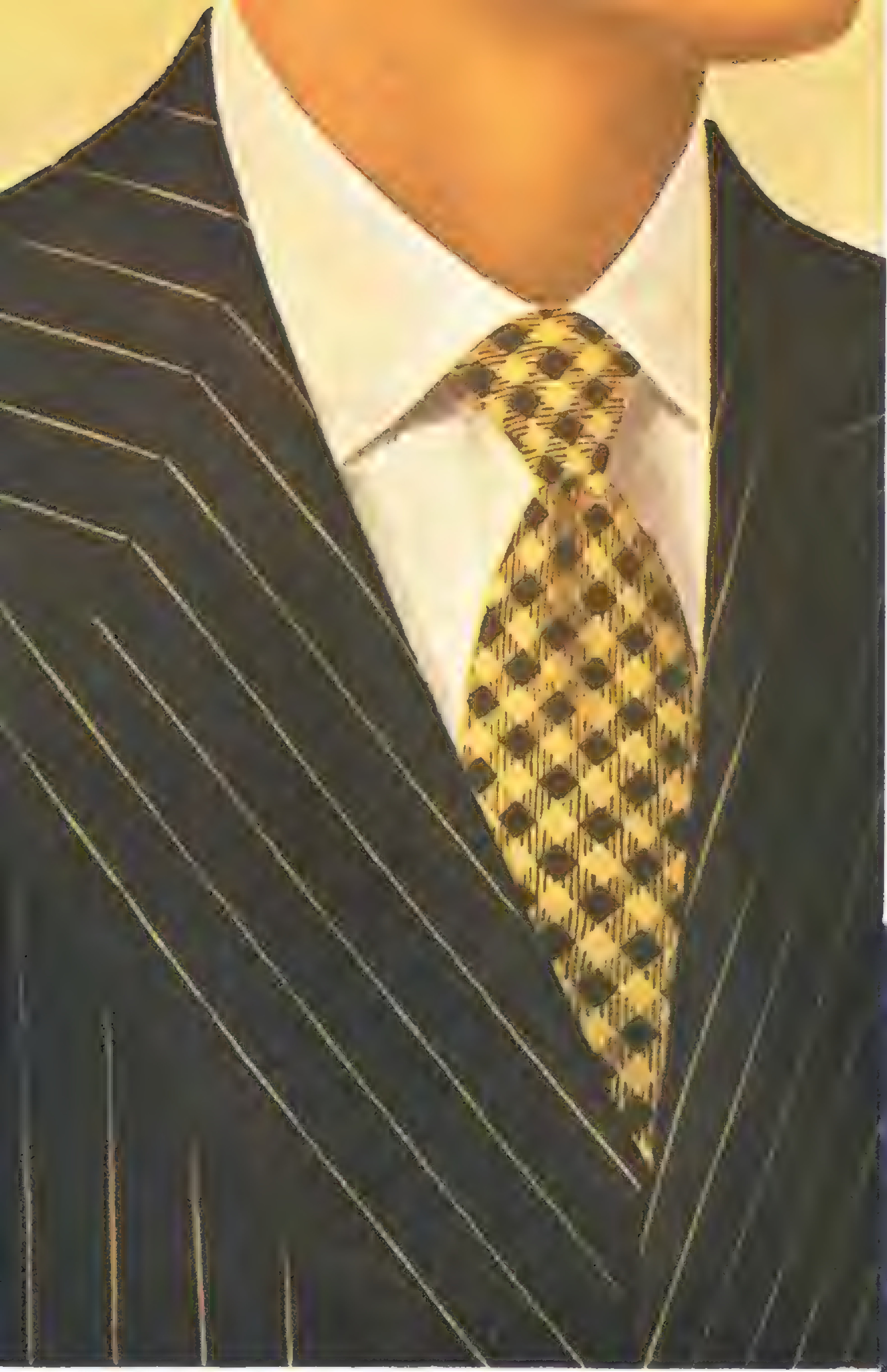
The Bold Look is the first real new-from-the-ground-up note in men's clothes since pony-express days. It's a look that's worn by successful, distinguished men — men who are the leaders in their fields and who want the clothes they wear and the appearance they make to reflect their positions in life. It's a look that's worn with a head held high and shoulders pulled back. It's a keen, direct, look-you-in-the-eye-and-take your-measure look. There's nothing timid about it; it's as virile as an ice cold shower — as American as the Constitution! It's a look that only begins with what you're wearing and runs all the way to how you feel in it. That's the big point right there — because in the Bold Look you'll feel like the self-confident, dominant, successful man that you do look!

But while the Bold Look is completely unrestrained it's always in *good taste* — that's one of its major requisites. Notice some of the outfits on the following pages; they all have the Bold Look — they use big patterns, bold colors, more colors — but none of them go overboard in the matter of color or design. And each accessory is related to the outfit as a whole: notice how the color of a suit stripe is picked up in the color of a tie figure, how the color of the stones in the big cuff links repeats the color of the suit. There's a definite relationship between these accessories — they're selected not just for their own sakes but because of the way they complement each other. That's important, because the Bold Look isn't just in a shirt or a necktie or a hat — it's in the complete, overall appearance you'll have when you're wearing the new Bold Look clothes and accessories and when they are related to each other.

And that overall appearance that you'll have — the Bold Look — will add to your stature as an assured, successful man. From the distinctive look of your high-style hat to the confident stance of your rugged brogues you'll *feel* successful because you'll *look* successful!

This is the Bold Look for Fall. This is how the new clothes and accessories are assembled with your overall appearance in mind. The Ecorn pocket handkerchief matches the "command collar" shirt; the accented stitching on the shirt collar is repeated in the half-inch welt seams at the edges of the Walnut Brown worsted suit; the shirt and suit are further pulled together by the boldly patterned Walnut Brown foulard tie. Hefty, thick-soled, dark brown town shoes and a Bold Look hat add still further to your appearance as an assured, self-confident man.

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

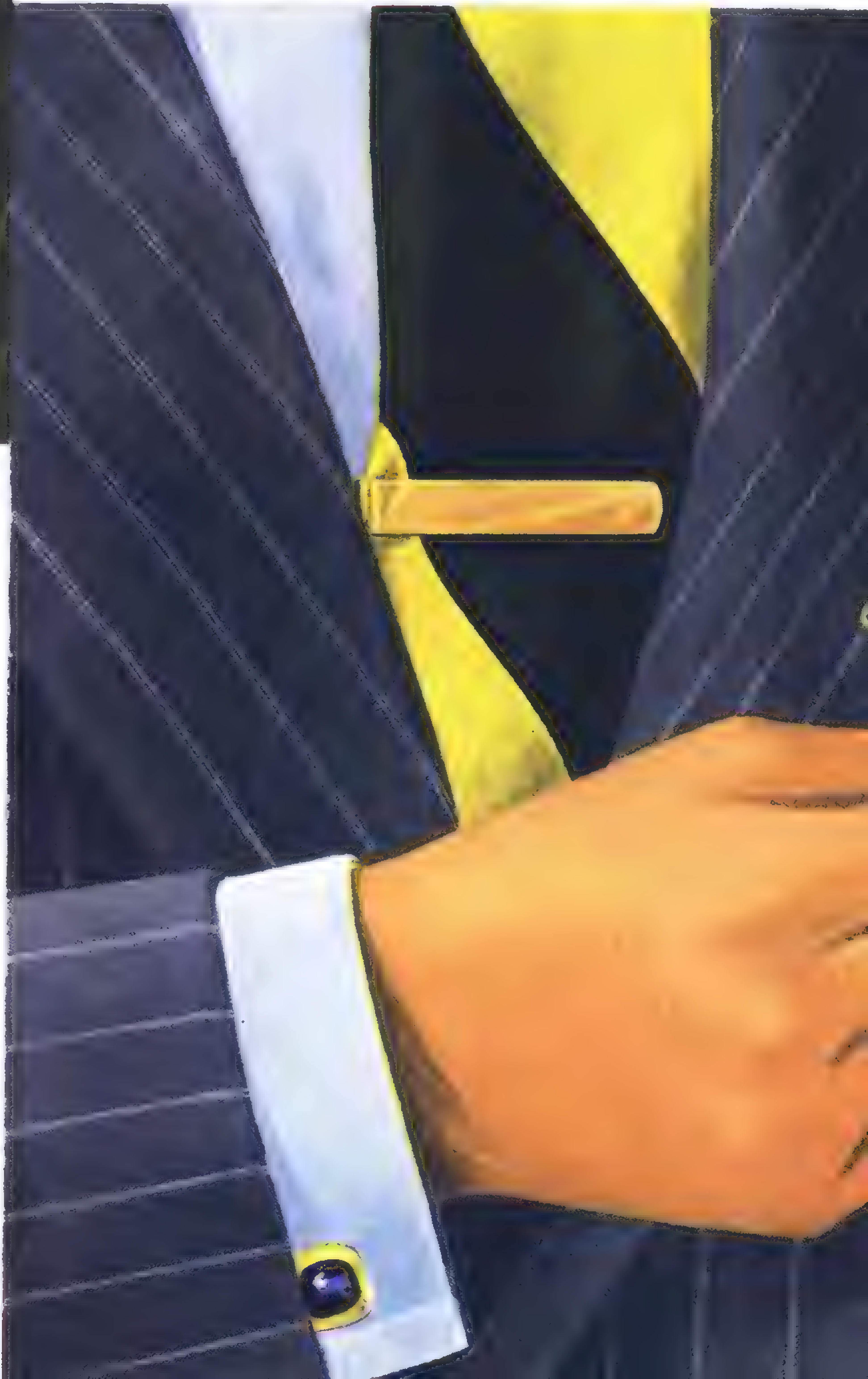


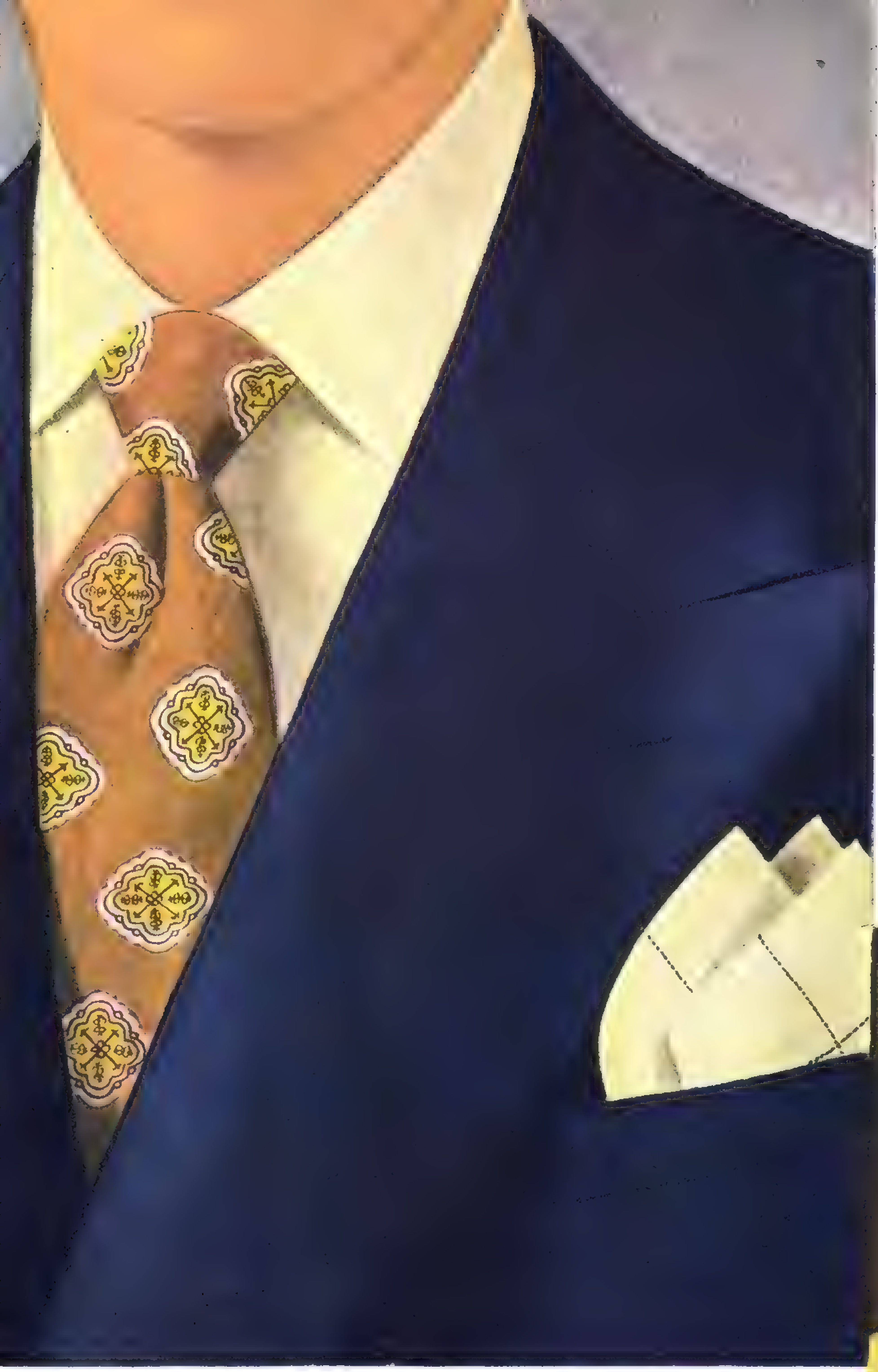
Bold

THIS is the Bold Look. The tan end-and-end madras shirt has a "command collar" —a widespread collar that's especially suited to a Windsor knot. The necktie has big checks—the brown picks up the color of the Walnut Brown suit, the tan picks up the color of the shirt. This man is wearing a properly coordinated outfit—an outfit that gives him the Bold Look!

Look

THIS is the Bold Look. The tie clasp is a ⅜″ wide slab of gold—big enough to more than hold its own against the three-inch wide stripes of the necktie. The cuff link is big, too—a half-inch square chunk of stone set in an even wider gold base—and not at all overpowered by the wider, fuller, accented French cuffs of the madras shirt.





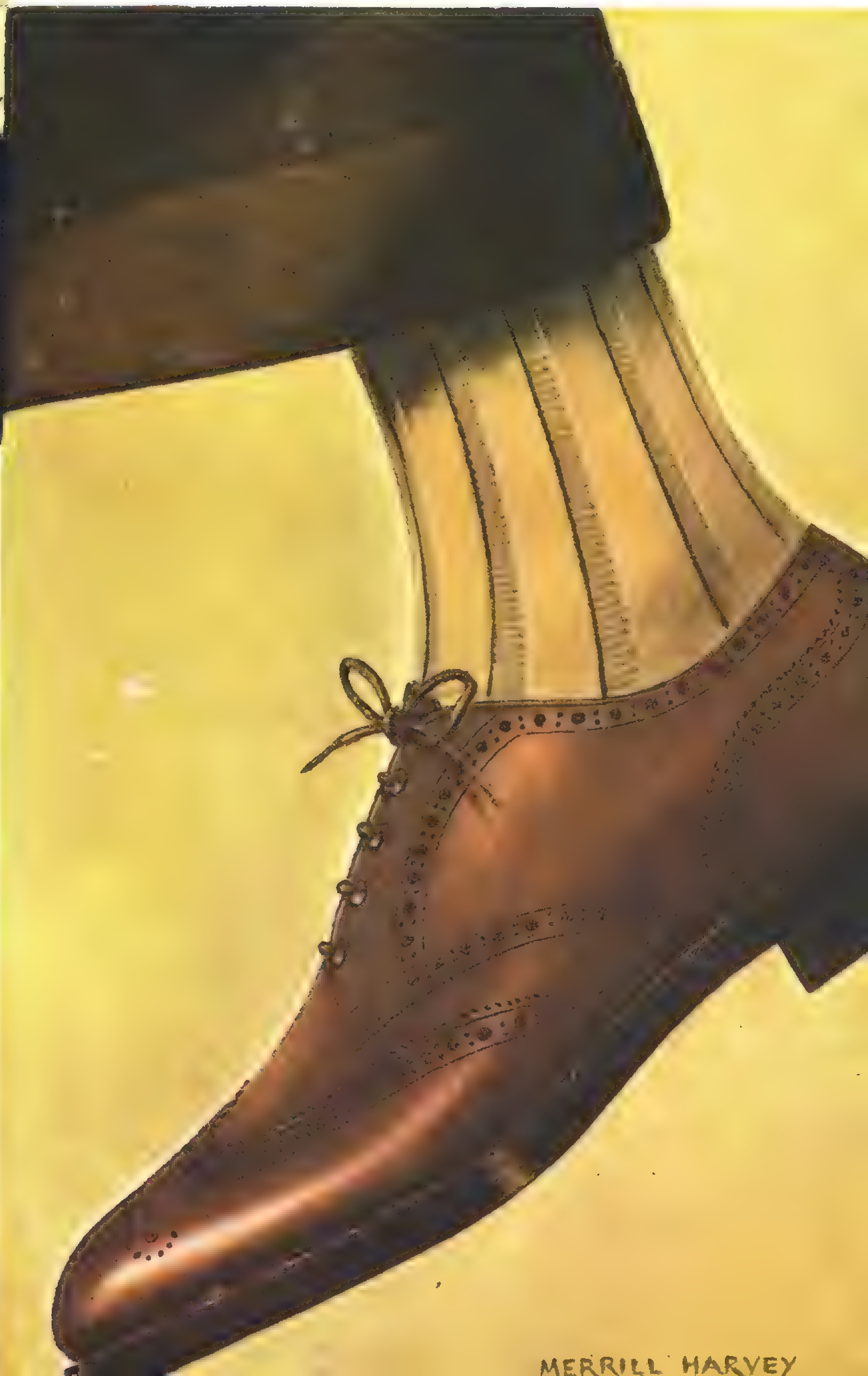
Fall

THIS is the Bold Look. Both the color of the Ecorn "command collar" broadcloth shirt and the accented stitching on its collar are repeated in the handkerchief that's displayed in the chest pocket—displayed so that its big 1$\frac{3}{8}$″ border is right out there in the open. The suit is a blue-grey sharkskin; the tie, a boldly figured foulard. Unrestrained? Yes! In good taste? *Yes!!*

DRAWING BY MERRILL HARVEY

1948

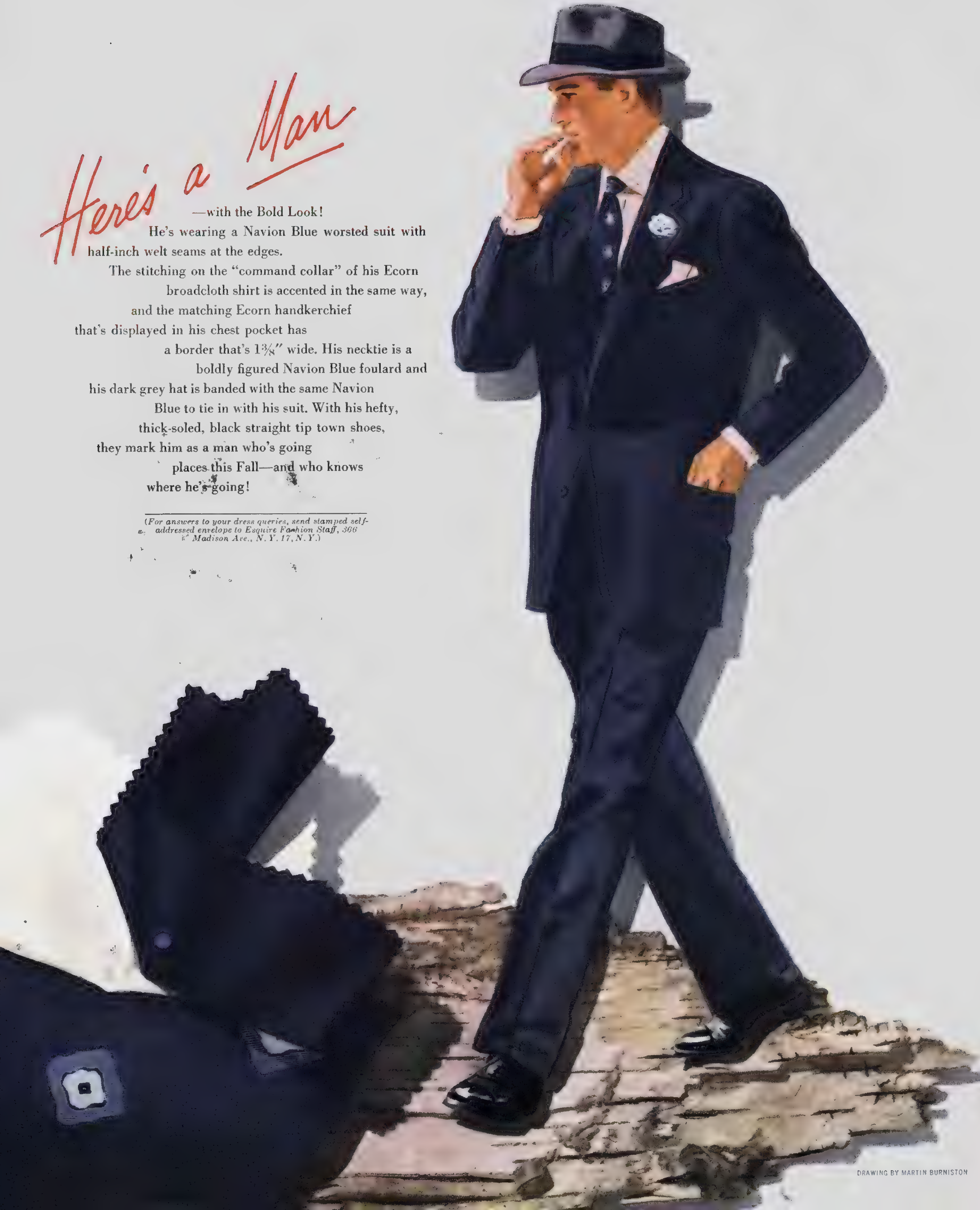
THIS is the Bold Look. Plain or small figured socks would look inconsequential with these hefty looking, thick-soled wing tip town shoes—but not so these rugged looking 9 x 3 ribbed wool socks. They'll hold their own against the heftiest looking shoes—and together they'll give you a bold-from-the-ground-up look. The brown shoes and tan socks harmonize perfectly with the Walnut Brown suit.



Here's a Man

—with the Bold Look! He's wearing a Navion Blue worsted suit with half-inch welt seams at the edges. The stitching on the "command collar" of his Ecorn broadcloth shirt is accented in the same way, and the matching Ecorn handkerchief that's displayed in his chest pocket has a border that's 1⅜″ wide. His necktie is a boldly figured Navion Blue foulard and his dark grey hat is banded with the same Navion Blue to tie in with his suit. With his hefty, thick-soled, black straight tip town shoes, they mark him as a man who's going places this Fall—and who knows where he's going!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.)



DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

Got the Season on You, Bub?

It's getting so a man doesn't know whether to get out his ice skates in the summer, or get ready for the circus when Christmas rolls around, or is it?

An Article by

PARKE CUMMINGS

LAST winter Hollywood staged a spectacular Christmas pageant—with the lavishness for which this cultural center is noted. And did this Yuletide festivity take place on the night before Christmas? No, Rollo, on the night before Thanksgiving.

Well, other communities rush the Christmas season too. My friends send out Christmas cards to arrive December 15th, and start illuminating their outdoor trees while the Thanksgiving pumpkins are still on their doorsteps. My kids hand us Christmas lists when we are still enjoying late-November football. On Halloween, when they go up in the attic to hunt for costumes, they're apt to return with the Christmas-tree holder, and to chide me because I haven't ordered the annual Tannenbaum.

All seasons, nowadays, are rushed, or delayed, or jumbled helter-skelter together. In fact there just *aren't* any separate seasons as we used to account them. Did I speak of late-November football? Well, it is true they *do* still play football now and then on invigorating fall afternoons, but the gridiron season starts with an all-star game, played under lights, on a brisk late-August evening when the thermometer has descended from a daytime high of 103 to a chilly 89. The participants, of course, will have gone into training shortly after July 4th (giving them ample rest from spring practice which terminated on Memorial Day). By the time the regular college season starts—a week or so after the national tennis championships are decided—a number of all-America teams will be wrapped up and delivered—and sports writers will have forecast the course of events for the Rose Bowl game (January 1st). This *may* take place after the final professional play-off in the National Football League or All-America Conference. I wouldn't bet on this, though. Last year the former league managed to stage a play-off after Christmas. Given a couple of more tie games, and a sectional play-off, they may yet succeed in postdating the New Year's bowl games.

The World Series this year will open a week later than usual—in keeping with the times. Given a little luck—a few rained-out games and one or two called by darkness—and baseball should overlap the beginning of the football season by a month.

I spoke of tennis. A friend of mine recently informed me that he intended to build a court on his place. I said I hoped he'd invite me over for a game some nice July week end. But he countered that what he wanted was a court with a trick composition surface where you can shovel off the snow and play on Christmas morning to work up an appetite for dinner. These courts are spreading all over the place, and are equipped with electric ovens for heating the tennis balls until they acquire the necessary bounce. In my day—which was obviously a long time ago—we cooked turkeys, not tennis balls, on Christmas.

But my friend is merely keeping up with the times—which dictate that winter is now an important tennis season. That is when the pros take lengthy cross-country tours playing to huge audiences in indoor arenas. Reading about their exploits would naturally inspire a tennis bug to install a shovel-off court.

I have another friend who is a gardening enthusiast. Last winter he built a dandy lean-to greenhouse which furnished lettuce and tomatoes all winter long, besides growing seedlings for his spring garden. He couldn't have picked a better winter. We got hit by two feet of snow the day after Christmas, and the stuff hung on until the first week in April. He grumbled at the toil it cost him in shoveling paths and wrestling with tire chains, but in his snug glassed-in enclosure he was happy.

A sudden warm spell melted away the snow as, if by magic, the ground dried out and warmed, and I went over to visit him. "On a swell day like this," I remarked, "I suppose you'll be transplanting lettuce and cabbage seedlings to your outdoor garden."

To which he replied excitedly that within the hour he was going to get into his car, drive three hundred miles due north into the White Mountains and go skiing. Oh well, to be honest, he *did* ski during the winter—once or twice.

This fellow wasn't a golfer; otherwise he'd probably have forsaken his greenhouse during January and gone down to Florida for a few rounds. Here he wouldn't have lacked for company or professional instruction.

Hockey players are also in good form during the winter, but they have to play even better in the spring because that is when the most important games take place—the play-offs for the Stanley Cup. The circus is supposed to be a harbinger of spring, and you can check this by the fact that in New York it comes to Madison Square Garden in time to throw the New York Rangers out of the joint if they happened to make the play-offs. (During these play-offs the big-league ballplayers are rounding into top form in the Grapefruit League.)

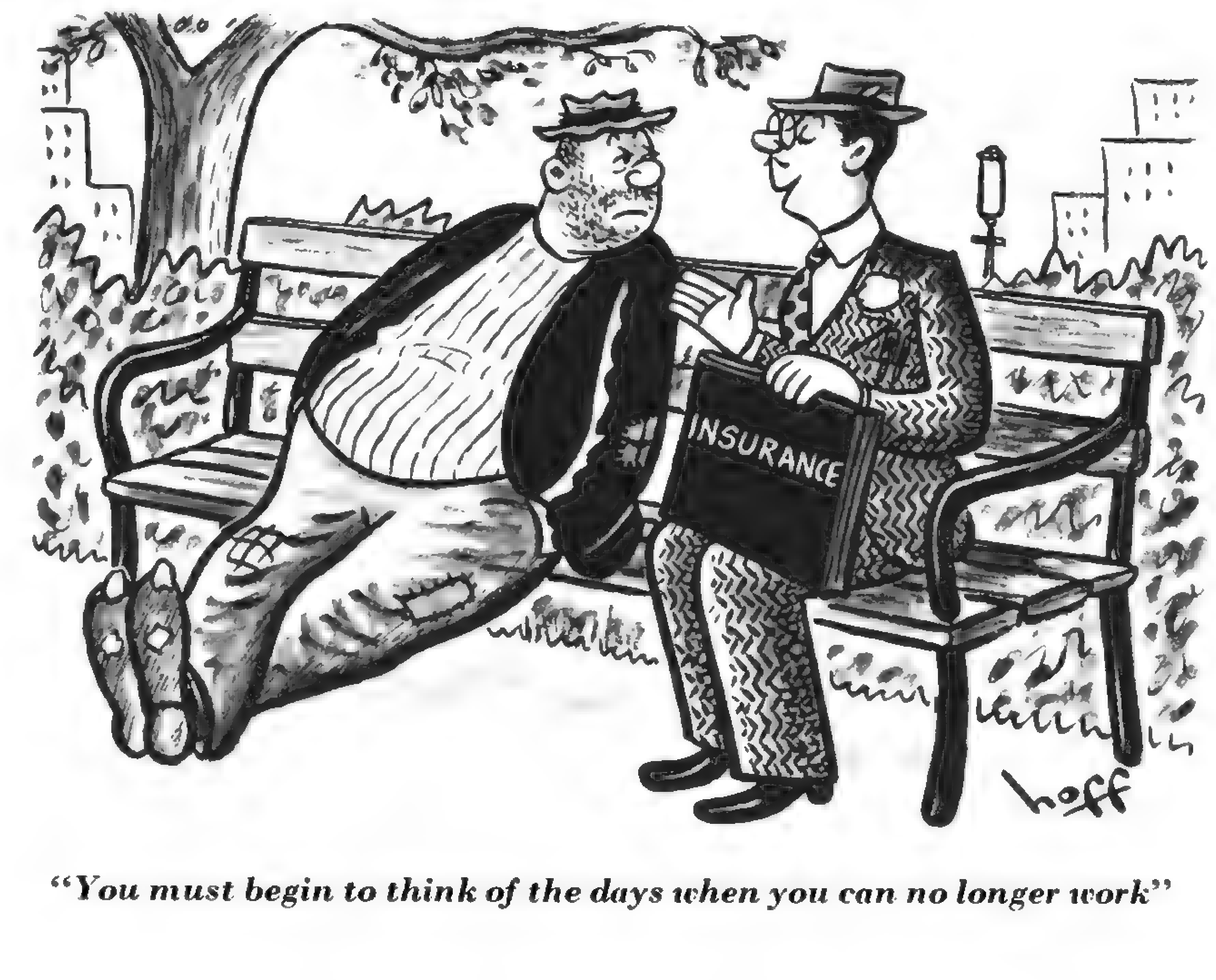
Yachting is a sport where people loll on a deck and pick up a summer tan—except that many yachtsmen now seem to prefer to sail in icy wintry gales in contests known as "frostbite" races.

And this brings up a query. Why don't the Olympic Games committees wake up to the times? How come they hold modern summer sports like skiing, bobsledding and hockey during the Winter Games, and then stage winter ones like track, soccer and swimming in the summertime? I hope this anachronism will be rectified by 1952.

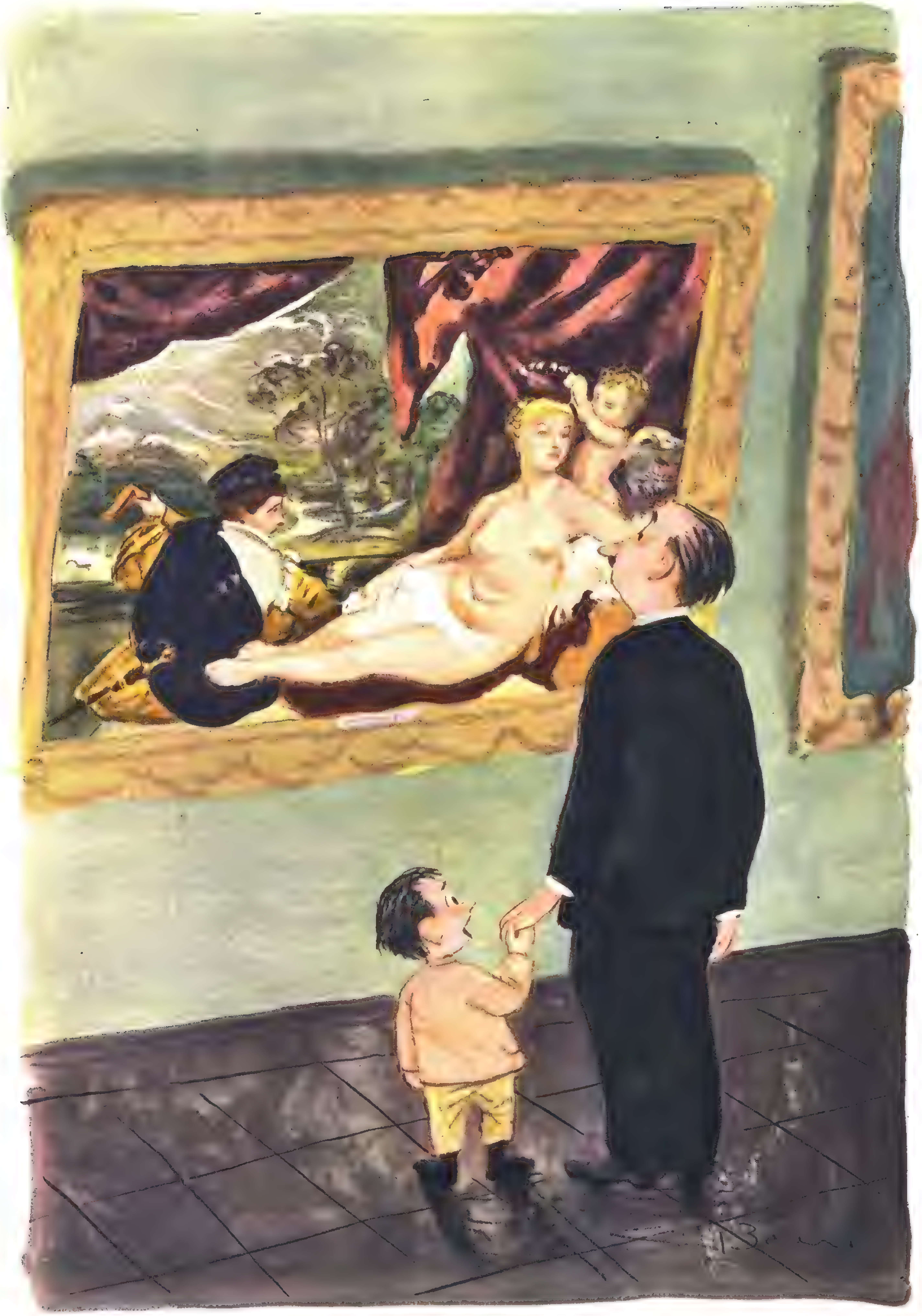
It's not only sports that are involved in this seasonal snafu. Go into a modern movie theatre without a coat and ear muffs on a typical July day and you're apt to get chilblains from the air-cooling system. Drive in February in a modern heated car, and you'll go to bed with a cold if you dress in the traditional winter fashion.

Quick now! When are oysters in season? That's right—May, June, July, and August, when you go to your deep-freeze locker and haul them out. (And for heaven's sake, mama, quit serving me June strawberries, will you? We've been eating frozen ones since January, and I'm fed up with them.)

Well, here it is August. Time to put the bathing trunks in mothballs, and sharpen up the skates, pump up Junior's football, store the tennis rackets, and order Christmas greetings before it's too late. ⧺



"You must begin to think of the days when you can no longer work"



"Daddy, are her clothes at the cleaners?"

I'll Dream of You

He wrote a song, once, a very pretty song, and it had no meaning at all until he sang it to the wrong girl, and suddenly he found out what the words meant

A Story by

WILLIAM FRANCIS

I got off the bus at Fairville with a dollar and a half in my pocket. I had two suitcases and a torch and I'd been carrying all three of them since I'd left Hollywood four months before. But the dollar and a half had once been fifteen hundred.

I didn't pick Fairville as a stopping place; the bus driver decided that for me. I had about forty cents left after I ate and the driver told me how far it would take me.

"Hunter's Corner, Jack," he said, "and that's a service station. You'd be better off staying here."

I waved to him as the big bus rolled past me; that didn't cost anything. Then I looked around. Fairville wasn't a bad little town, clean and busy and trying hard to look like a big city. There was a three-story brick hotel and a neon cocktail sign; I figured that was all I needed. Two weeks work and I'd be able to start traveling again.

I didn't have any trouble getting the job. I registered at the hotel and then looked up the manager of the cocktail lounge. It was that easy. He had a piano and no one to play it and I ran through a couple of numbers for him. I was hired. The salary wasn't much, but I knew that if he did any business at all, I'd make out on tips. That afternoon at five o'clock I started to work, and after four months of running I was back where I'd started; in front of a keyboard in a bar and the torch was still as bright as ever. I'd only learned one thing; you can't get away from something if you carry it along with you. It had been an expensive lesson.

She was there my first night, but I didn't notice her; I hadn't been noticing girls since the evening I looked up from the 88 and fell into Terry Grey's eyes. That was at the Gold Room in Hollywood and anything that had happened to me before then lost all importance. It's a long story, and not a very original one, although at the time I thought it was an experience unique and exclusive. As a matter of fact it's probably happened to everyone once.

It was one of those "This is bigger than both of us why fight it?" deals, but as it turned out it wasn't big enough to survive a screen test and a contract. At least it wasn't for Terry.

"I have to be seen with important people," she'd said. "I have to be linked with 'names.' "

And: "Can't you understand, Johnnie, that this is my big chance? Hollis can help me. I don't care what his reputation is, he's going to help me."

And finally: "Don't try to explain. You had no right to hit him. You've embarrassed me and hurt my chances. You've never understood because you're content to stay a cheap piano player. That's all you'll ever be, Johnnie Law at the Piano, playing for dollar tips," etc., etc., etc.

So I ran away and they took my name down from in front of the Gold Room and put somebody else's up and if anyone in Hollywood missed me or cared about my leaving they didn't make the fact public. I ran away from Terry and that didn't work at all. But I ran away from a lot more: a recording contract that was to be my first big step up and a chance to get "our song" published. It worked fine, too. Running away blew both chances sky high.

Terry hadn't known about either of those: I wrote the song for her and I had the silly idea that I'd come to her with the recording and the sheet music clutched in my hot little hand and lay them at her feet.

"For you, darling," I was going to say. "The song I wrote for you because I love you and always will and there'll be more songs and more recordings and someday you'll be Terry Law, the beautiful girl with the famous husband."

And if you think that's corny, you ought to hear some of the dreams I had. But like I said, it's an old story and not very original.

By the time I hit Fairville, though, my self-pity was under control and although the torch was still bright, I was over crying in my beer. (It took me two weeks to find out that alcohol is no answer to a kick in the heart.) And I'd built myself a little protective shell. I had three commandments:

1. Love is a word used to gain an end.
2. With women, always take, never give.
3. Women are a dime a dozen and even that's too high.

Nice attitude, huh?

I don't know whether I'd have noticed the girl or not, but the bartender pointed her out to me. It was about eight o'clock and my second evening at the lounge. I'd played a list of requests and was taking a break at the bar over a glass of ginger ale.

"The girl in the checked suit," the bartender said, "seems to enjoy your playing. Know who she is?"

I bit.

"Joyce Fair. Her family owns this town."

I looked over to where she was sitting with a tall, slick-haired guy. He sported a thin mustache and a very bored air. Where Terry was a blonde with blue eyes this Joyce was dark—reddish-brown hair and green eyes. Terry was built along generous lines and this girl was small breasted, thin, athletic looking, the sort who makes you think of horse shows or tennis matches. I got the impression that she shot 70 golf and was no stranger to guns.

I shrugged. "Not my dish," I said, "I like more meat and less length."

"Nice kid," the bartender said. "Only child and the family's got dough they ain't even counted yet."

"I'll take Ingrid," I said.

"I ain't trying to sell you nothing. You couldn't get to first base with her. Hell, you couldn't even get up to bat."

He walked away disgustedly. I looked over at the girl again. She looked at me and smiled. I looked away. The mustache with her still looked bored. I motioned the bartender and he came back and stood in front of me.

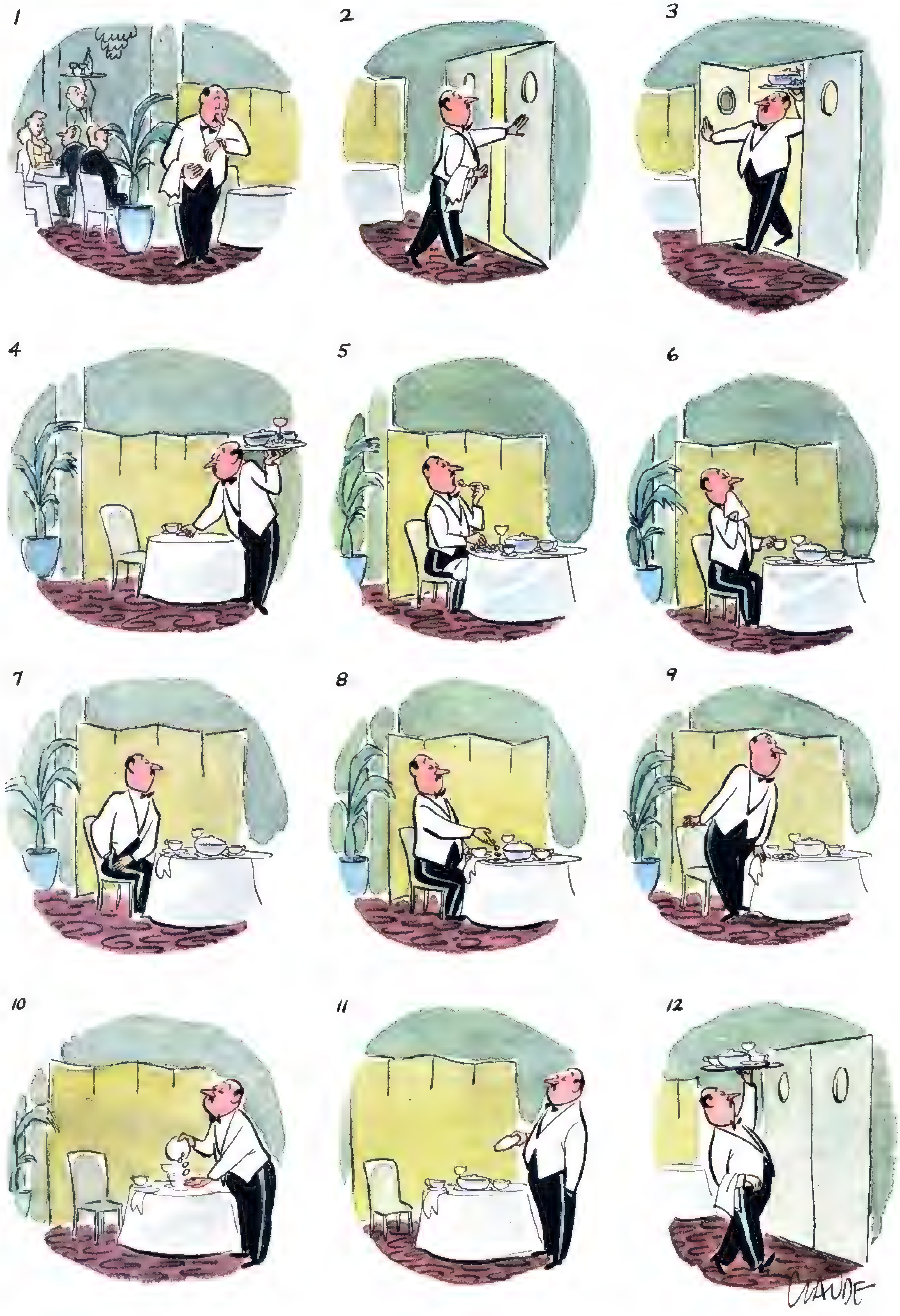
"About the girl," I said. "You wouldn't like to bet?"

"I would love to bet," he told me. "I would love to bet twenty-five fish that you can't get invited to her house without you're paid to play the piano. A deal?"

"A deal," I said.

"Sure. And what I didn't tell you is that the Fairs own this hotel and when you make your pass and she hollers, you not only lose your twenty- (*Continued on page 105*)

PSYCHIATRIST
AL KAUFMAN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CLAUDE

Death at Times Square

Here is required reading for the theatregoer who is generating high hopes for a great 1948-49 season: remember last year and Broadway's broken promises

An Article by

DONALD M. BERWICK

September is a wonderful month on Broadway. In September, producers start clamoring for theatres in which to house the coming season's plays; the Messrs. Shubert rub their hands and wait for the chips to fall; the Theatre Guild takes down a fresh volume of George Bernard Shaw and cables Sir Arthur Wing Pinero for the rights to his latest experimental drama; new lights flash on 45th Street; and the critics, revitalized by the summer sun and made erudite by a couple of months of rereading their own reviews, rush back to town. The New York theatre season is about to begin.

At this exuberant period, when prospects for the new year look splendid, we ought not to forget that September doesn't always keep its promises. Last September, for instance, found those of us who love the theatre in a state of high expectancy, but we were cruelly disappointed. Maybe it's the fault of the wearisome times we live in, and perhaps the public gets what it wants and deserves; whatever the cause, Broadway seemed tired and lifeless last year. Here are some of the plays I remember: *Medea*, a stark tragedy about a woman who, to spite her unfaithful husband, murders their two sons; the author is that rising young pre-Christian dramatist, Euripides. *Antony and Cleopatra*, a somber tale of middle-aged passion by the white hope of the Elizabethan theatre, William Shakespeare. *Man and Superman* and *You Never Can Tell*, two daring comedies—only half a century old—by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose wit and technique may soon revolutionize the American theatre. *The Heiress*, a dramatization of a novel by Henry James about a nineteenth-century spinster. *The Winslow Boy*, by Mr. Terence Rattigan (still, remarkably, young and alive, though British), which harks back to 1913 and a *cause célèbre* for its setting and theme. *Strange Bedfellows*, an Avery-Hopwood-type farce, mostly about a brothel in the days when Mother was marching for the suffragettes. *Command Decision*, an undistinguished play about World War II, which isn't much more than a sleepy apology for brass hattism. *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Mister Roberts*—two smash hits, of which much more anon.

In the musical field, the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein gave us a didactic piece called, ironically enough, *Allegro*. In spite of all the fanfare, *Allegro* was chiefly notable for its plodding pretentiousness, its corny theme and treatment, and its tired music. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company hit a home run with its presentation of several Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas—but they're not exactly new, and the D'Oyly Carte stages them with an infuriating respect for tradition that sacrifices entertainment to cultism. There were a couple of run-of-the-mill musical comedies, differing from hordes of others only in their superior dancing and atrocious tunes. Three revues hit the town and prospered. But what can you say about revues that hasn't been said before? And what can you do in a revue that hasn't been done a good many times before?

That, then, is a flash photo of the season's high spots. I haven't told all, by any means. I haven't mentioned Gertrude Berg's soap opera, *Molly and Me*, God forbid; or J. B. Priestley's contrived jigsaw puzzle, *An Inspector Calls*; or Mr. Priestley's static and ponderous *The Linden Tree*; or Gertrude Lawrence's pathetic attempt to revive Noel Coward's *Tonight at Eight-Thirty* without Noel Coward (the flavor was something like that of an olive without a Martini around it); or Rose Franken's *The Hallams*, which told the pleasing story of two consumptives and a man who had cancer; or *Crime and Punishment*, an adaptation of the Dostoevski novel, in which John Gielgud was, beyond doubt, the criminal; or Jane Cowl's abortive revival of *The First Mrs. Frazer*; or lots of others. And I'm not going to talk about Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Respectful Prostitute*—a surprisingly trite little hunk of melodrama that was, anyhow, not a true product of Broadway (it achieved a Broadway run only because New Stages, an experimental group, hit the jack pot with it).

What does all this boil down to? Well, the plays I've named were the season's peaks; and the season's peaks, I'm afraid, scarcely towered above its molehills. For it was a flat season, which seemed aware of nothing so keenly as death and the dead past, as decay and sterility. The list of successful plays reveals a curious tendency to rely on the known past both for plays themselves and the material for new ones. There was escapism inherent in the rash of revivals and an apparent cowardice in the nonemergence of new writers and fresh themes. The emphasis on death, despair, and sentimentality (or, in comedy, on the outworn battle of the sexes) seems, to me at least, a sign of morbidity—as if everyone was afraid to face the present or to say anything new, for fear, maybe, of an F.B.I. investigation.

Whom to blame? No one, I suppose. These are times of spiritual depression, and the theatre mirrors that depression as faithfully as the other arts. (Was there a fine new novel last year? A great poem?) Most of the plays I've mentioned made money, and so audiences must have got what they thought they wanted. But let's not fool ourselves. The American theatre may be a fabulous invalid that never dies—but it's been deathly sick of late. Even the noncommercial groups haven't shown much ingenuity in their choice of plays. For example, the New York critics vigorously applauded the New Stages production of Barry Stavis' *Lamp at Midnight*; yet, to my mind, it provided a dull evening of empty pageantry.

Technically, the theatre has never been stronger. I'm sure, for instance, that no three plays have ever been more flawlessly staged and directed than *A Streetcar Named Desire* (by Elia Kazan), *Mister Roberts* (by Joshua Logan), and *The Heiress* (by Jed Harris). And some of last season's acting would have swept the field in any theatrical Olympics anywhere, at any time. Not since John Barrymore's Hamlet have I seen a Shakespearean performance to match Godfrey Tearle's Antony. And then there were; Judith Anderson in *Medea*, Wendy Hiller in *The Heiress*, Paul Kelly in *Command Decision*, Jessica Tandy in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the superb cast of *The Winslow Boy*; that's a lot of great acting for one year.

But imaginative directing and acting aren't enough. Imaginative

(*Continued on page 114*)

Woman's Wear
PURSES
DEDINI

"Jenson! Didn't we agree Miss Murphy was in my territory?"

Finding a place in the sun is quite easy on the Virgin Islands; but a girl needs a little protection, sometimes

Tropic Sunshine: American Style

Where pirates, revolution and some of the best rum in all the world made a tradition

A FACT which most of the folk back home are unaware of is that the Virgin Islands are as much a part of the United States as Main Street, North America. It is true this has not always been the case, but as far back as 1867, when the Danes owned this little pirate's nest, the acreage was put on sale for a measly twelve and a half million dollars. We refused to get up the cash and it wasn't until 1917, when we began to think in terms of U-boats and strategic bases, that we put up just double the coin and brought the Islands into our little family circle. Since that time we have poured considerably more coin into the foundling and today have as neat a tropical resort available to the tourist as any other much touted palm-tree treasure isle in the world. For the information of our readers we herewith present some pertinent facts: There are three main islands in the group: St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix. The climate compares with that in most of the southern resort towns along our own coasts—with temperatures varying between 68 and 87 degrees all year round and aided by a constant conditioning by the northeast trade winds. The scenery is beautiful, rugged and contradictory in its enormity, and the Islands themselves are as close by as the nearest air-lines office, with a guarantee of breakfast in New York and dinner that same day in St. Thomas. It is as well to know, however, that the Islands do not offer the usual resort-type devices as gambling and honky-tonks, but depend on history, scenery and climate for their attractions. However, a rather recent innovation has been the passage of a divorce law which enables those interested to spend a pleasant six weeks on the Islands and return home virtually as unattached as a sixteen-year-old. Last point: No wild animals live there. ⧻

As idyllic as any scene you may have created out of your imagination is the soft outline of the Islands. The sun and wind and scenery are helped along by a past whose glamour still clings to the coves and to the hills

Be as blasé as you will, but riding at anchor in translucent waters filled with sea changes both rich and strange can't help but make any man an excited adventurer, a billowing sportsman and unquestionably contented

Local color is bait for the amateur photographer, and sure-fire material to drive away those unwanted guests later on when you return to Suburbia. Steeped in legend, bargaining is still a major sport on the Islands

KODACHROMES BY FRITZ HENLE

The Man in the Title Role

If anyone believes it's an easy job to satisfy both the movie-goer and the censor when translating those foreign films, they'd better ask the man who does it

An Article by
BERNARD SEIGLE & WILLIAM JOLESCH

THE popular French movie, *Carmen*, shown not long ago in America, may have been spoken in a foreign language, but at least one of its attractions had a universal appeal. That was France's dazzling Viviane Romance, whom Walter Winchell (according to publicity put out by the Superfilm Distributing Corporation) described as "making Jane Russell look like Lena the Hyena."

"Everything about the show was fine," a noted wag remarked to a friend, "until this babe appeared in those low-cut close-ups. Then the subtitles got in the way and messed up everything."

What the wag probably wanted at that strategic moment was either (1) no subtitles at all or (2) subtitles at the top of the screen. Possibly without being aware of it he was complaining about the work of Herman G. Weinberg, the man who prepared *Carmen* for American audiences. Weinberg, a versatile, outspoken, likable gentleman with red hair, has spent nearly twenty of his forty years as a sort of tourists' guide for Americans visiting foreign movies. And few of the more than one hundred films he's subtitled have failed to pose problems like that of Viviane Romance's unfortunately hidden charms.

A glance at today's theatre marquees will reveal the unusual growth in popularity of foreign-language films. More and more of them are being shown to nation-wide audiences once sluggish about accepting them. No longer the exclusive property of cosmopolitan New Yorkers, "intellectuals," or college students using them as a laboratory for language experimentation, they are now going as far afield as Middlebury, Virginia; Steubenville, Ohio; Iowa City, Iowa; and Portland, Oregon. What's more, as that mightiest of all theatrical meters, the box office, indicates, they are gaining approval and word-of-mouth renown—a surprising turn of events considering the hierarchy of Hollywood and the fact that the average movie-goer used to see a foreign film about as often as he saw the national census taker.

The phrase "English Titles by Herman G. Weinberg" is probably the best known of foreign film credits. The celebrated Italian tragedy, *Open City*, an anti-Fascist masterpiece filmed in Rome during and after the late war, was a Weinberg titling job. So was that other great Italian film, *Shoe Shine*. Weinberg titled *The Well-Digger's Daughter*, a sly Gallic affair still making the rounds, and many other distinguished French films—*Mayerling*, *Marie Louise* (a 1945 Academy Award winner for the best screenplay), *Un Carnet de Bal*, and *Portrait of a Woman*, to name but a few.

Nor does he confine himself to French and Italian movies. Sweden's *Himlaspelet* bore his English titles; so did the Spanish *Simon Bolivar* and the Czechoslovakian *Janosik*. The first Hindustani movie ever to play in America, *Sakuntala*, introduces us to India via the Weinberg trail.

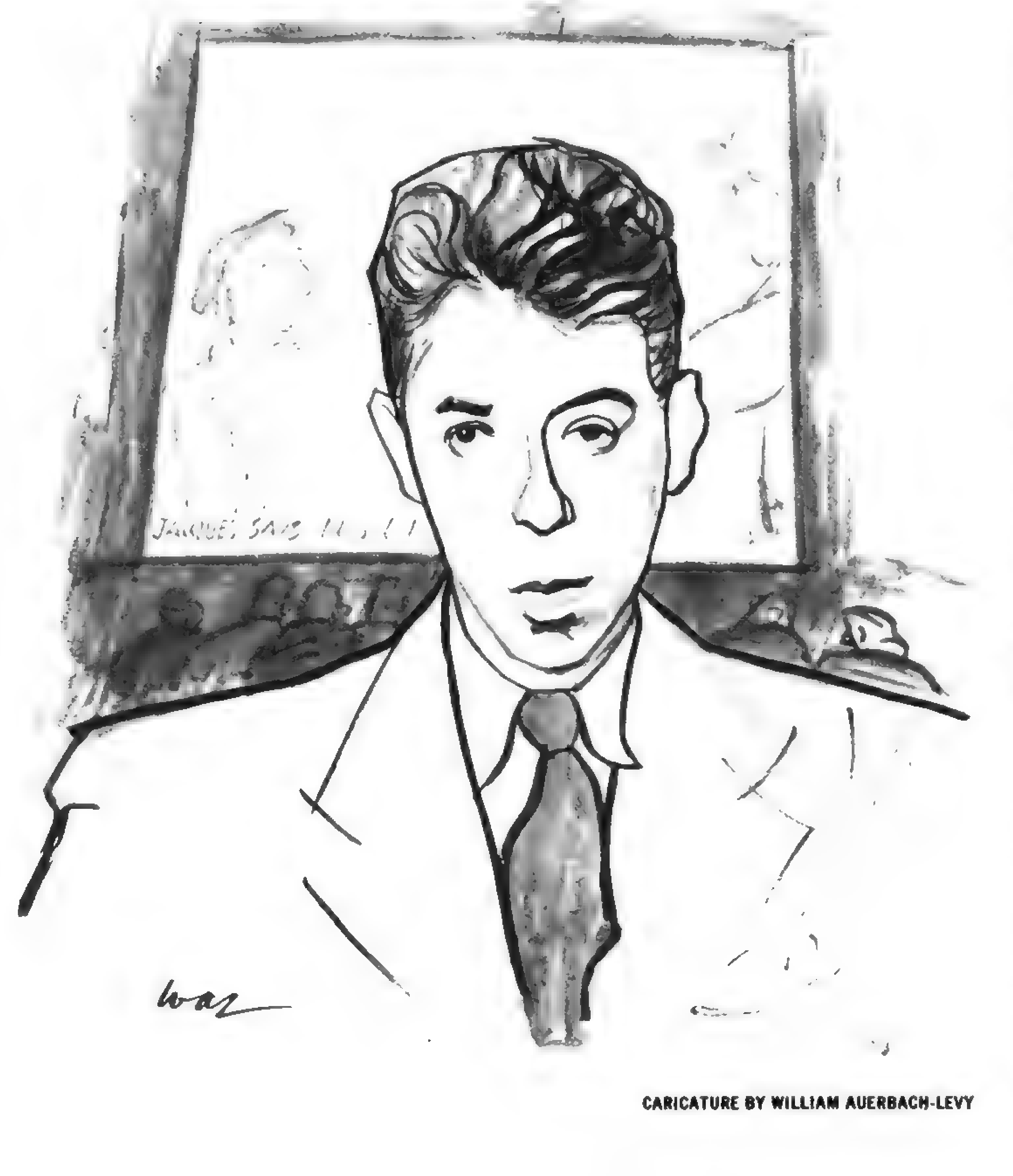
The knack of achieving the easy translation of, say, French into English for movie fans whose acquaintance with French may be limited to the opening lines of *Mademoiselle from Armentières* is one that Weinberg has acquired after considerable trial and error. The first movies he translated were German and French ones, and he had a good basic knowledge of those languages. But, when he later branched out as a titler of Italian, Spanish, Swedish, and Czech jobs, he had to use another technique. For these films he provides himself with a literal, word-for-word translation of the text. With this in one hand and a copy of the original script in the other, Weinberg plows through to the sometimes bitter end, occasionally calling upon an expert for aid. This method, plus information that he has picked up by working from one film to another and by several trips abroad to get a firsthand look and earful of foreign peoples and their speech, has worked effectively. Not even Hindustani, a dialect ordinarily capable of making even the strongest translator tremble, got the best of him. The actors in his one and only Indian movie, *Sakuntala*, speak so slowly, with such measured tread and flowery rhetoric, that he found anglicizing it an unusually painless job. He has long since given up all thoughts of enrolling for a complete Berlitz course.

Weinberg became a translator by accident, back in the unlamented late twenties. He intended to become a violinist, but a long illness forced him to drop out of the Juilliard School of Music in his native New York City. During his subsequent leisure, he wrote a series of articles on the relationship between music and silent films for the New York *Herald-Tribune*. The articles led to an offer from the Fifth Avenue Playhouse—the first theatre in New York to specialize in foreign films—to become its musical consultant.

"The term was used rather loosely," Weinberg recalls. "It meant adapting scores originally written for a ninety-piece orchestra to the restricted requirements of a three- or four-piece house band. Sometimes it meant more: when a score failed to arrive in time from Europe I arranged my own." He hadn't considered any translating just then; English equivalents of the foreign-language subtitles of foreign films were furnished by the distributors. With the coming of sound, however, and the consequent fury, he more or less "found himself" titling some of the European movies that found their way to the little art theatres in New York. These were principally German, and continued to be until the arrival of the house painter on the German scene.

Weinberg's procedure has now been refined to a point where he can turn out a movie a month, assisted by a small, competent staff. His work on *Shoe Shine*, a tough number because of its Roman street slang and lack of space for titles, illustrates his method pretty graphically. The film was first screened for the titler and the dialogue spotter. Then the staff discussed the rather delicate problem of how to make the dialogue more suitable to the American temperament and the question of cuts—some to be made to placate the censors, and others to reduce the running time of the film. Almost invariably, foreign pictures are longer than American ones, and *Shoe Shine* was no exception.

Thus "edited," the film was taken (*Continued on page 110*)



CARICATURE BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

ESQUIRE'S BACK TO CAMPUS DESIGN...

for Living
for Learning
for Leisure

simplicity is the design for Living on the campus in '48

Gone are the freckled days of pennants, slickers, purloined street signs and goldfish eating — gone with the winds that blew over Okinawa and Anzio.

For half of the Class of '49 matriculated on the beach-heads where Survival was a PhD. where Living was more important than Learning. No more are our colleges country clubs for flaming youth killing time between inheritances, or sprawling grounds for callow cut-ups jaloppying their way to a jerry-built future.

Today's campus world is as real as a two-inch steak and as full as a bumper of beer, and today's college man is dwelling amid the temples of wisdom for two very solid purposes — to *live* and to *learn* to the fullest.

Men pick their campuses nowadays for both. For law, medicine, engineering, business; for art, literature, politics and science — to be sure. And for winter sports, water sports, social life and flying; for riding, sailing, golfing and girls — why not?

To many a one-time dogface, it's a longer life than his GI horoscope predicted. A longer life and a merrier one.

In short, the Age of Reason has come of age — the business of growing up has grown up!

The current college curriculum is geared to this tempo: to speed, sobriety, maturity, and a full-bodied collar on the beer mug. Campuses this fall are crowded. Living space is treasured. Many a dormitory is still a trailer camp. Comfort is to be created, not plucked like bright honor from a pale-faced moon.

Esquire, while alert to the realities, here bends its ingenuity to the creation of a workable design for Living, for Learning and for Leisure which will combine practicable simplicity, efficiency and versatility.

Of these, Simplicity is the design for Living.

Reducing the problem to fundamentals, we commence with the reasonable proposition that your college residence this year will be dignified at least to the tune of four walls.

To this basic establishment, we further assume that, being a reader of Esquire, you will add a ready wit, good taste and at least a measureable minimum of the wherewithal for such essential niceties as a chair, a table, a bed, and a few etceteras.

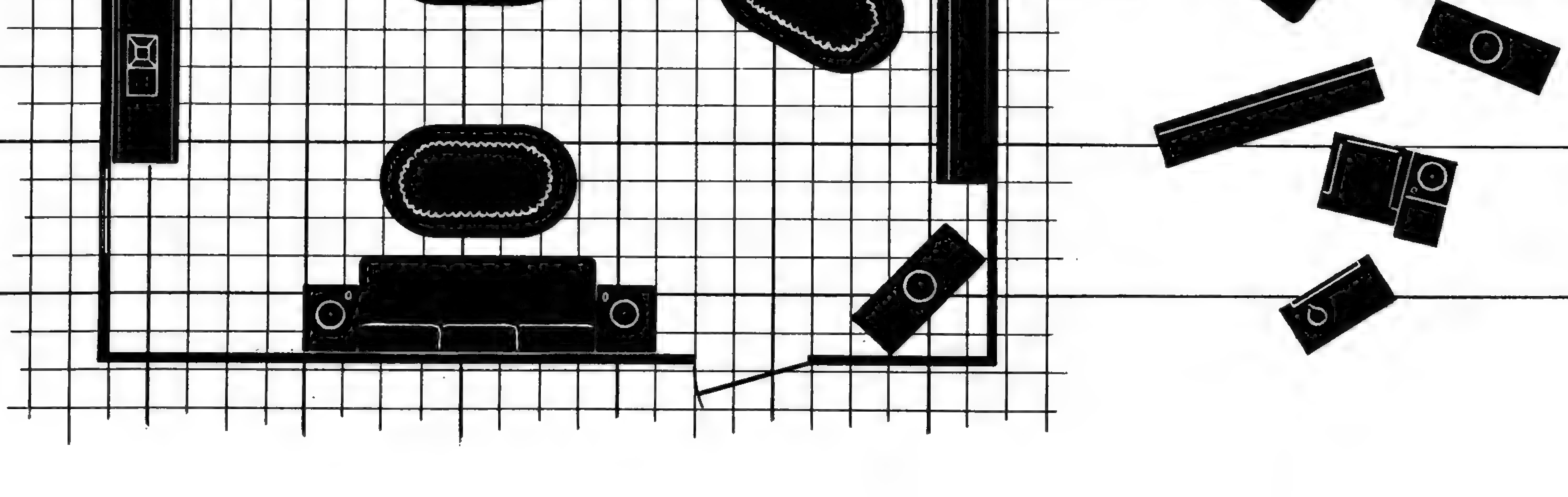
That being the score, you are ready to start planning.

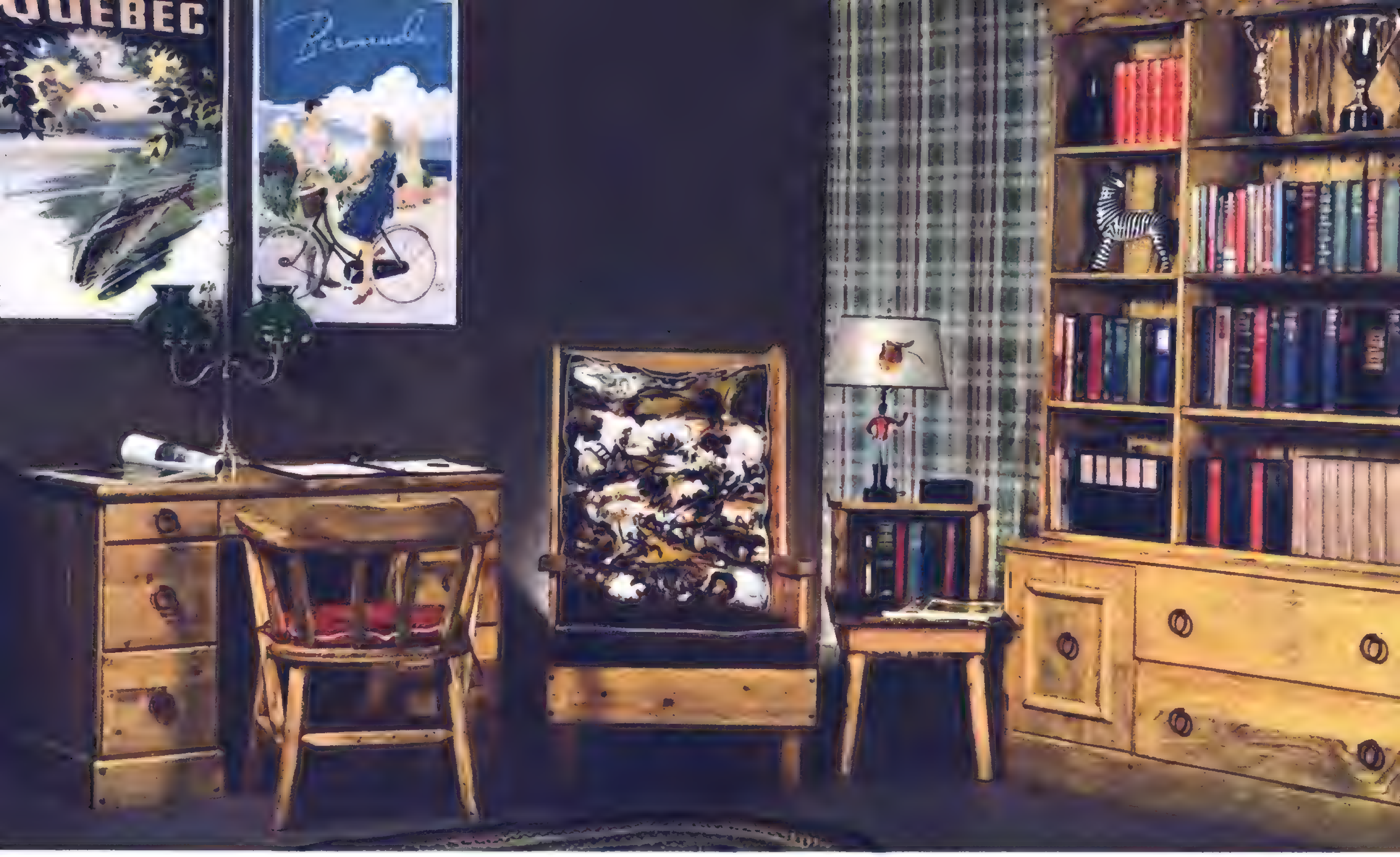
With graph paper or a tablet and ruler, lay out the four walls to scale, making provision for such items as windows and doors, as shown below.

Next, take inventory of the furniture which you either have or will need. Now, again to scale, indicate each of the pieces—and you're in business as a master planner.

The plan shown below is that of the room photographed at the right. Since it contains all the basic requirements for comfort, we've indicated each. For the possible combinations in a room, simply cut them out and move them around on paper ruled to scale.

Furniture? Study the room at the right — and don't be alarmed. This is simple, inexpensive stuff, and being of natural pine, two or three good pieces can be augmented by the local carpenter with knock-together book shelves, tables, frames for daybeds, etc., which will fit into the general decor in plain, unfinished form.

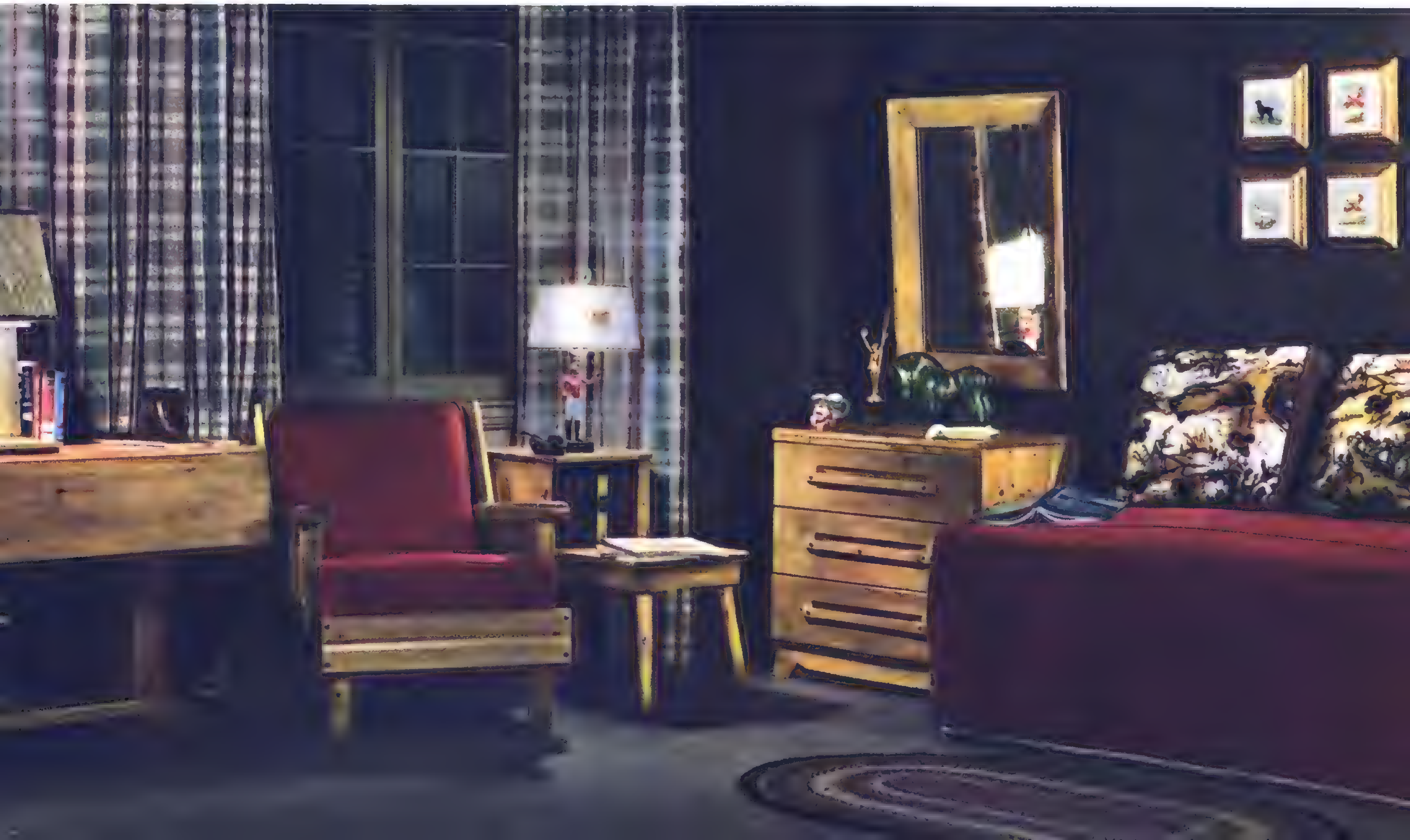




Knotty pine plus ingenuity set the temper for this combination bedroom-study. Desk and chair are unostentatious, warm, inexpensive, will harmonize with or transform anything from a traditional Ivy League dormitory room to the third floor back over Mrs. O'Leary's laundry.

Decor is geared to function: Travel posters solve the picture problem, are full of color and free for the asking.

Sleeping side of the Esquire college room, shown below, is living roomish by day. A pine drop-leaf table holds books, junk, wandering bottles, and ladies' gloves. Fireman's Red upholstery gives the place its rightful touch of male hormone . . . Ordinary mirror framed with pine molding makes it possible for you to contemplate your face each morning with cumulative joy or disgust.



Living...

Here is a roomful of ideas worth pondering in your design for simplified living.

Consider, for example, the inevitable problem of bookcases. And observe, if you will, three fine planks and some glass bricks from the local contractor. A similar trick can be done with ordinary bricks painted white.

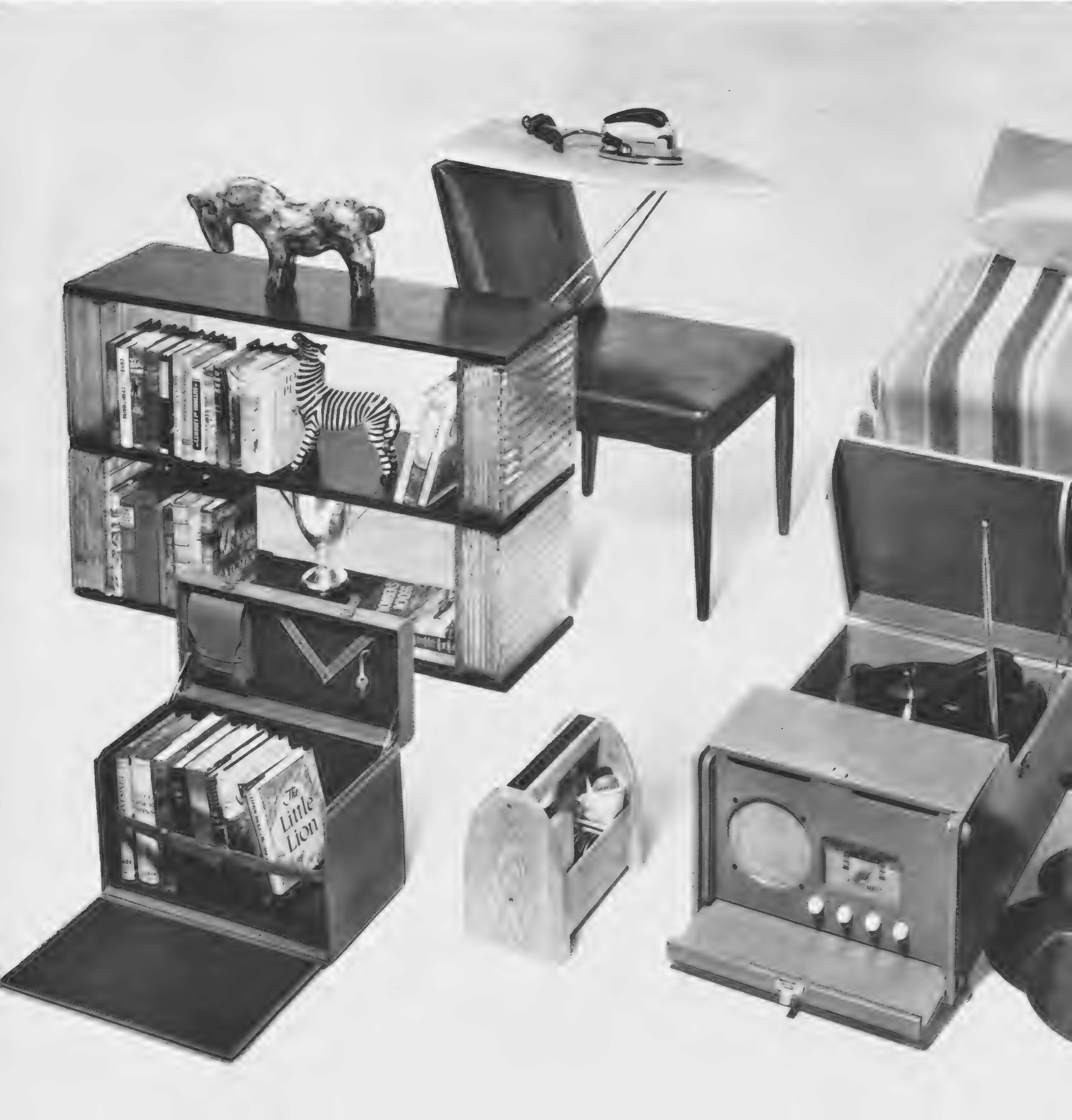
Now take a gander at the polyhedral pillows. Plastic, pal, and blown up. Unblown they fit in your pocket.

Note next the miniature ironing board which fits firmly on the back of a chair. And the gnat-weight electric iron. They'll get you to that black-tie hoe-down as crisp as a diplomat from the ankles up.

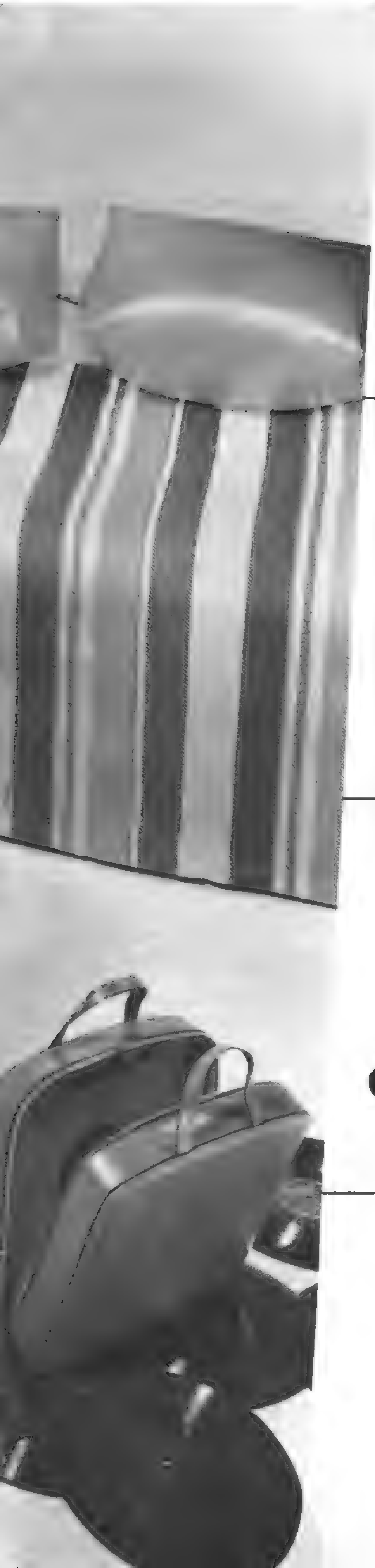
But what about your feet? Do they look as though they're wrapped in old gunny sacks? Are you scrounging around in barnyard brogans? Are you shoddily shod? Try our little dandy dog kit. It was created in the spirit of Caesar's immortal dictum, *Veni, vidi, vici*, which, freely translated, means "You can't come to dine if your shoes don't shine."

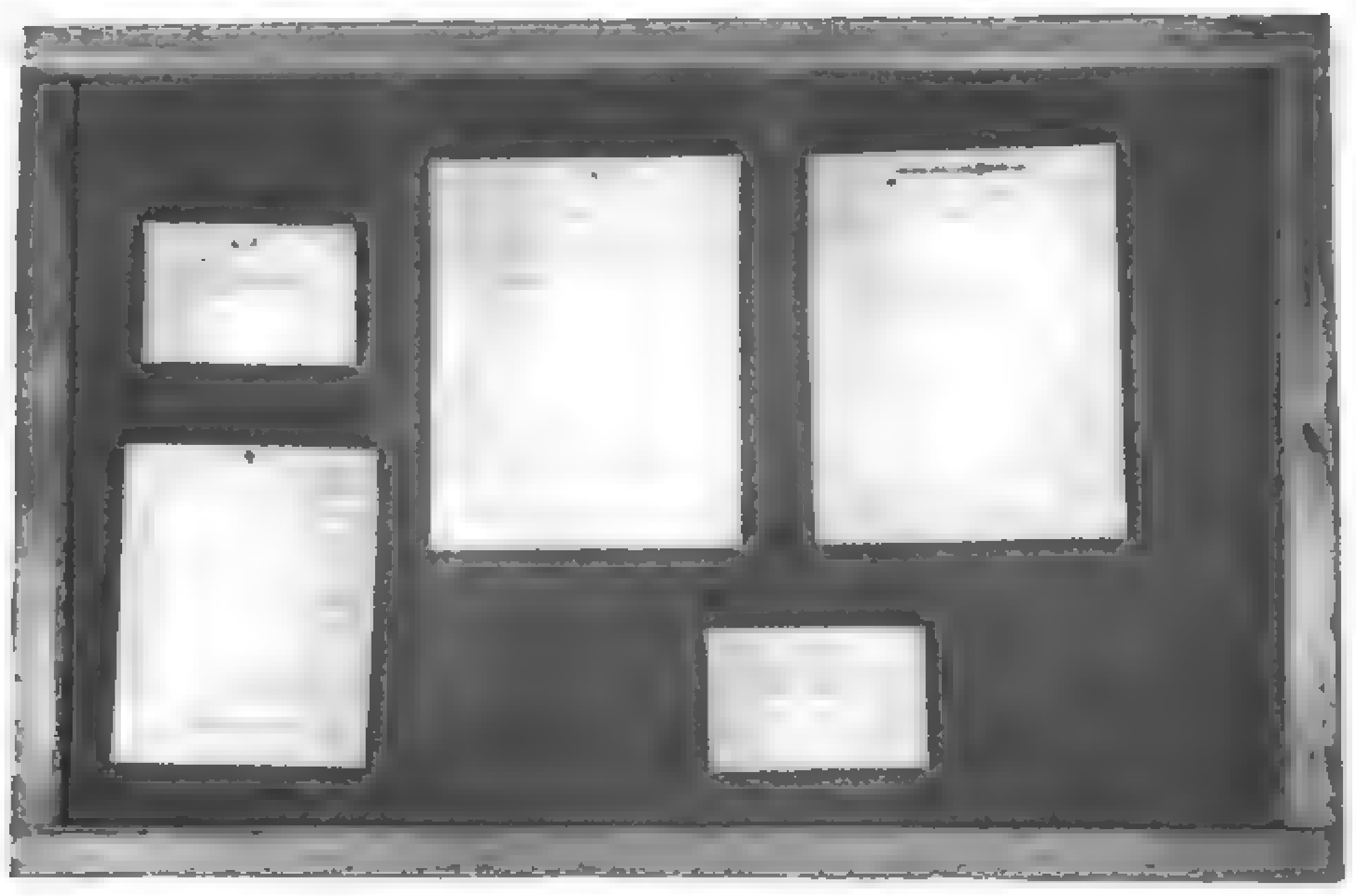
The portable combination radio-record player replaces the ukulele of yester-year, and the carry-all carries all your records.

Men have been known to go through life ignorant because of the problem of transporting books. The leather case at the left can be used for getting your college library home in light-weight installments, or for the general transportation of week-end reading, text books, files, and the Kinsey Report.



efficiency is the design for Learning





"Efficiency," as Esquire defines the word, means getting the most done with the least effort. The *ultima Thule* of this proposition would amount to getting everything done with no effort at all—a truly desirable state of affairs.

With this general goal in view, we have assembled here the basic apparatus, equipment, rigging and gear to get things done in as nearly a reclining state as possible, with as few impositions upon the mental repose.

Raise your eyes (if the effort is not too trying) to the simple object at the top. It is the Mental Man's Friend — a bulletin board. Anyone who has ever mastered the use of this ingenious machine will tell you that, for the removal of confusion from a desktop or table, no more valuable tool has been invented since the wastebasket. The board can be of cork, composition board, or linoleum turned face to the wall.

One man we know solved the problem of an unsightly wall by having the entire surface covered with an inexpensive fibre board. The result was a rich natural-color texture, and an ideal surface for pin-up posters, Esquire's drink recipes (August, '48) and miscellaneous memorabilia.

Moving downward by gravity we come to the typewriter and the desk lamp, two recent inventions which facilitate writing and seeing, both desirable faculties in the acquisition of learning.

With the Electronic Brain not yet out of the laboratory stages, today's college man must still rock along with the hand-me-down cranial equipment that his mother and father gave him along with his fingers and toes. Push-button erudition is not yet a reality. But take heart, for strides have been made — as for instance the arrival of the wire recorder.

This automaton can actually be used as an extension of your own memory: an electrical note-taker with its master's voice. To make capital of it, you have only to learn to talk — from there out the machine takes over.

For purposes of research and transcription, the latest wire and tape recorders are truly remarkable, and under suitable conditions can even be used to record rare or important lectures. For this, of course, some professorial cooperation will be required. The automatic recorder also employs the theory of the Linguaphone, repeating over and over facts to be remembered, constant hearing being eventual knowing. And as an "audible anthology" of information worth preserving it takes its place beside the time-honored repository for visible documents, the file cabinet.

This well-known piece of furniture, incidentally, rises to new heights of usefulness in combination with the simple and handsome table. Result: A modern desk.

Now, slide out the table, and you're ready for the lower branches of learning — a repast or a round of acey-deucy.

School is out!

EZ VISIT
uébec
HÄLSINGBORG
SWEDEN

versatility is the design for Leisure

Life, it has been observed by mighty minds, is made up of two basic components: work and the opposite of work.

We are concerned here with the opposite.

Taking versatility as our theme, Esquire has broken down the opposite of work into its three fundamental forms: Fun, Fellowship and Food. The results, men, are golden.

Since the accessories to Fun range all the way from flying machines to bird-watching manuals, we have made no attempt to catalog them here.

It is to be assumed that the zealous poloist already knows what a polo looks like, and will bring his set along. Likewise, the collector of rare butterflies will need no reminding that the basic equipment is a net, chloroform and an address book.

Under the headings of Fellowship and Food, however, some new post-war equipment is right down the alley of hormonious man's harmonious ideas.

Take, for instance, the portable milk bar shown above and to your right. Ideal for cow's milk, goat's milk, or milk punch. The shaker in the middle is for milk shakes. With space at a premium, this portable potable unit is the crowded men's companion.

The compact collation case, shown in the center, comes in leather or wicker, and packs all the equipment necessary to feed half a dozen professors or six links of the Vassar Daisy Chain. Combined with some of the condensed, contractible or collapsible contraptions featured in this section, you could practically open up a bar and grill in a telephone booth.

Contemplate, for instance, the portable — yes, *portable* — electric refrigerator pictured to the south-east. Weighing only about 75 pounds, easily hefted from the back of the car to the back of the room, this long overdue contribution to cold beer and victuals has three ice trays and will hold 2¾ cubic feet of both.

Think of those cold cuts, think of that colden, golden beer. Another bowl of ice? Coming right up, suh.

And with the doors closed, this handsome cabinet is — a handsome cabinet, and a credit to your good taste in good tastes.

Now, rig up the clothes closet with automatic can opener, electric juice squeezer, ice shaver, mixer and a few other step-savers — put on your chef's cap, and plug in the electric grill — and some bright coed will marry you, if only you can cook.

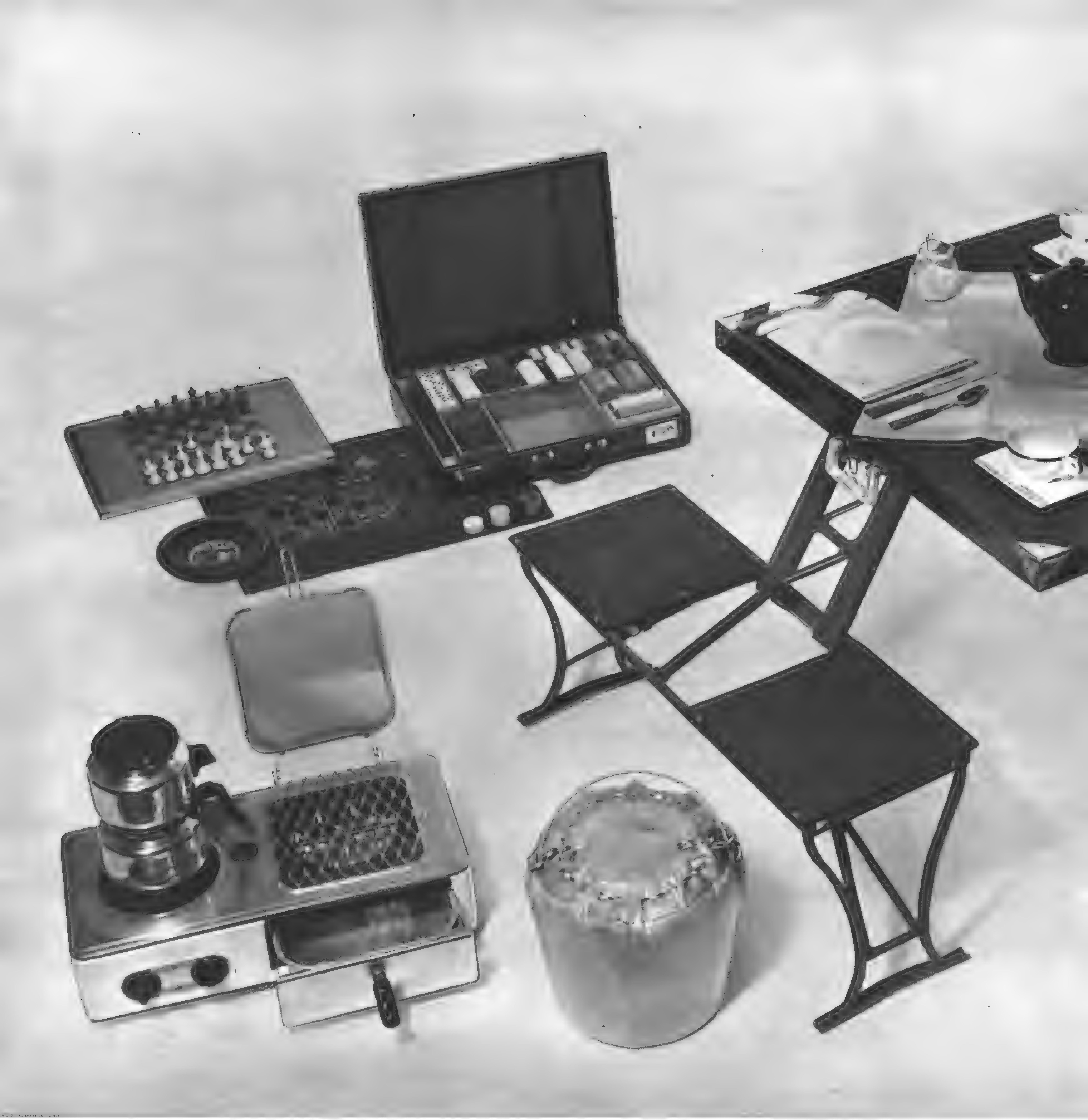
TRAVEL POSTERS — No frames, no glass, no crating or shipping problems — and no cost. Just the price of a three-cent stamp, and your wall is a thing of beauty.

BULLETIN BOARD — The local handy-man can whip this one together for you for a small fee and a cigar, and your wall is a thing of utility.

TABLE LAMP — Expensive-looking, and expensive — if you buy it. But look closely: A piece of a tree, a socket, some wire and a shade. And 30 minutes of work.

THE DESK — This one was designed by Norman Bel Geddes, but you could employ the same basic elements: One or two three-drawer files and a table.

ELECTRIC RECORDER — This one records on wire. Others use tape, discs and cylinders. The most versatile ones can be used both for dictation and for the permanent recording of music, radio broadcasts, lectures, conferences, or those "breeze" sessions you'll someday play back with a wistful tear in the eye.



Leisure...

Here is a combination of campus contraptions culled from the catalog of the nation's wonders by our special operative assigned to college inactivities. If there lives the man whose libido isn't pampered here by at least one of these accessories to the improvement of leisure, then our grandma wears army shoes.

Take, for instance, the collapsible, multipurpose furniture unit at the right. And take it you can. Anywhere. For it folds up to the size of a veterinarian's syringe case. Unfolded, it is a game or dining unit the size of an ordinary bridge table, with two benches that spring out like pop-ups.

The portable game case holds everything from chess, checkers and backgammon to cribbage, bridge and poker. That round bowl is for peanuts.

At seven o'clock is the end-all in compact electric grills — a two-holer that will do anything Aunt Maria's wood-burner would do, including bake, broil or brew coffee.

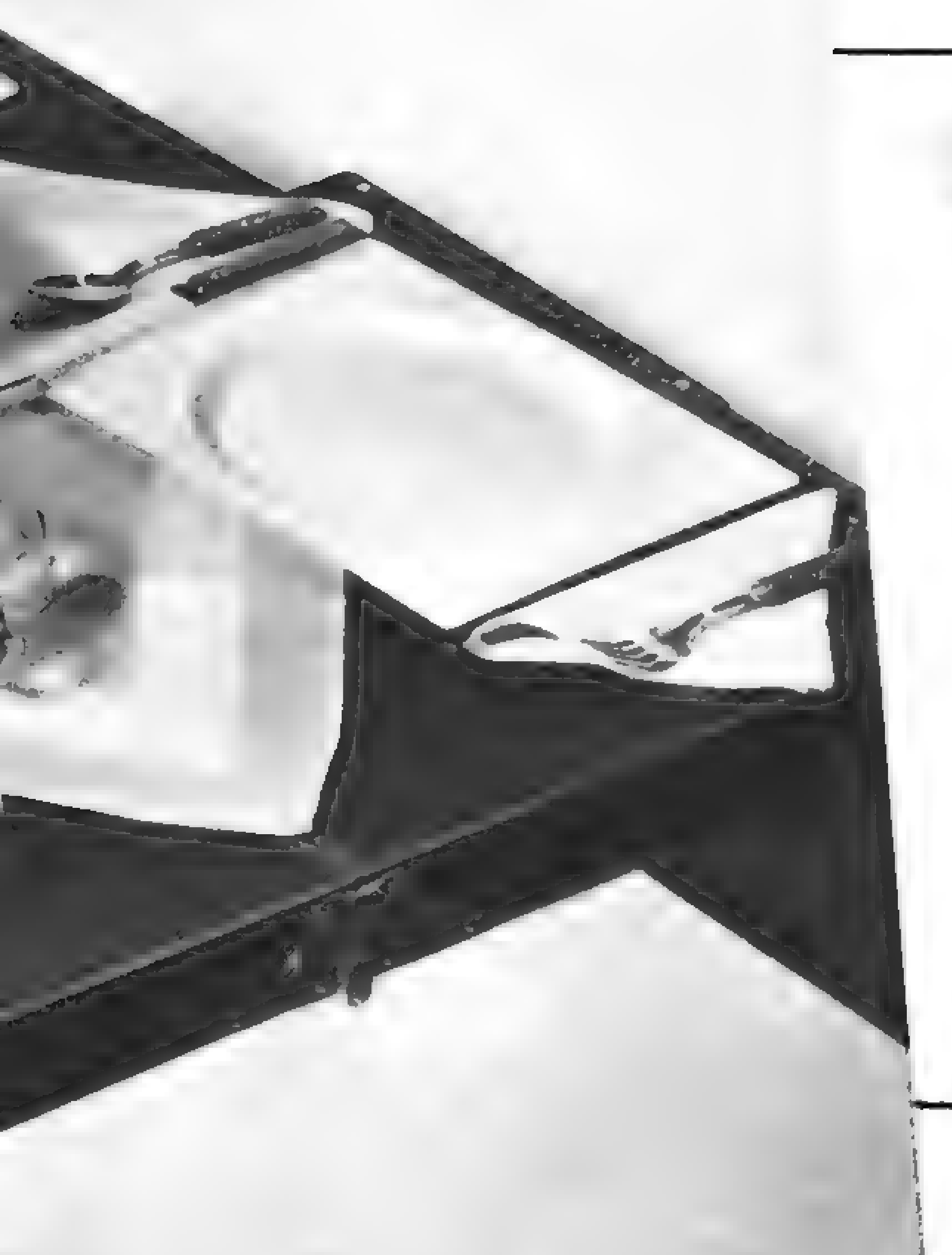
To that end, the coffee-maker shown here is a 20th Century triumph yielding all the virtues of the glass variety with the added asset of unbreakability.

Our final find is the feed bag. This handy, insulated food storage container is insulated, holds anything — hot or cold — that is fit to eat, and keeps it that way. In crowded moments, you can sit on it. In instants of sudden rage, you can kick it around.

If wining, dining, living and leisure are your pleasure — and if space is your problem — could we do more for our fellow man than this?

Pleasant Learning!

Bold but neat is the design for the campus wardrobe



Time was when a couple of undergrads standing outside the registrar's office could accurately peg each new student coming out as from the east or the middle west or the south or the west coast. That wasn't much of a feat, though, because the manner in which they were dressed revealed them for what they were. Students from the east dressed in one way, westerners in another, and never the fashions did agree.

But you take a college man today: transfer him suddenly from the University of Maine's campus to Stanford's, or from Michigan's to Virginia's, and the basic wardrobe that served him at one school would fit in perfectly with the clothes that are being worn at the other. Moccasins for instance — they're not peculiar just to Northwestern or Yale; they're practically required equipment on every campus in the country. The fact is that all college men today — although they're as particular as ever about what constitutes good fashion — agree on just that point.

And right now they agree that the basic campus wardrobe is one that is casual but never sloppy, unrestrained but always in good taste. In short, the basic campus wardrobe today — for *any* campus in the country — is bold but neat.

And you can be sure that that is so! The Esquire Fashion Staff not only checks the clothes that are being worn by men of good taste at the leading universities but consults with a selected group of outstanding men's stores that serve college men in all sections of the country — so we *know!*

The college man's wardrobe is divided into two sections: one section contains clothes that are worn off the campus — date clothes, evening clothes, etc.; the other — the *main* section — contains the clothes that are worn to class and around the campus itself. And what is included in these two sections is essentially the same no matter where we looked and no matter whom we asked.

The off-the-campus section in nearly every instance contained a flannel (plain or chalk-striped) suit in Cambridge grey — a medium tone color — and a natural color gabardine suit in the single breasted, 3-button model with a center vent. Of course there were others, but these were the overwhelming favorites. The on-campus section was made up almost exclusively of sports jackets and slacks; the jackets are of the rough tweed type and nearly always tan or brown — the slacks are either grey flannel or natural colored covert or gabardine. Cashmere or shetland wool V-neck pullovers are worn under the jackets.

The button-down Oxford cloth shirt in plain or candy-striped white is still the favorite shirt for both on or off the campus, but the spread collar is becoming very popular — especially for those more important social occasions when a degree of formality is indicated. And whereas solid color or striped crocheted ties are worn around the campus with the sports jackets and slacks, bold figured foulards and striped reps are favored with the suits that are worn to town.

College men have been given the reputation of never wearing hats — in many cases this reputation is not deserved. For while many men go hatless around the campus, quite a few of them — especially the seniors — wear hats on a date. Perhaps it's the power of the ladies at work; more than likely, though, it's just that most older college men realize they make a better appearance with a hat. In any case — they *do* wear them. And the current favorite is the khaki colored snap brim with a contrasting band.

As far as shoes and socks are concerned, the moccasin still reigns supreme on the campus with plain ribbed or bold Argyle short wool socks. For dress-up occasions the husky looking wing tip brogues in brown are favored with plain ribbed socks.

Solid color coat-style broadcloth pajamas and solid color (mostly maroon or navy) wrap-around wool flannel robes are the dormitory favorites. Plain white or solid color broadcloth boxer-type shorts and knitted shirts lead in that division.

There are two popular topcoats: one is the rough tweed coat with set-in sleeves and a fly-front, the other is the raglan style natural color gabardine coat. And the raining favorite is the tan poplin in a raglan or trench coat model. If the climate demands an overcoat, a tweed coat is preferred and it's worn with a solid color cashmere or wool muffler and natural or cork colored pigskin gloves.

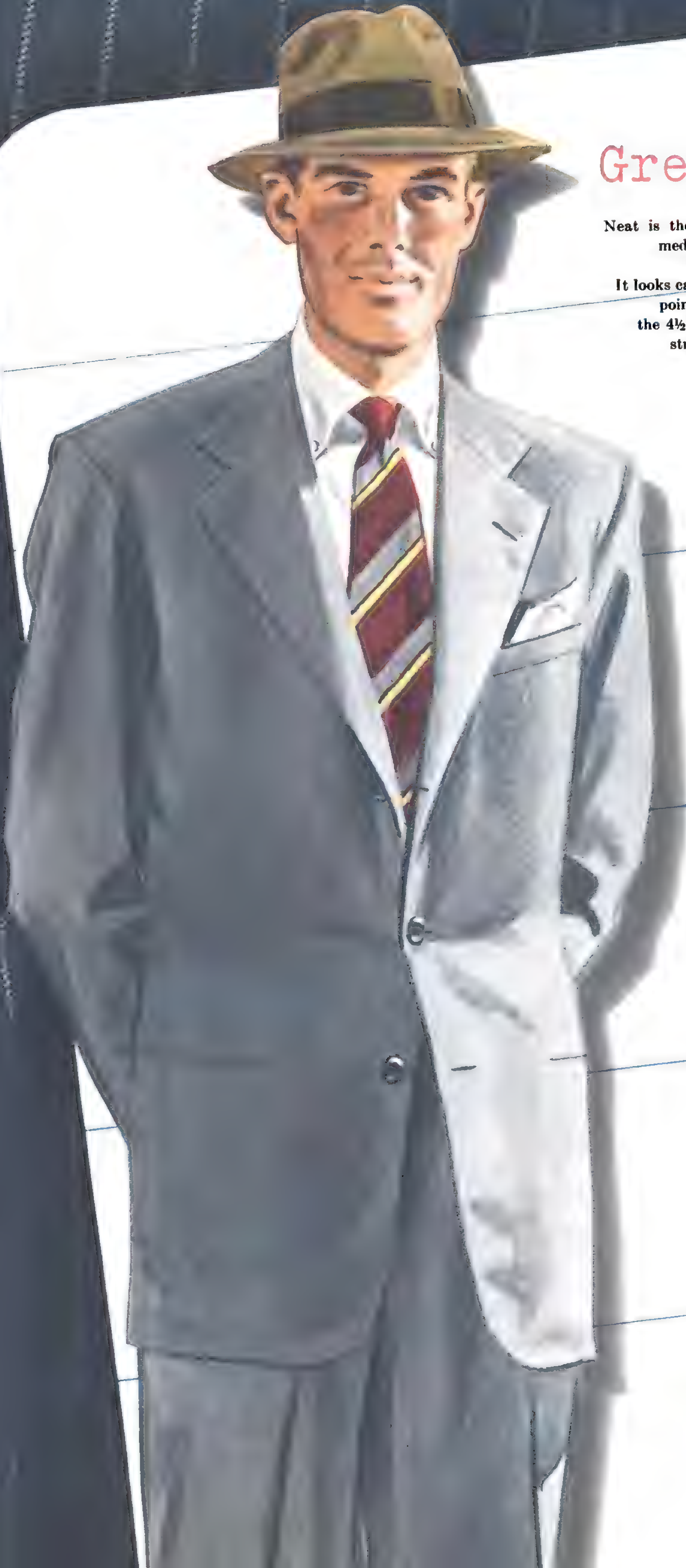
That, then, is the basic campus wardrobe that would tag a man as summa cum fashion no matter what college he attends. It would have to be augmented by things that are peculiar to certain climates and local conditions — for instance, the sheepskin lined poplin great coat is almost a "must" at the northern colleges, but just so much additional luggage in the south. But use this as a basis and build your wardrobe from there and no matter where you go — you'll *feel* right because you'll *look* right!

CREDITS

Esquire wishes to acknowledge with gratitude the assistance of the following in preparing this supplement: Arnold Glantz and Bernard Goldberg, photography; Haynes Griffin for musical equipment; Award Incentives, Inc., for trophies; Freez-Pak Corporation for portable refrigerator; and Valley Upholstery Corp., Abercrombie & Fitch Co., Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., Inc., all in New York City, and American Structural Products Co., a subsidiary of Owens-Illinois Glass Co., Toledo, Ohio, for room furnishings.

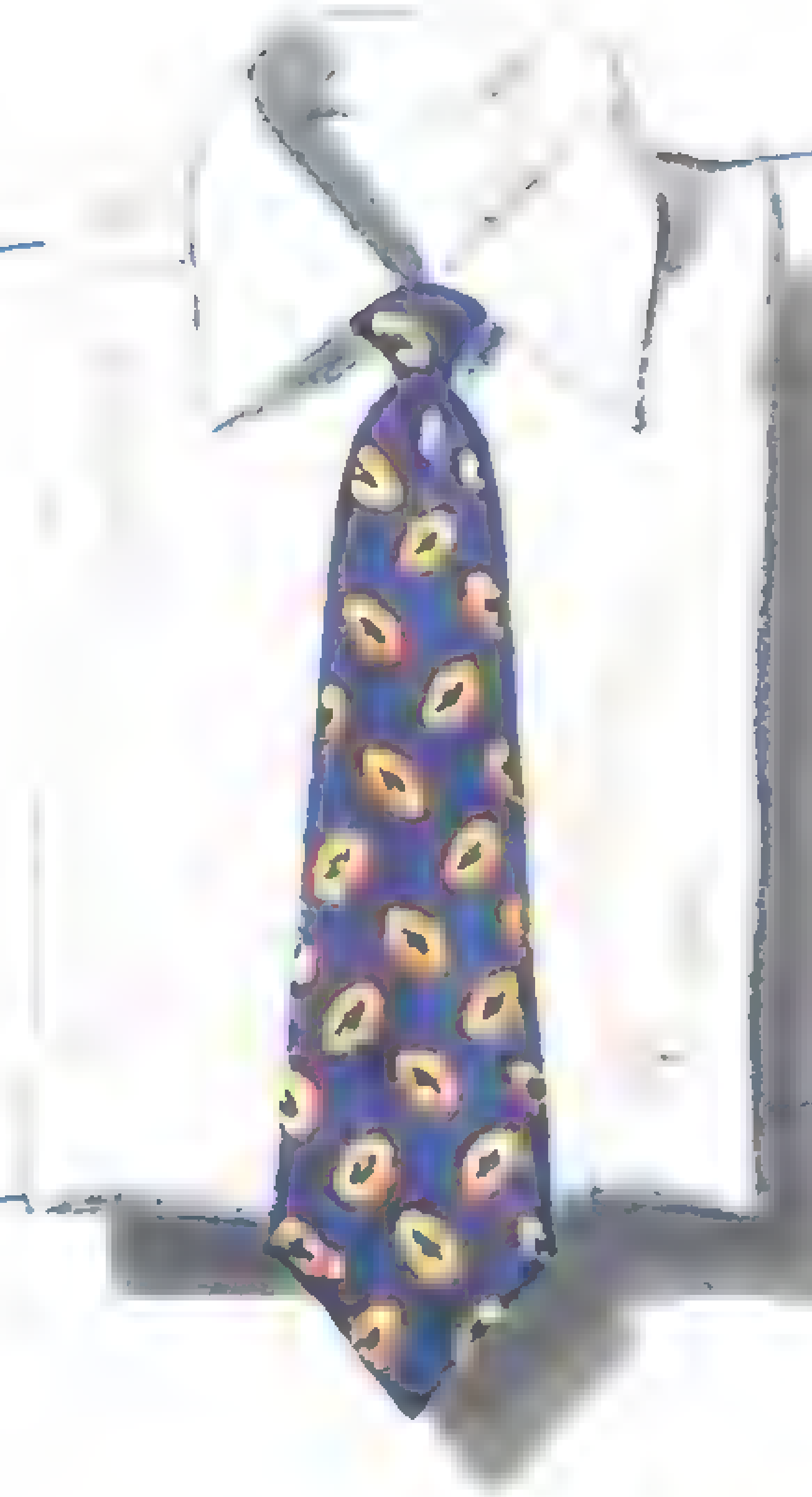
Settings courtesy W. and J. Sloane

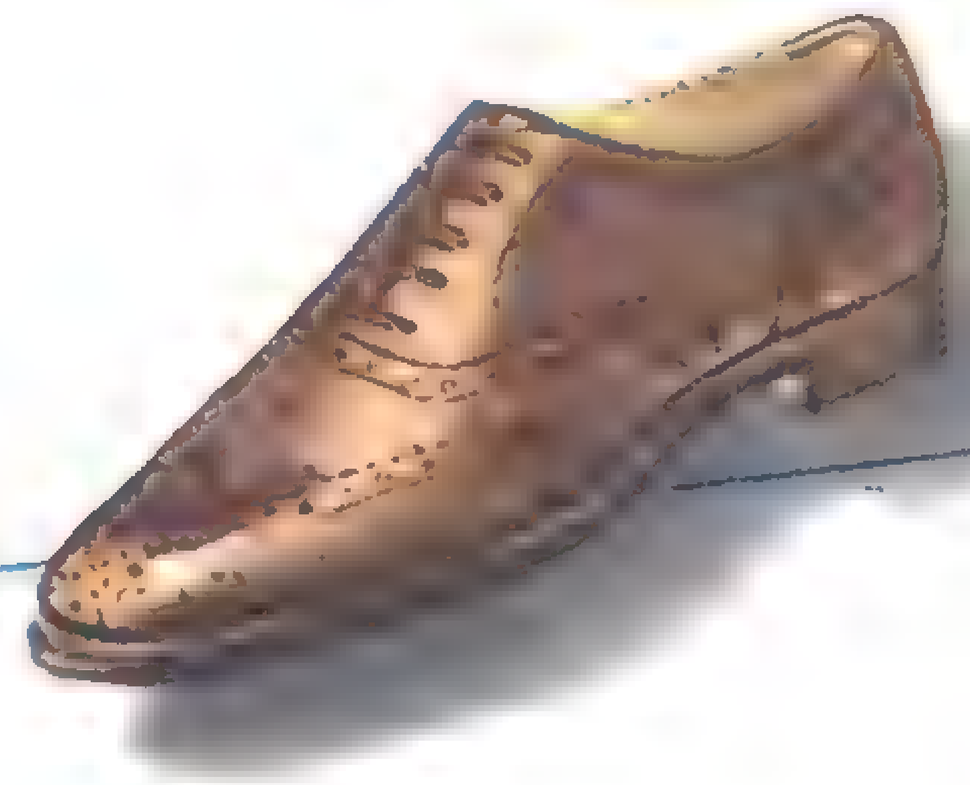
For answers to all your queries on fashions or furnishings, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

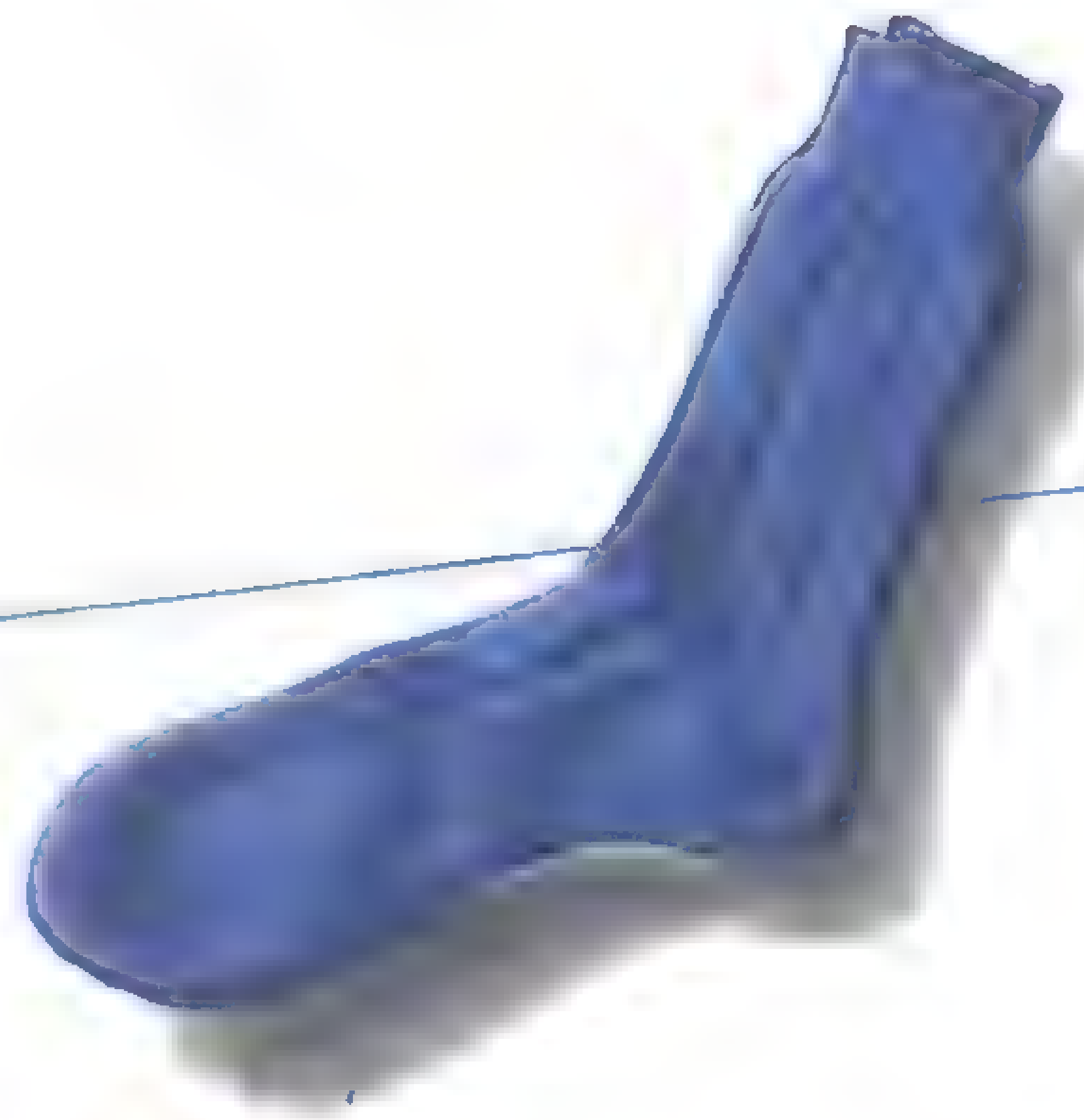


Grey goes to town

Neat is the word for Cambridge grey — the medium tone plain or chalk-striped flannel that is this year's off-the-campus favorite among college men. Versatile too: It looks casual with the rolled collar Oxford cloth shirt (its 3¼″ points are buttoned down 3½″ apart) or ready for town with the 4½″ spread collar broadcloth shirt. That 1⅝″ regimental stripe and the boldly figured foulard tie are particularly well suited to it. Town wear also calls for those solid color, 9x3 boldly ribbed wool socks, the hefty wing tip brogues, and the khaki snap brim hat with the bold felt binding.

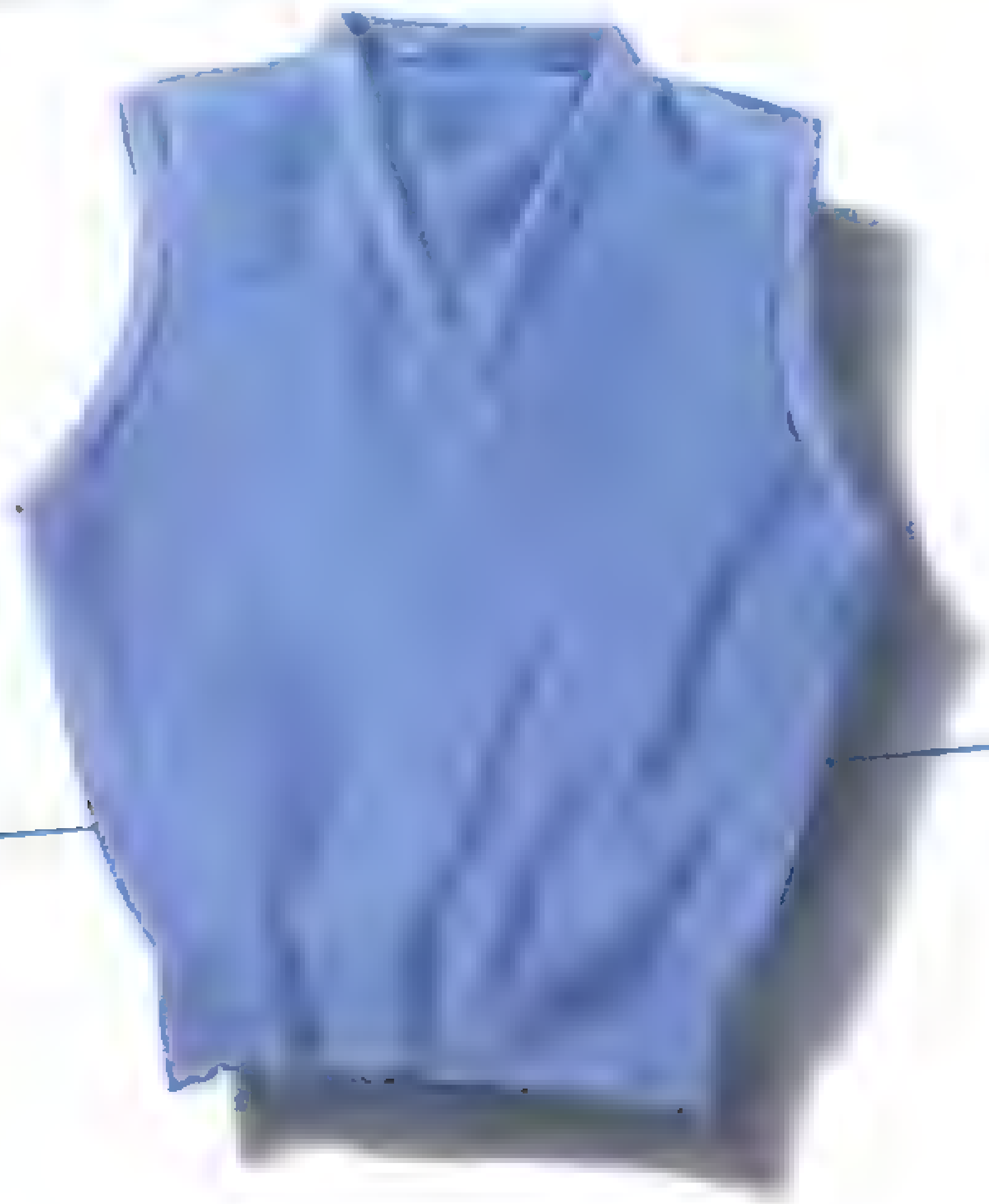


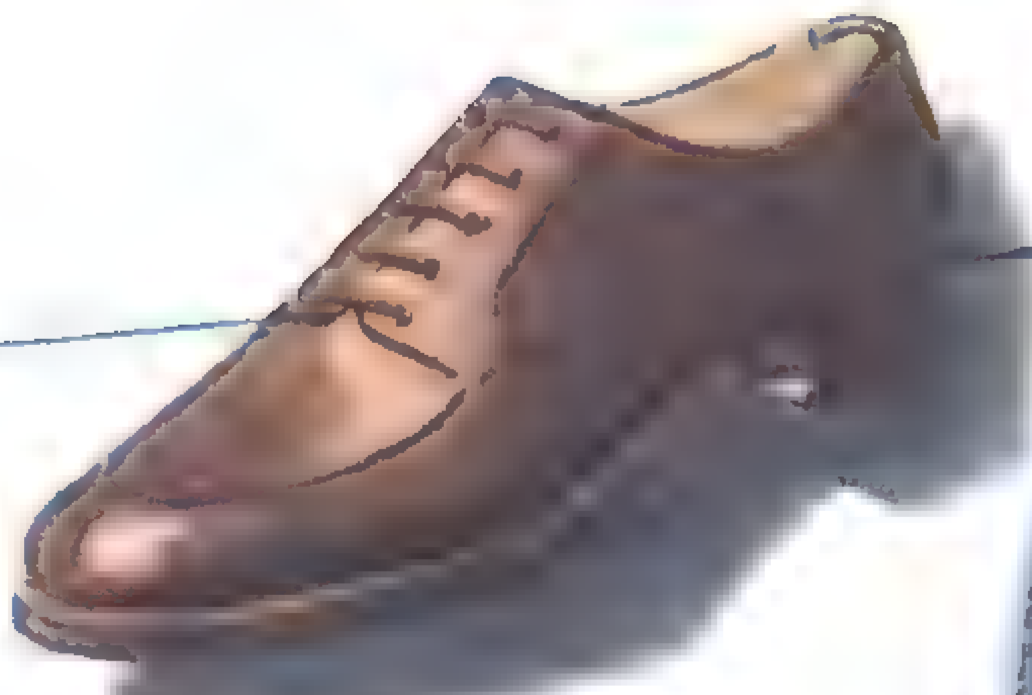


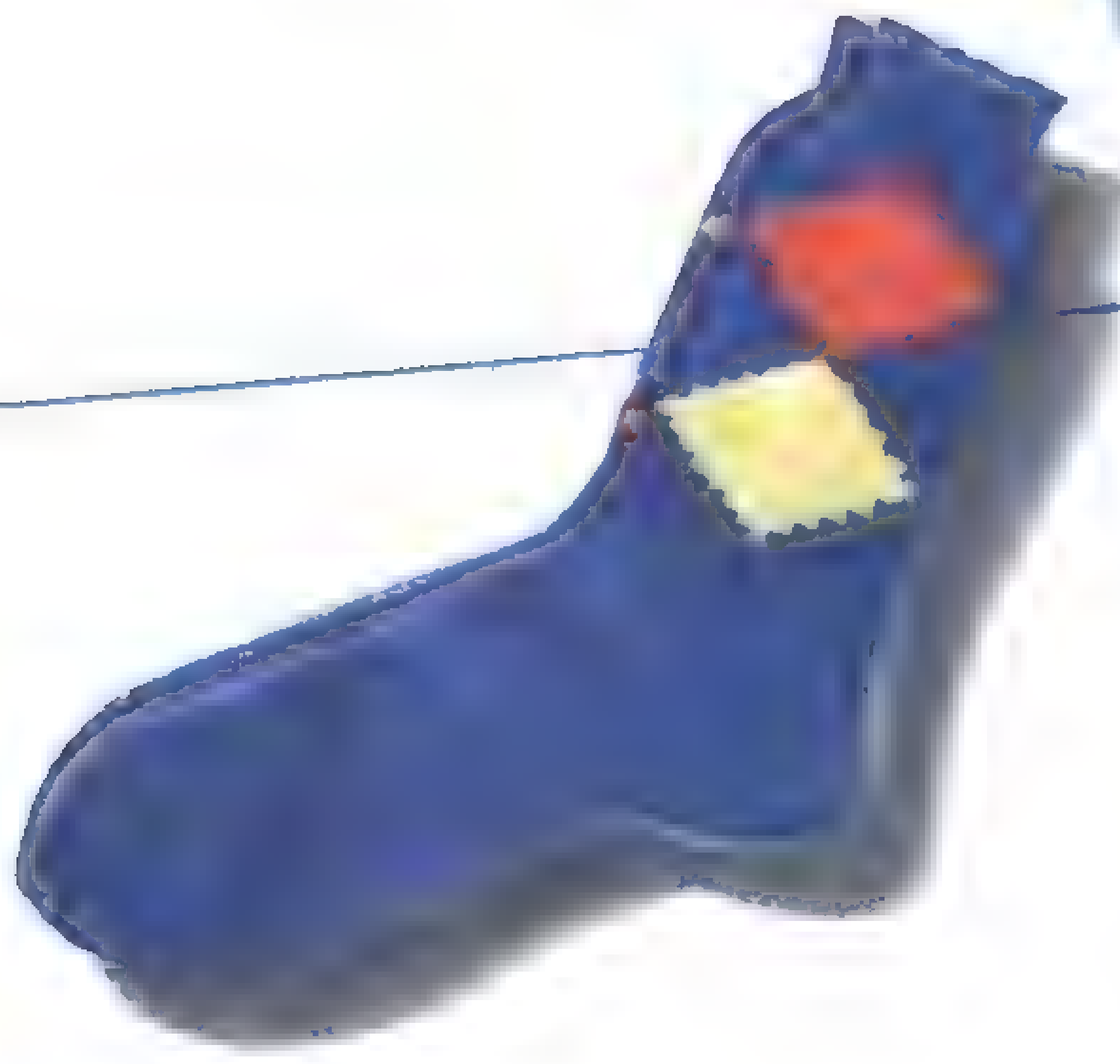


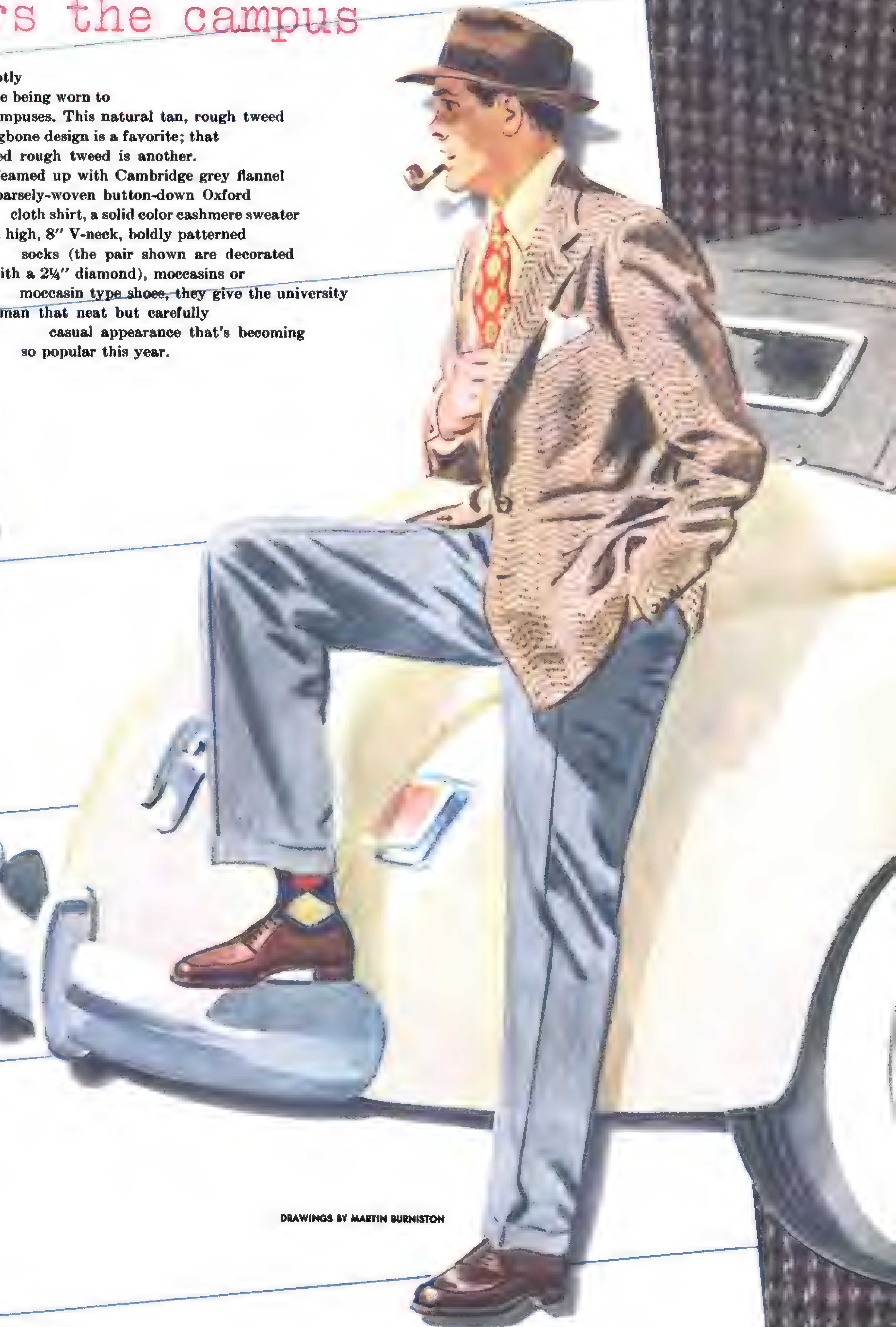
. . . . Tan covers the campus

Casual but bold are the words that aptly describe the sports jackets that are being worn to classes and around the country's campuses. This natural tan, rough tweed jacket with a ¾″ herringbone design is a favorite; that checked rough tweed is another. Teamed up with Cambridge grey flannel slacks, coarsely-woven button-down Oxford cloth shirt, a solid color cashmere sweater with a high, 8″ V-neck, boldly patterned socks (the pair shown are decorated with a 2¼″ diamond), moccasins or moccasin type shoes, they give the university man that neat but carefully casual appearance that's becoming so popular this year.









DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

Sectional differences of the university male...

Although the basic wardrobe that would be needed on a campus is practically the same no matter which university is being considered, the location of the university does determine the extras that should be taken along. For instance, different sections of the country go in for different sports, different sections enjoy different climatic conditions, and there are, of course, different local traditions. These factors should be taken into consideration when the wardrobe is being assembled.

At the universities that are located in the north, the pile-lined greatcoat has become an important fashion. It embodies the "layer" principle of protection that was developed by the army; the processed cotton shell resists wind and weather while the pile lining provides plenty of insulation against the cold. With all this, it's light of weight, so it's become very popular on the northern campuses.

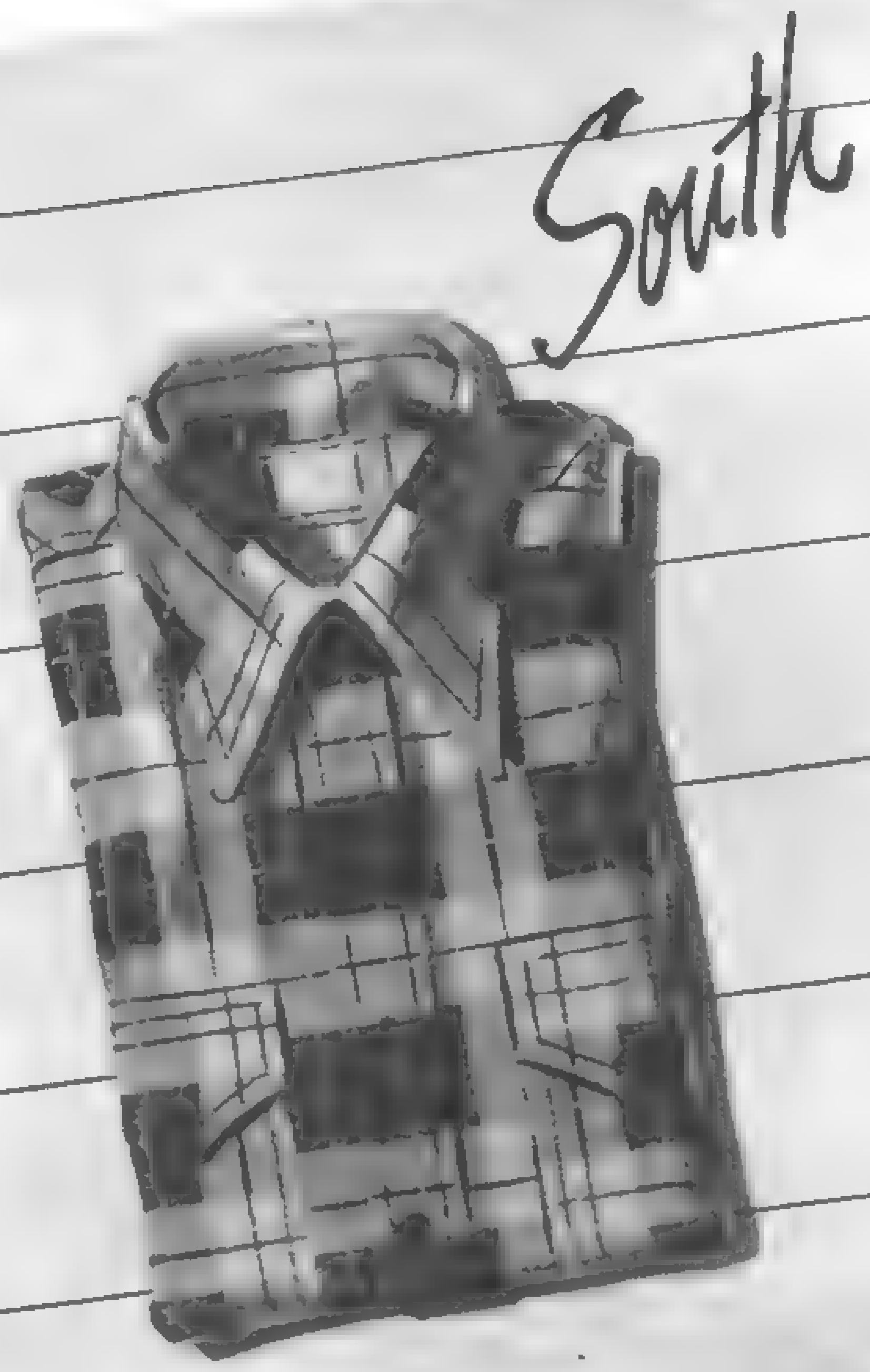
Other cold weather favorites are the ski sweaters of heavy wool yarn. They give a man a rugged, colorful, athletic appearance — even if he doesn't know a slalom from a ski pole — and they're as warm as they are good looking. They're worn around the campus as often as on the ski tow.

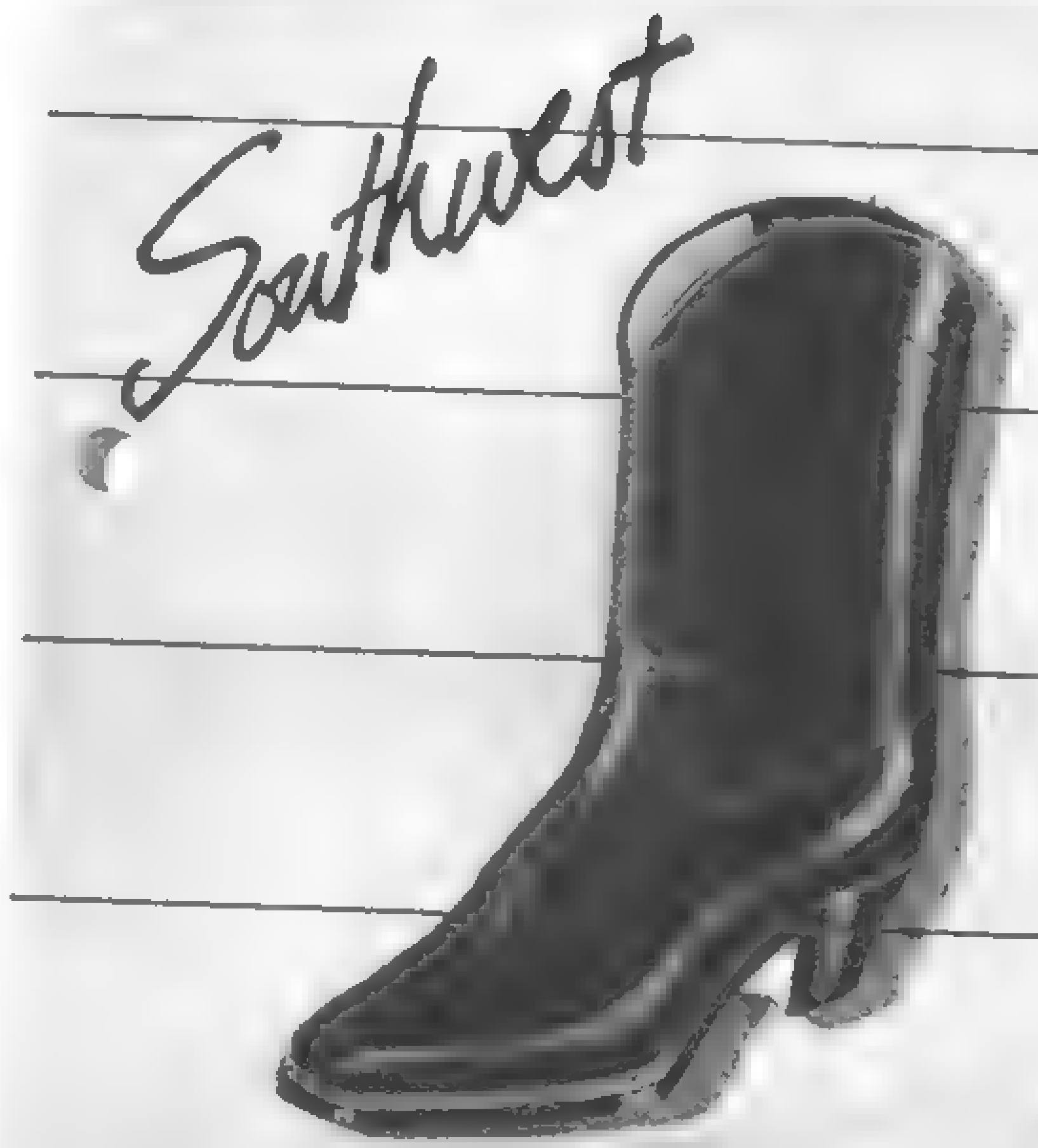
Flannel shirts in brilliant tartan plaids are as popular down south as they are in the north. The yarns are much lighter than those used in the shirts that are worn up north, but the effects are the same.

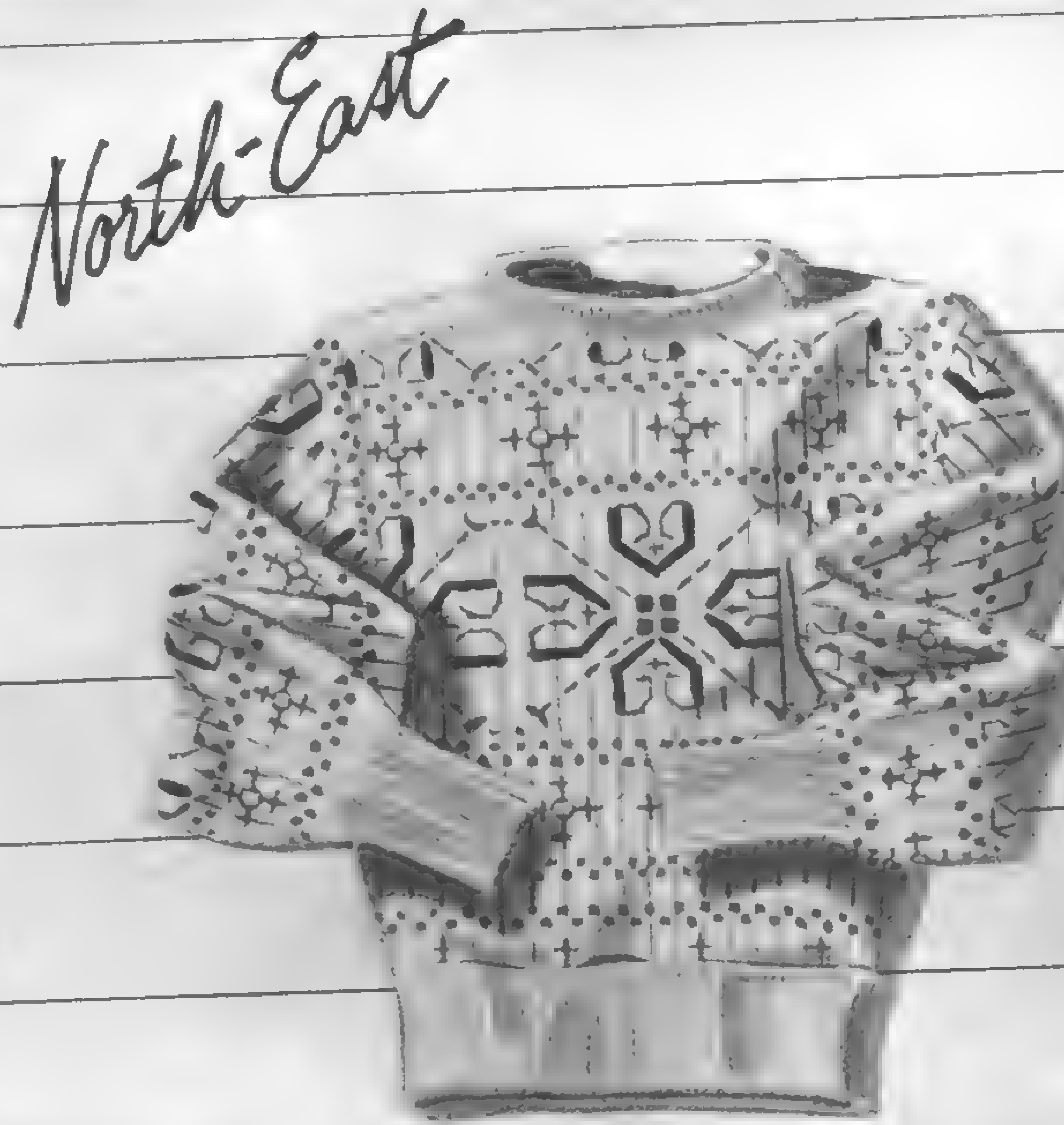
Cowboy boots of tooled and decorated leathers are standard equipment on the campuses in the southwest. Utility is the principal reason for their popularity — since practically everybody rides horseback — but the more decorated they are the more popular.

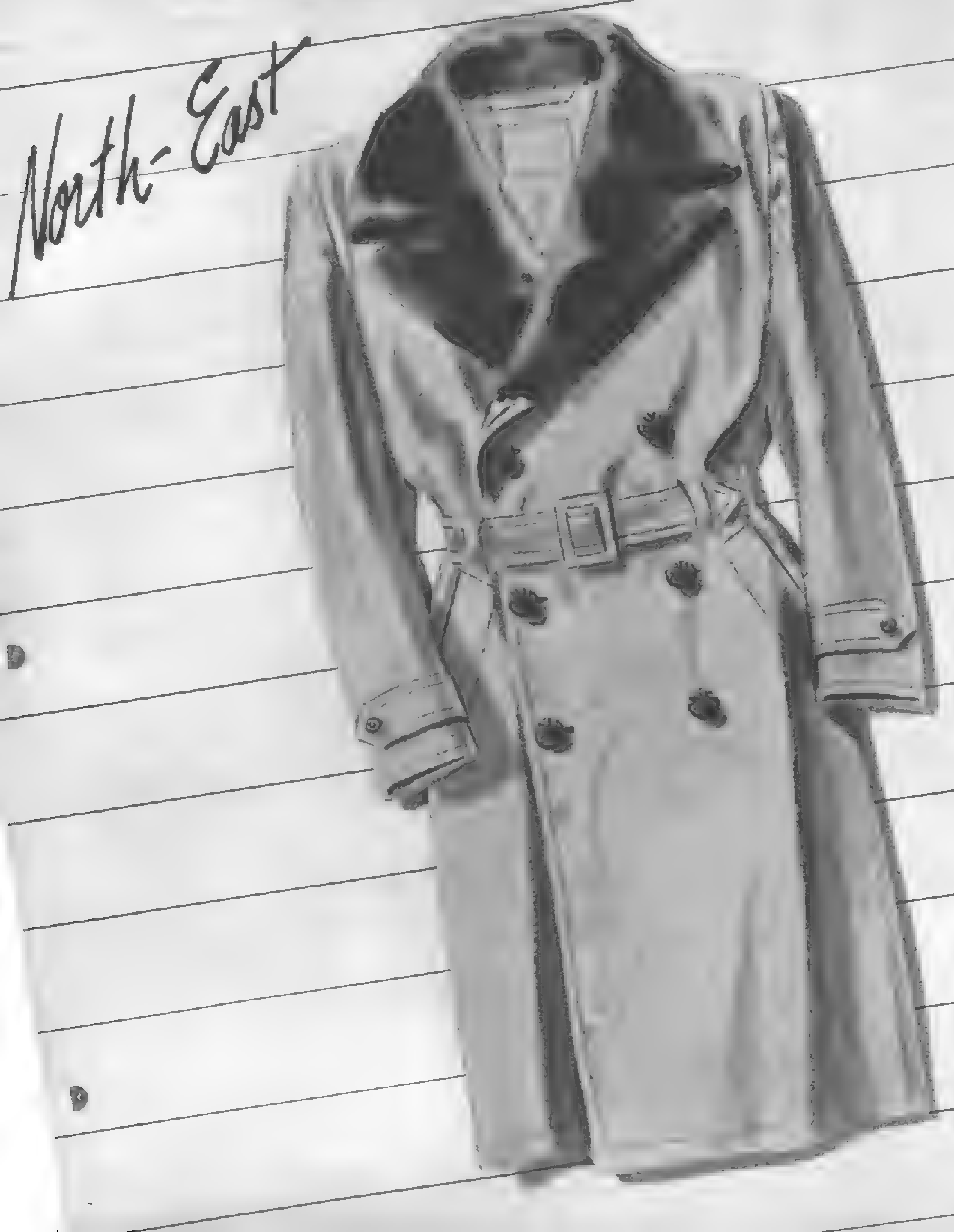
And on the west coast the cotton twill jacket is becoming increasingly popular. It's made of the same tan, lightweight cotton that went into the army's summer uniform. It's a comfortable jacket to wear on warm days and cool nights and it looks especially good with those colorful sports shirts.

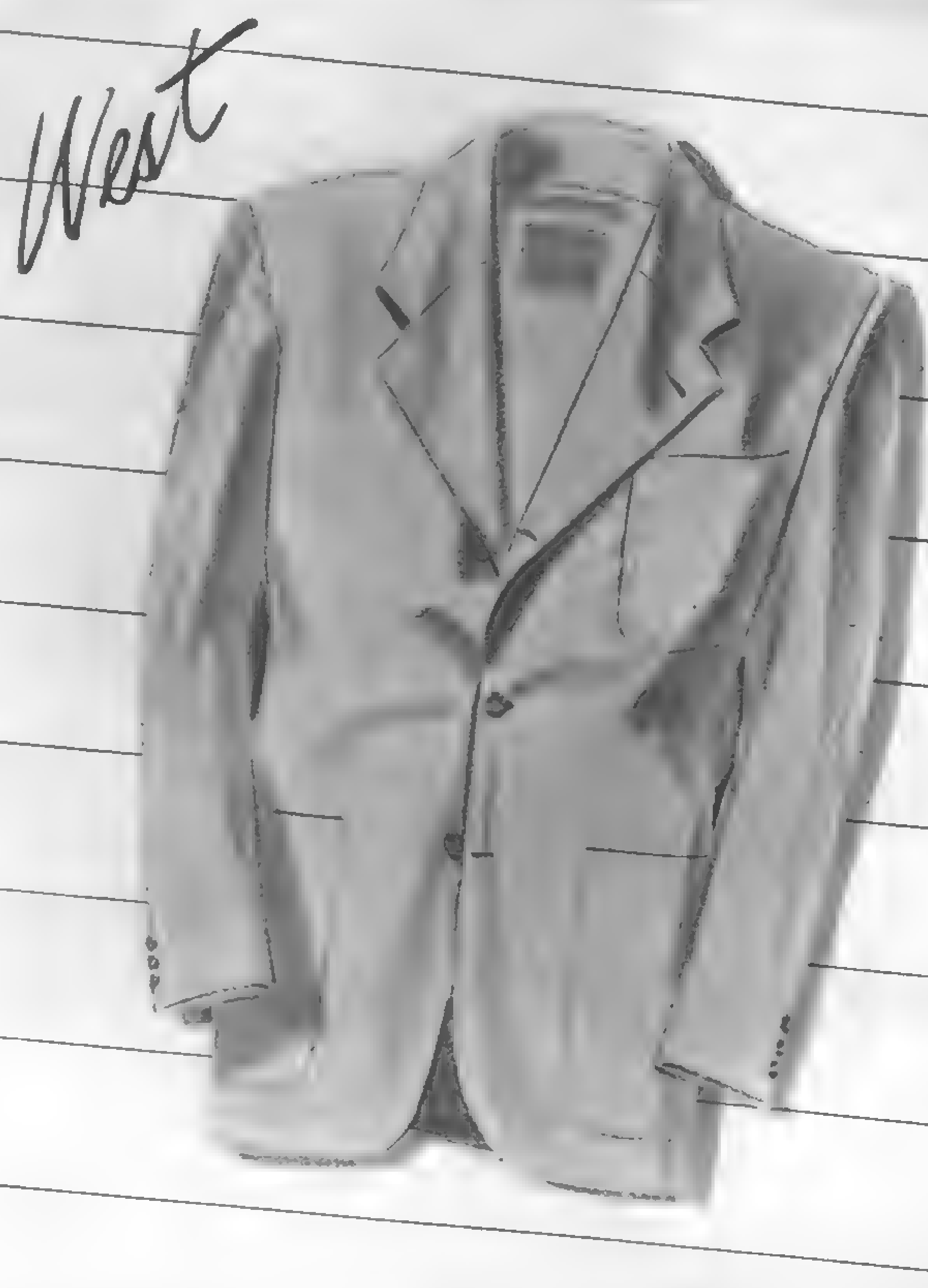
Nearly all of the universities have some such individual fashion favorites depending on what section of the country they're located in, so you'd be smart to consult your university catalogue before completing your wardrobe. Many of the booklets list some of the information regarding climates and sports that you'll want to know. Add these sectional requirements to your basic wardrobe outlined before and you'll do your campus proud.

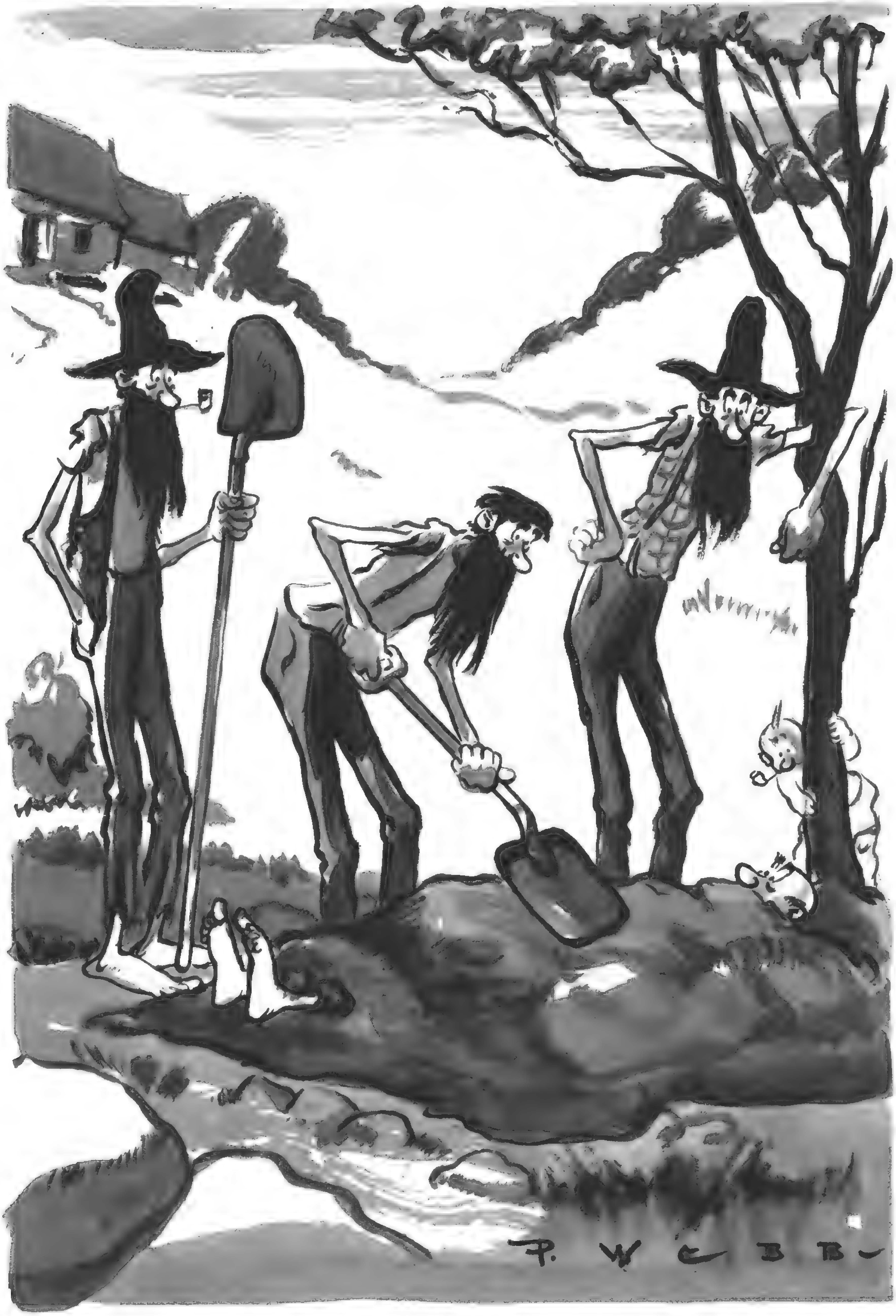




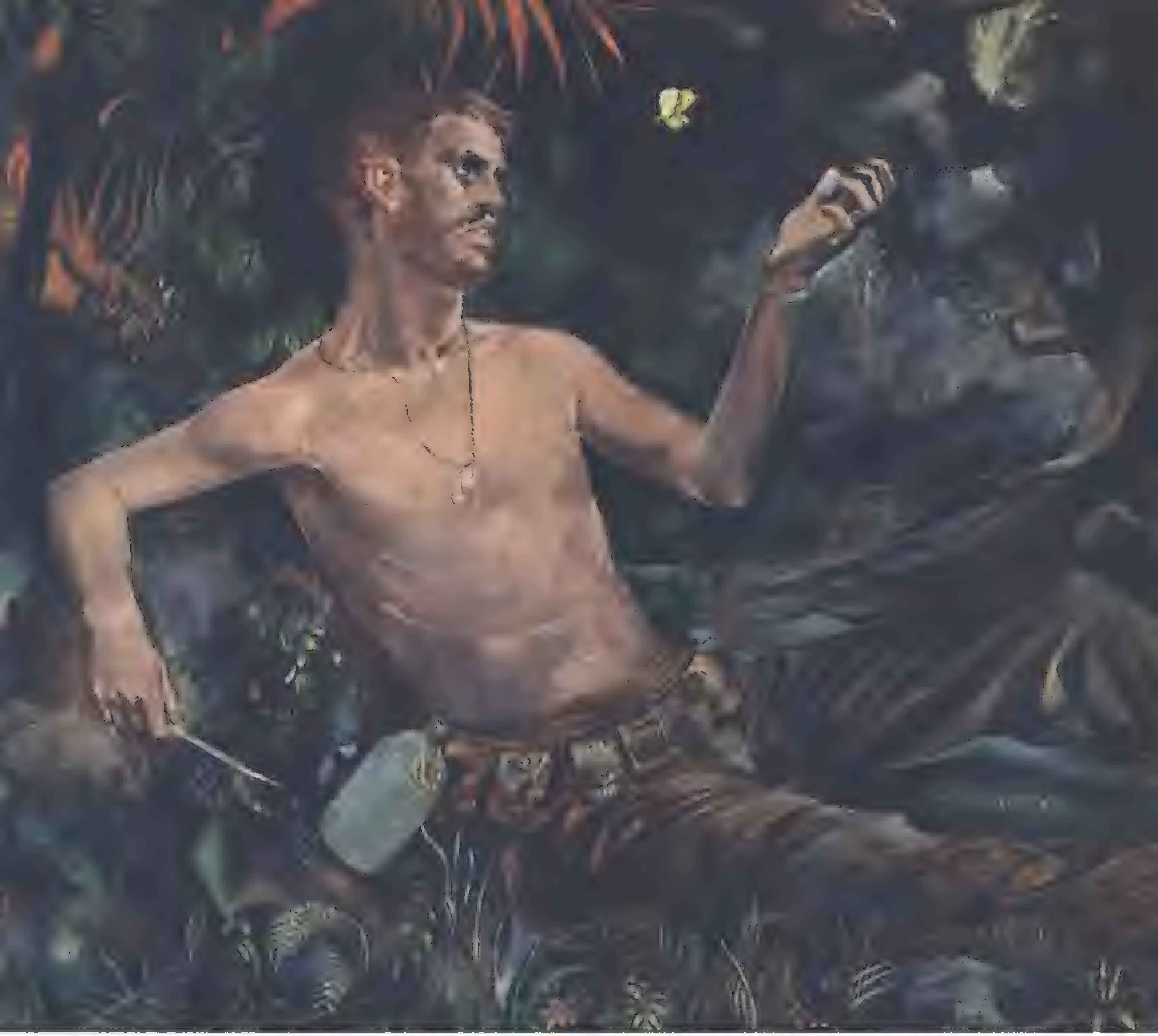








"We'll un-bury ya in a day or so, Paw . . . couple o' polecats give ya the bizness yestiddy while ya was snoozin'"



No Man's Island

A Story by **HANS RUESCH**

Five men were left on the island; two against three. All were strangers, all had to die, yet they tried to live till one by one they dropped, to be swallowed up by the jungle

"I LOVE you, I think," Lask said, throwing away the last nutshell of his luncheon.

Teren, distrustful, like all honest, humorless and slow-witted people, picked up his tommy gun and deliberately trained it on Lask. "You need glasses," he whispered.

Lask laughed, noiselessly. They had learned to laugh and talk and cough and walk and scratch their beards with hardly any noise at all. "I love my fellow man, and even my neighbor," he explained. "I'm the sociable kind and you, alas, are the only human being left on this island."

"There are the other three also."

"But with them I can't argue. First, because I don't speak their language. Secondly, and worse, they don't speak mine. Thirdly, they'd blow me into heaven before I could say 'Good afternoon.' "

Teren nodded, studying his prehensile toes. "How true," he said.

The tiny atoll, a steppingstone to nowhere, had been forgotten by a busy war. But the opposing forces had continued a struggle that was equal and therefore bitter, destroying one another with rare competency, asking no quarter and getting none, until only five men remained on the little circle of land—Lask and Teren, and "the other three." For all they knew, the war might be over. But not here; not quite; not yet.

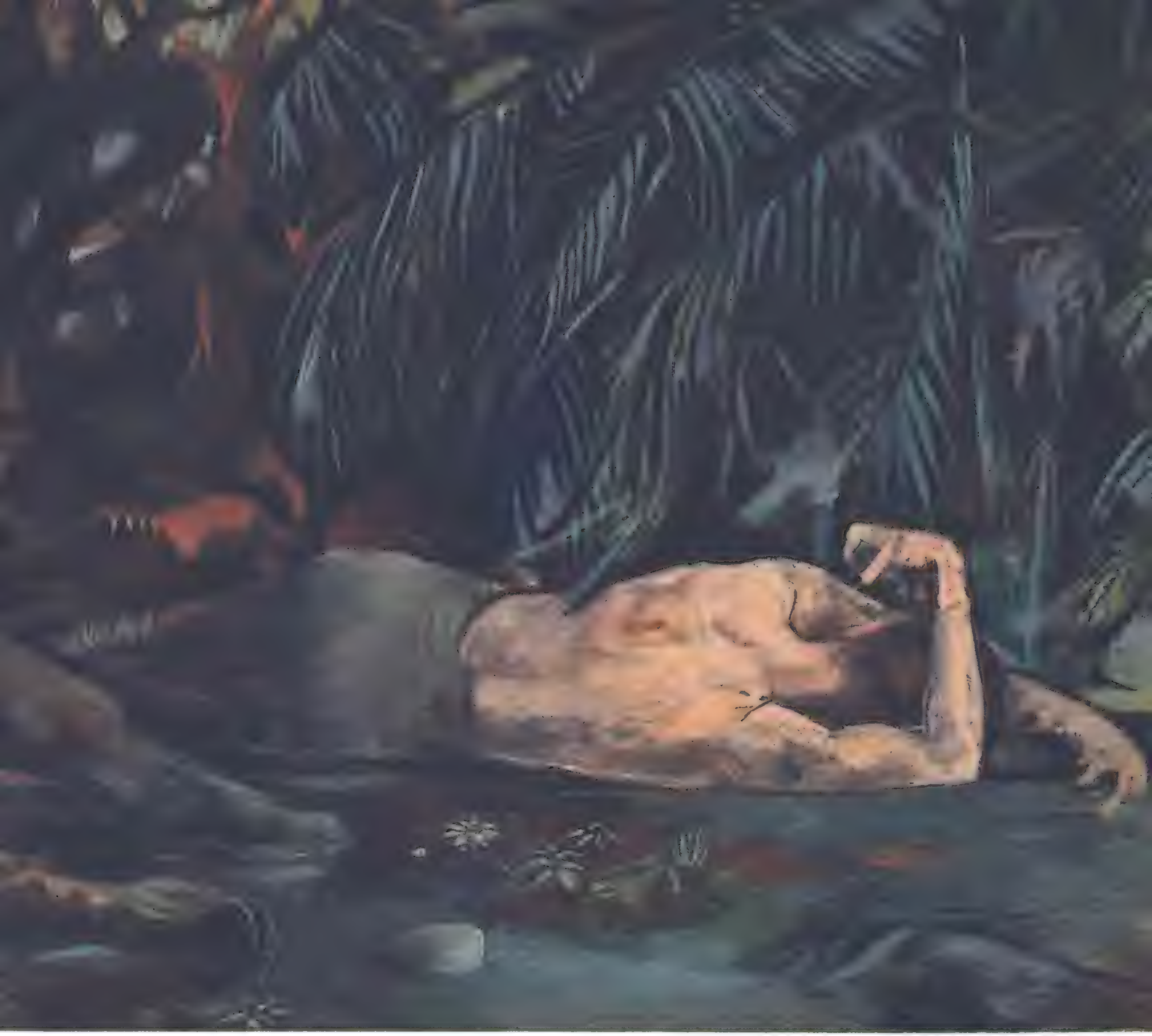


ILLUSTRATION BY MARIC ZAMPARELLI

By now the eager vegetation had all but engulfed the carrion skeletons of burnt planes and trucks, the wireless lay smashed somewhere in the pock-marked grove, and, among the wreckage, fed on the rich earth of the dead, flowers had sprouted. Between splintered stumps of Casuarina trees that fringed the beach flew wildly screaming, incongruous-looking birds of glaring colors, birds with skirts and coats, with spats and hats. Because the island was small, the animals on it were small. No tigers or large apes; only flying squirrels and flying lizards, rats and bats, long-nosed monkeys and small tiger cats.

But the smallest things were the greatest nuisance—fits of fever; the ubiquitous sand that the wind carried into food, eyes, nostrils, mouths; mosquitoes and sandflies, fire ants and jungle ticks; the atmosphere, dense and oppressive despite daily showers; the rote of the surf booming perpetually about the coasts. This, not the enemy, wore the men down; the enemy was the only thing that kept them alive.

The men never dared step onto the sun-bleached beach but cowered in the evergreen forest of the interior. Day by day they grew closer to the earth, hoping for little but to exist, conditioned to monotony and to punishment, disciplined to pain. They had reverted to the primeval and had developed faculties that had lain dormant and unsuspected in the dark recesses of the blood; they saw in the dark, caught the slightest sound, sniffed the wind.

"I could sniff a woman from a distance if there were one on this moth-eaten rock," Lask said. "I don't need glasses, you grunty subman, to see that your face is covered by a revolting beard crawling with the lowest form of animal life."

He brooded for a while with mounting irritation. Then he looked up sharply and said, "I've had enough! Having to keep watch twenty-four hours a day—all it gets us is sand in our eyes!" He rose in sudden agitation. "We've got to rid ourselves once and for all of the embarrassing presence of the other three, so we can concentrate on the finer things, such as hunting for food, lying in the sun, and swatting at mosquitoes without fear of attracting a spray of lead."

Teren eyed him with an expression of patient weariness. "And what do you suggest?"

"Unified Command! Private Teren, attention please. Start garnering tonight's dinner, while I set the portentous machinery of my brain to work."

"And who are you to give orders?" Teren said.

"As of this instant I assume command."

"On what grounds?"

"I'm officer (*Continued on next page*)

material," Lask said. "I have an intellect."

"Can you prove it?"

"I certainly can! Up your fists, Private Teren, and we'll settle it right away, gentlemenlike."

"Very well." Teren beamed, being the huskier of the two.

But Lask had an intellect.

Teren struck the first blow, splitting Lask's lips. Lask wavered. Then he feinted with the left against his adversary's lower regions, and, while Teren was about to call foul, he flattened him with a convincing right hook on the chin. Teren was persuaded, and they shook hands.

Then Lask, standing on his bare toes and stretching in his tattered dungarees, made this historic announcement:

"I hereby invest myself with the Supreme Command of all the Land, Sea, and Air Forces of our Nation on this moth-eaten island. *Nolens volens*, hocus pocus, bric-a-brac and tit-for-tat. Do you, Private Teren, pledge obeisance to your new Commander-in-Chief and renew your allegiance to the Flag?"

"I . . . I do," mumbled Teren, dazed and impressed.

"Sir," Lask said.

"I do, sir," Teren said.

"And now, Private Teren, I *command* you to garner and prepare twenty mangoes and two hundred soft-shelled, noiseless nuts, the larger ones for the High Command, the smaller ones for the enlisted personnel. Report to Headquarters when you've fulfilled your assignment. You'll find me under the nipa palm, pondering weighty military matters."

Time didn't count. Lask pondered for days while Teren dully raided birds' nests for their little eggs or prepared nuts and fruit and bamboo shoots seasoned with an occasional worm. Lask was not ungrateful; one morning he ordered Teren to attention and spoke:

"I, Soandso and Soandso, by the Will of the People, the Grace of God, and the Power of my Fist, Commander-in-Chief of all the Armed Forces of our Nation on this moth-eaten island, bestow upon you, Private Second Class Teren, as a reward for services beyond the call of duty, the Order of the Star-and-Garter. History in the making, *cave canem*, and *Gesundheit.*"

"Keep it clean."

"Sir," Lask said.

"Keep it clean, sir," Teren repeated.

"And now, we can put into action my momentous plan designed to conclude victoriously our Nation's campaign on this island, making it a safe place for future generations of mosquitoes."

"May I hear the plan, sir?"

"Certainly. *Delenda est Carthago.*"

"I can't understand your horrible slang, sir."

"I was explaining my plan: to find the enemy and destroy him! So pull your sloppy self together and stop holding your gun like a vegetarian. Left foot forward, march!"

Hunted hunters, they trod hushed and wary all through the day, skirting the forbidding swamps that swarmed with horse leeches and moving up along the wayward path of a streamlet that flowed from the low ranges of folded limestone. They had to be on the lookout not only for little men with tommy guns, but for snakes and porcupines and hornets' nests.

Their progress was exceedingly slow through the virgin forest of fir and ironwood that had not even experienced the flaming defloration of cannon fire. Not a trickle of sunshine leaked through the roof. There were birds that looked like flowers and flowers that looked like birds. Monkeys sneered and chattered at the men.

When the forest became filled with the cool scent of night, growing solemn with deepening shadows, and the birds and monkeys had shrieked themselves to sleep, Lask suddenly halted and pressed Teren's arm. The outlines of two heads were faintly visible in the deep gloom of the scrub timber. "The third must be near by on watch," Lask breathed. "You mean they don't trust us?" said Teren.

They moved on with extreme caution, the scarred soles of their feet silent on the thick bed of moss; but their sweat-stiffened dungarees rustled.

The mate call of a paradise bird cut the silence, although at this hour the birds were asleep. The two heads disappeared from sight. "Notice where the signal came from?" Lask said.

"From that pepper tree."

"He's yours, while I surround the other two. But hold your fire till you hear mine. I've a longer way to go."

They waited for the darkest hour after the false dusk. Then Lask began to wangle his way on knees and elbows across the ferns and little creeping bushes, on the alert for the acrid tang of snakes among the musty odors of snails and turtles. His body was clever, but his tommy gun of senseless steel was awkward, embarrassing.

"She was voted the girl we'd most like to be stranded with in New York City"

The reflection of invisible stars dully limned his way. By the time he had outflanked the enemies, he perceived their shadows stirring cautiously, facing the wrong direction. The spare little man and the stocky one.

But Teren must have slipped. The shrill squirt of enemy fire unexpectedly ripped the silence, followed by the darker report of Teren's gun. Lask's targets dropped from sight and he fired hurriedly where they had vanished; they replied to his fire with their own.

Across the overgrowth, tracers blazed their swishing paths, lazy towards the end, flaring up vividly when a tree trunk stopped them, making sizzling pools of yellow fire where they dropped in the litter of lichen and leaves. Lask's arms, livid in the blaze of the barrel, shook with the recoil, and the steel grew hot.

When his last cartridge pan was empty he retreated noisily, anxious to rejoin his companion, stumbling as he ran, still blinded by the blaze of gunfire, while enemy bullets sang through the shrubbery. Teren was waiting at the meeting place and they listened breathlessly in the silence that was deeper than the night, except for the distant roar of the ocean.

"I stumbled over a stump," Teren said.

"You're so clumsy that I doubt whether apes were your ancestors."

"But I think I got him. His gun stopped firing very soon."

They spent the night in fitful slumber; at dawn they woke with the noise of the birds and crept back to the scene of the action. The only trace of the others was a small mound of fresh earth. From the mound rose the hilt of a bayonet with which the enemy transfixed its dead in sign of honor; on the hilt was the dead man's helmet.

"You got him, all right," Lask said.

All day they searched carefully and in vain for the remaining two. In the evening they were back at their lair—a small cave, large enough to shelter them, but too small to attract bats.

"Get on your feet," Lask said, as Teren wearily dropped to the ground. "I must deliver an order of the day."

"Make it snappy. I'm tired."

"Sir," said Lask.

"Make it snappy, sir."

Lask drew himself erect in the dark. "Private Teren! For conspicuous gallantry, outrageous luck, and utter disregard for the safety of your Commanding Officer, resulting in the single-handed destruction of one third of all enemy Armed Forces, I bestow upon you the Order of the Golden Balls, the Silver Radish, and—last but not least, *nec plus ultra*, and *honi soit qui mal y pense*—the Iron Rod, and raise you from the rank of lousy Private Second Class to that of lousy Private First Class. Consider yourself kissed in brotherly fashion. Amen."

Next day great rains broke and military operations had to be postponed. Now the air was clear of mosquitoes, but the men shivered glumly in their cave. They had never succeeded in starting a fire by rubbing together sticks of wood unless the sticks were match sticks, and their last match had long since gone the way of all cigarettes. They gambled with dice carved of human bone, or just sat in silence waiting for the sky to drain.

One evening Teren didn't return from foraging. Lask

(*Continued on page 112*)

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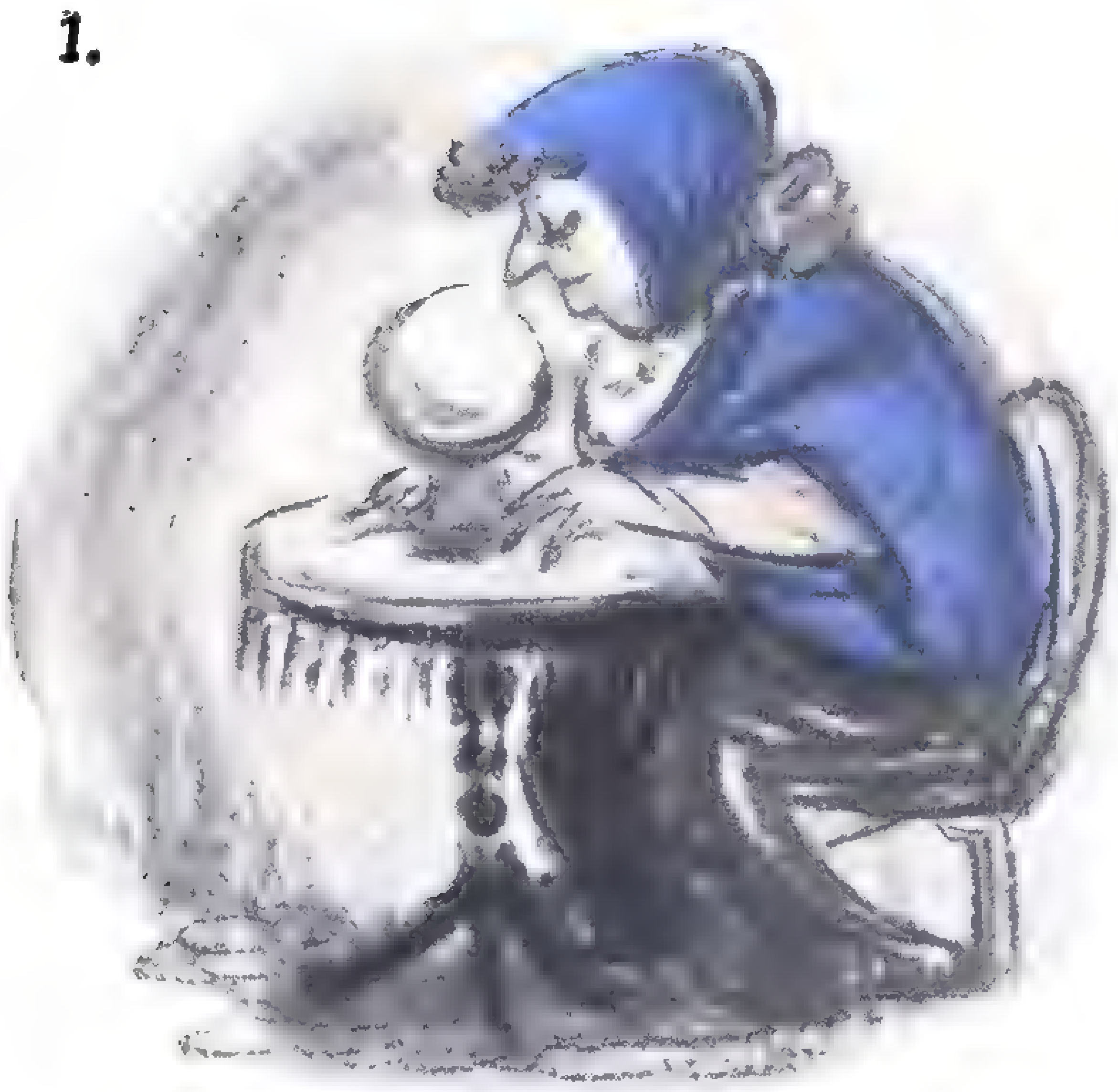

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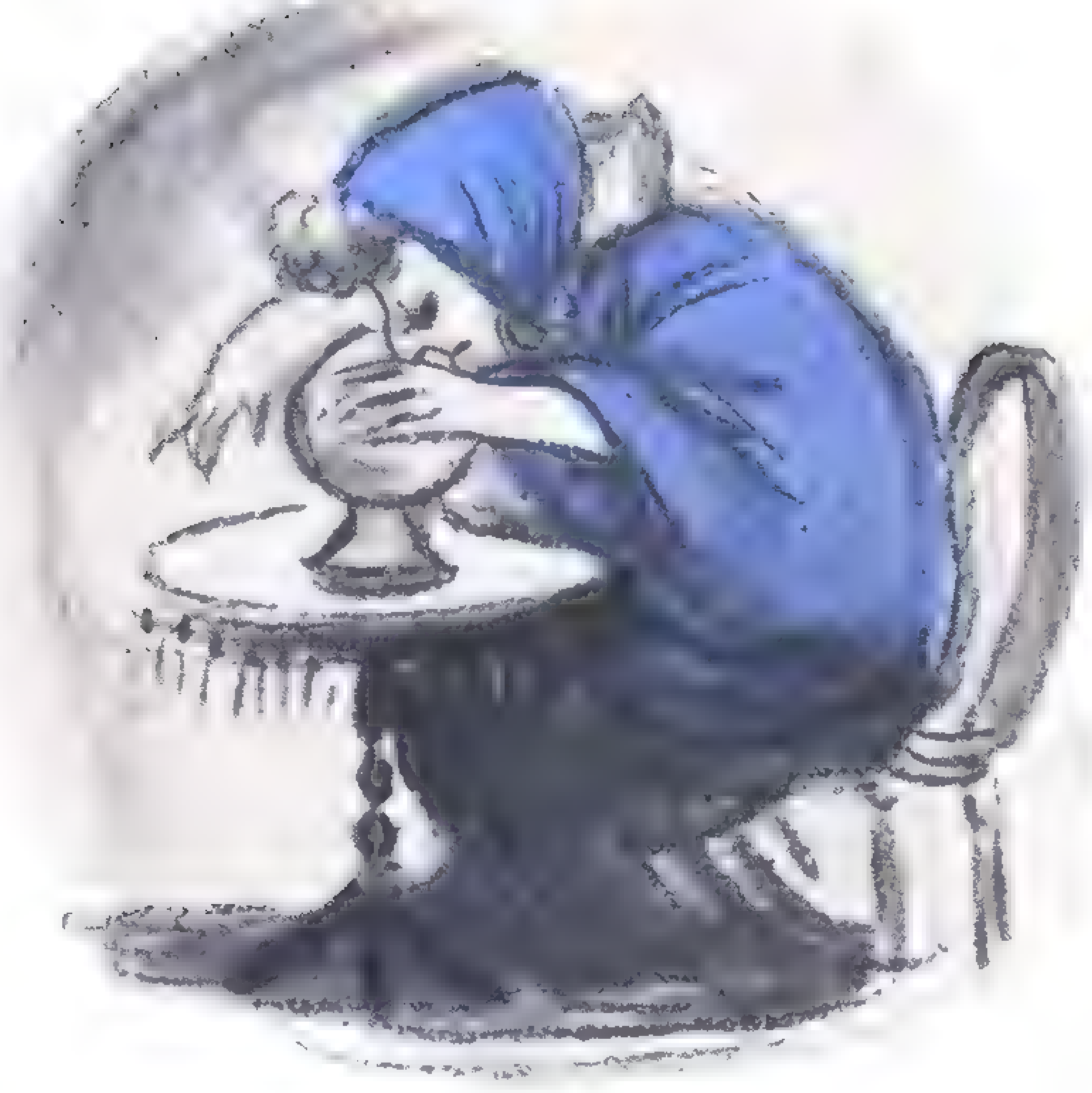

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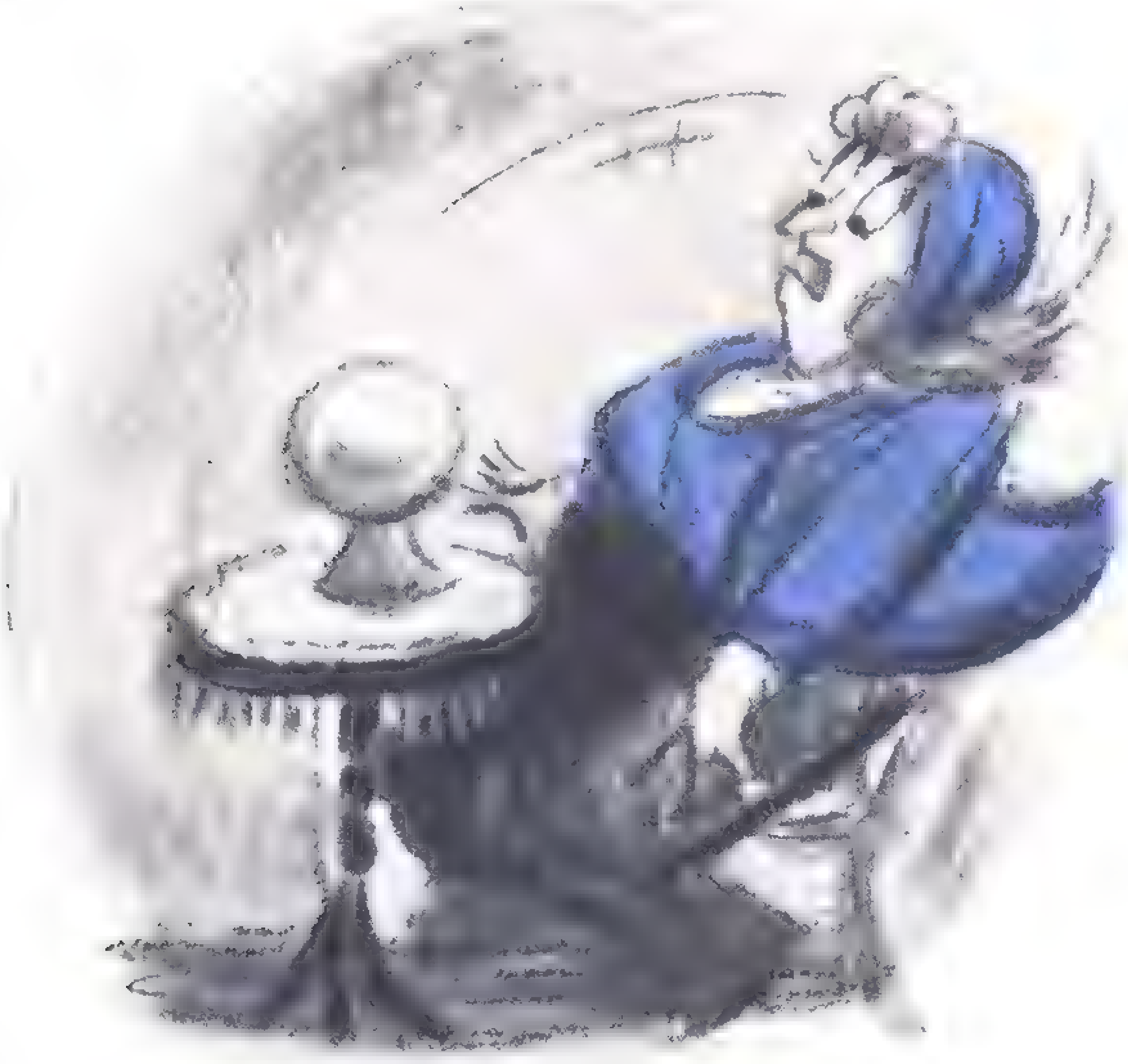

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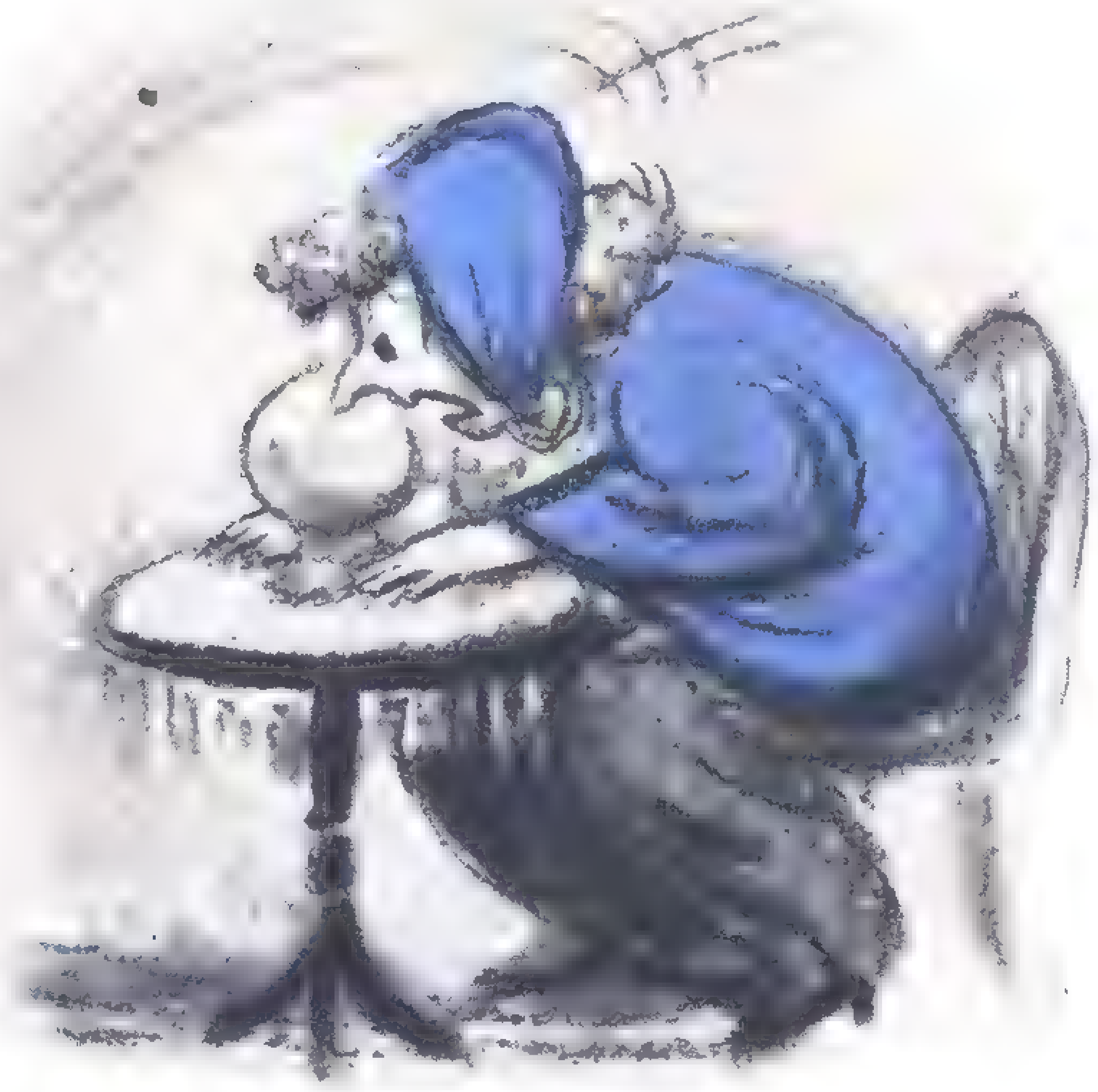

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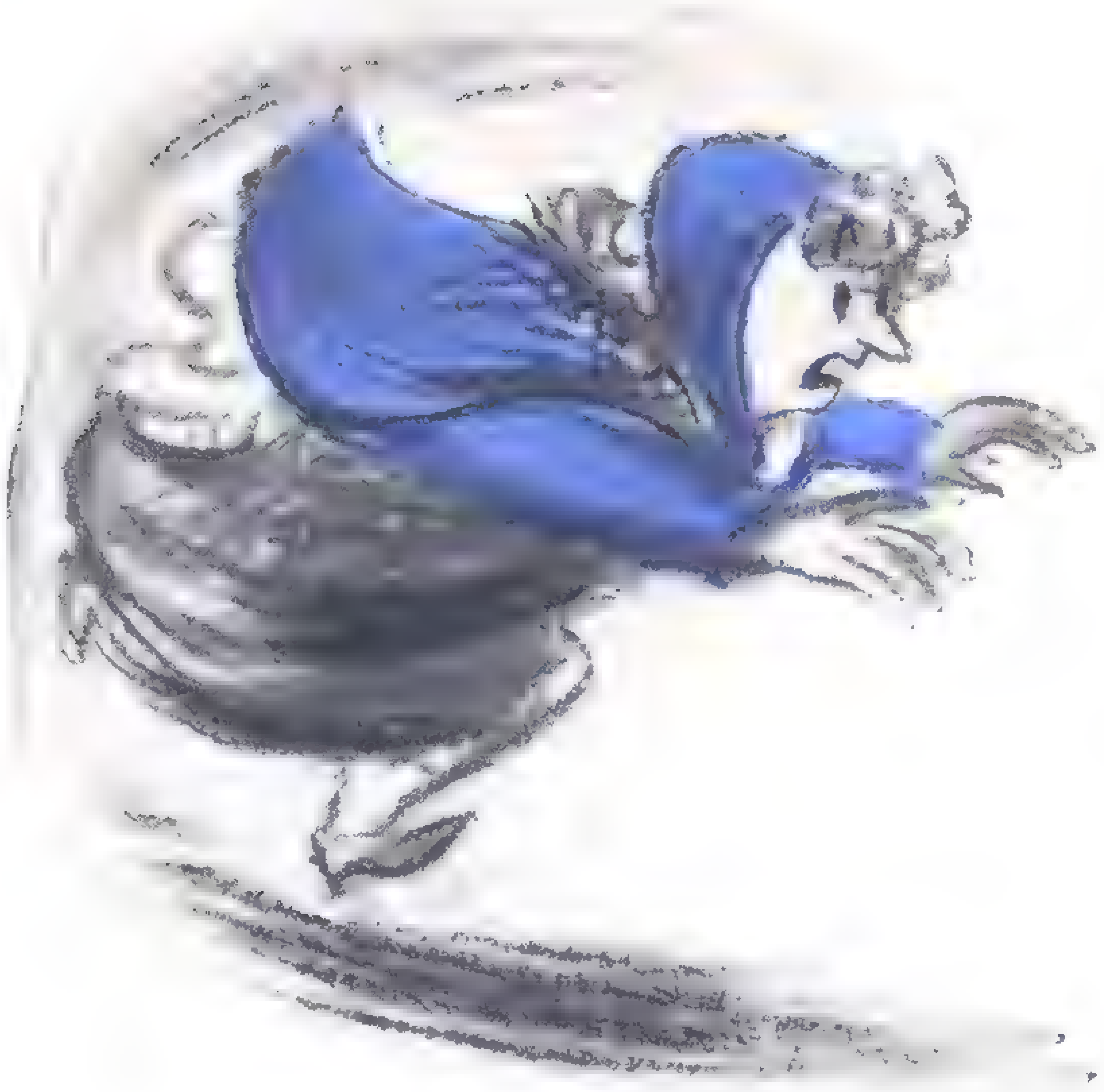

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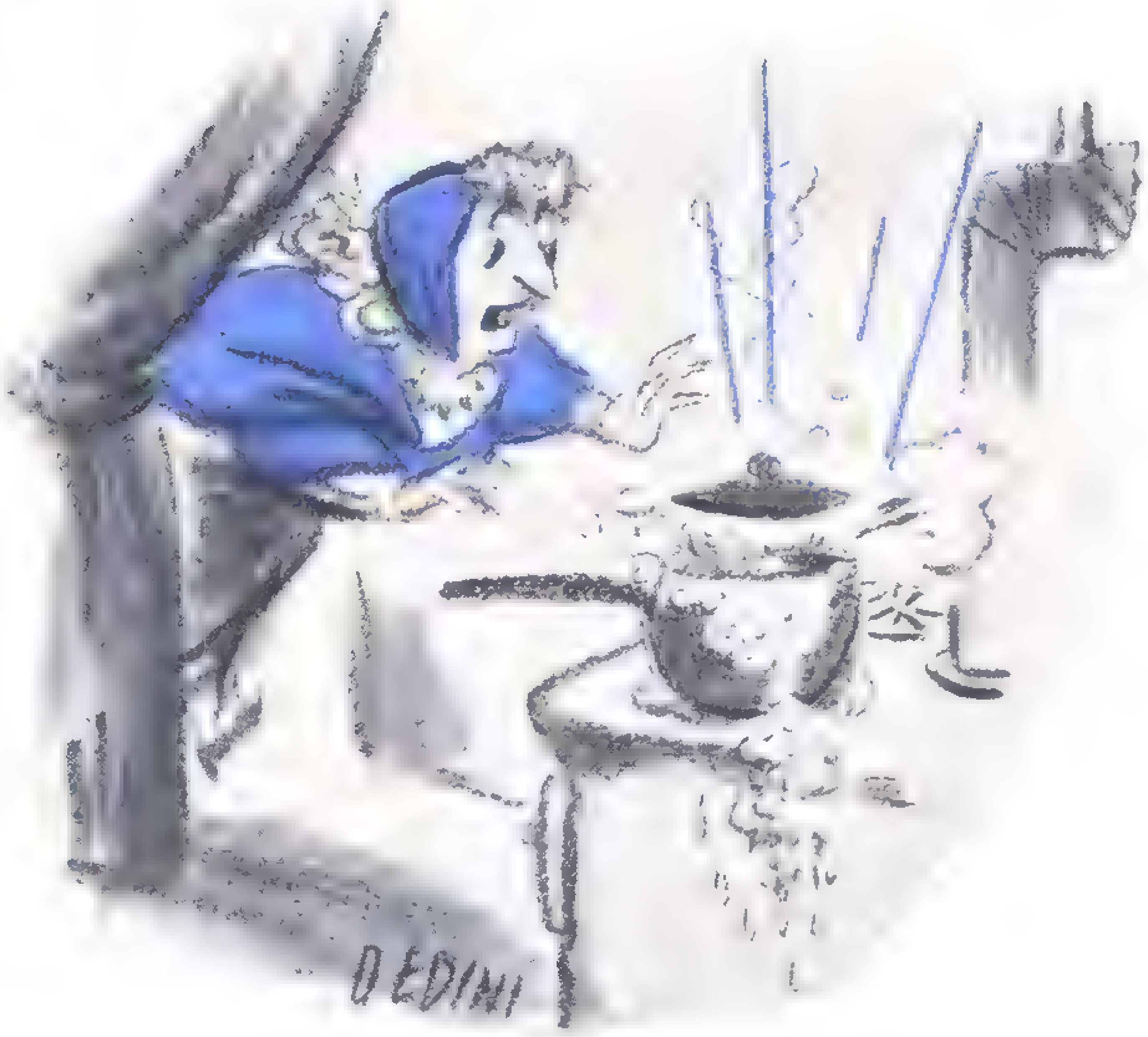

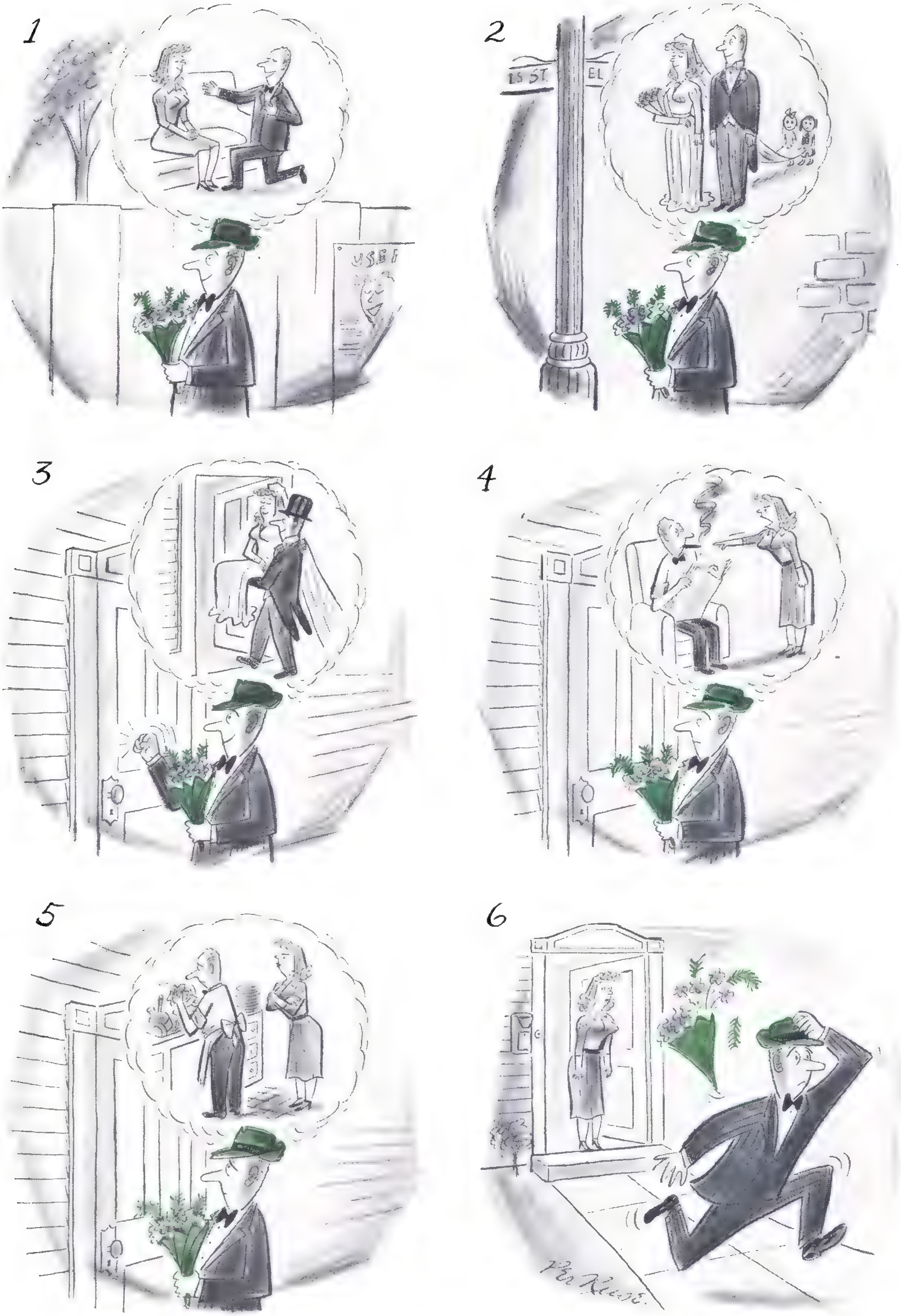
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The General Fell in Love

Everyone believes General Custer's Last Stand was his most important feat, but they just don't know what a man he was with the women—especially one

An Article by

WESSEL SMITTER

A few years ago, no self-respecting saloonkeeper would have been caught dead without a picture of Custer's Last Stand in the place of honor behind his bar. As far as most of us inveterate barflies know, General George Armstrong Custer spent his whole life fighting Indians. At any rate, we don't often think of him as a great lover, in spite of his golden curls and his liking for fancy, self-designed uniforms. He was immune to fatigue, hunger, thirst, and the lack of sleep. He loved a hard ride and a tough march, and in feats of strength and endurance he was more than a match for any man in his regiment. Yet, though he was a hard master and ruled his troopers with a strong hand, his deep and gentle devotion to his young wife, Elizabeth, is something worth talking about.

In *Boots and Saddles*, one of the books Elizabeth Custer wrote after her husband's death, she says that he prepared the water for her bath and warmed her clothes before the fire when she dressed in the morning. It was like that. Wherever he went, he took her with him—and he had to go to some pretty rough spots on the American frontier. Invariably, when campgrounds were muddy, he carried her from her mount into the crude wooden barracks which were to be their quarters. They sat side by side at the table when they ate together. He insisted, when writing his magazine assignments, that he was unable to work unless she was seated on the opposite side of his desk, and when she overstayed while calling on a neighbor, he sent her nightgown to her in the hands of the most stalwart soldier he could find. On one occasion Custer sent his orderly with a facetious note asking whether she would like to have her trunk sent over to the place she was visiting.

While on his scouting expeditions, Custer sent daily letters of prodigious length to his "Dear Libbie." She writes, "For several slow, irksome months I did little else than wait for the mails, and count each day that passed again. I had very interesting letters from my husband, sometimes thirty or forty pages in length." In order to maintain a regular exchange of correspondence during their long separations, Custer dotted the plains with courier stations, each stocked with fresh mounts and swift riders, between himself and the home barracks where his wife waited in lone wretchedness. It was no small expense to the Government.

Whatever fame Custer may have gained comes largely, as I have said, from his dramatic exit from life on the Little Big Horn; but he had a loving, loyal biographer, who saw in him the finest, most heroic of men. Elizabeth Custer lived fifty-seven years after the death of her hero. There were no children, and she devoted her long widowhood to preserving his memory with books and articles filled with praise and adoration of her dead husband. Other biographers, less afflicted by love's myopic influence, say that Custer was no military genius—that bad generalship got him into tough spots and that good luck brought him out, but that at the catastrophe of the Little Big Horn his luck deserted him. That may be true, but Elizabeth Custer considered more things than military strategy and Army tactics. She weighed her hero in balances heavily weighted with a deep understanding, as well as a unique devotion.

In one of her books, she says, "If I was put in charge of any one in the regiment, he asked them to kill me if the Indians should attack the camp or the escort on the march." Custer's superiors regarded this as the negative approach to the problem of dealing with a young wife who was always seeking some new pretext for joining her husband in some distant camp, but it was all right with her, who counted the reward and not the cost, if the orders came from her husband. Both knew even better, perhaps, than Custer's high-ranking superiors, the kind of fate that awaited a young, beautiful woman, once she had been captured and held by the Indians.

Once General Sherman, Custer's superior, sent her this note. "You had better remain quietly at Fort Riley as your husband will be on the march all summer."

"Quietly!" she lamented. "He may talk about living quietly, but I cannot."

It was during this same campaign that connubial love found a way, although a costly one, to bring the two together. On the pretext of returning to his base camp for supplies, Custer selected an escort of seventy-five picked riders and horses, and left his regiment leaderless on the plains. The ride that followed was seldom duplicated, even among great plainsmen.

Custer and his small band of veteran troopers made a forced march of 150 miles to Fort Hays in fifty-five hours. At Fort Hays he left behind those of his escort who were too spent to go on, and rode sixty miles to Fort Harker, in twelve hours. There he left the remainder of his escort and went on, without rest, to Fort Riley, where Elizabeth Custer was waiting. It was a magnificent feat of endurance and a spectacular example of human stamina, but it was bad soldiering. Custer's superiors charged him with disregarding orders, with being derelict in his duties, with doing great damage to valuable Government-owned horses, and with failing to recover the bodies of two men who fell behind during the ride and were killed by Indians. These matters Elizabeth Custer barely mentions in her reminiscences. But she describes the meeting with her husband.

"After days of such gloom," she writes, "my leaden heart quickened its beats at an unusual sound—the clank of a saber on our gallery and with it the quick, springing step of feet unlike the quiet infantry around us. The door . . . opened and, with a flood of sunshine that poured in, came a vision far brighter than even the brilliant Kansas sun. There before me, blithe and buoyant, stood my husband . . . There was in that Summer of 1867, one long, perfect day. It was mine, and blessed be the memory, and it is still mine, for time and eternity."

Custer was ordered to stand a court-martial, and the counts were against him. His punishment was that he be removed from his command for one year and that he forfeit his pay for the entire period. It was a severe sentence, but they were together, and who shall say that the price was too great for a long summer day that was theirs "for time and eternity"?

On a tragic June day in 1876, Custer and all his heroic troopers lost their lives to the Sioux in the Battle of the Big Horn. He and Elizabeth had been married but twelve years. I for one like to forget about Custer's Last Stand. I prefer to remember that he made a forced march of 210 miles and risked a court-martial just for a day with the woman he loved. #

"Would you step into the next room for a few minutes while I get Mr. Smith's normal pulse"

A Mouse Called Emily

Not every house can boast a mouse, and very few can have one as delightfully available as the Hoffmans', whose name, as you will discover, was playfully Emily

A Story by

CHARLES GREEN

I WAS standing at the bar in a Third Avenue saloon, just kind of doodling in my mind, when the man next to me announced he was going home to see what Emily was up to. I glanced around. A middle-aged, plump little man. Mild blue eyes blinking behind rimless glasses. A stiff collar pinching off a round, pink face.

"Emily is a mouse," he explained brightly. "She's been in my apartment a long time now. I'd like to tell you about her. By the way, my name is Ezekiel Marcus Hoffman. I'm a bookkeeper."

Against my better judgment I told him my name, and he insisted on shaking hands.

Then, just to say something, since this little screwball was standing there beaming at me, I told him that I, too, had once owned a pet mouse.

"Oh, Emily isn't a *pet* mouse," he said. "Good heavens, no! She just moved into my apartment one day, and at first I didn't mind, but after a while I became quite *unhappy* about her. You see, sir, I've always lived alone. Emily is terribly—distracting. Practically all the time you can hear her scratch, scratch, scratch. And she squeaks, too. Come to think of it, I don't know which is more maddening, her scratching or her squeaking."

"What's wrong," I said, "with permanently stopping Emily's scratching and squeaking? There are gadgets made for that purpose, you know."

"Oh, I know all about them," he replied with an amused flutter of his hands. "I've *many* different traps in my apartment, but I haven't *set* them yet. I don't want Emily to have the least suspicion that they *are* traps. So I've been putting food where you're supposed to bait the traps. And she's been eating it."

"If it's a gag, I don't get it," I said. "Why in hell haven't you set those traps?"

"Well, supposing Emily sprung the trap—and it *didn't* get her? Emily is quite clever. Once her suspicions were aroused — but the time is drawing near."

"To set the traps?"

"Yes. Maybe I'll do it tonight. Or possibly next week. Emily is used to the traps by now. She'll take the bait confidently. And then it'll happen. Bang!" He brought his hand down on the bar.

"But perhaps I won't use the *spring* traps," he went on, a moist glitter now in the eyes blinking behind the glasses. "I've got others, too, you know. Cages, with trap doors. Once Emily is squeaking helplessly inside of one, I could attach a string to it, then fill the bathtub and lower the cage down into the tub." His arm went up, descended slowly, went up again. "Ah, Emily is still wriggling a bit, is she? Very well, we'll just submerge her again. So! And then, of course, there's always poison, eh? We mustn't forget *that*. I've made quite a study of . . ."

I jerked up off the bar stool, and he backed away a bit, his eyes puzzled. "Why, what's wrong?" he said.

I said, "I think I've heard just about all I want to hear about Emily."

He smiled and nodded understandingly. "Yes, I do know that often I get to be quite a bore when I start talking about Emily. Well, I've got to be running along. Good night."

He smiled, nodded again and walked out. I pushed aside my glass of beer and ordered whiskey. When the bartender served it, I asked him if he knew the little guy who'd just left.

"No," he replied. "What was you two talkin' about? A mouse?"

"Yes, a mouse called Emily."

"My nephew's got some white mice," the bartender said. "They stink." He went back to his newspaper.

"Will champagne shrink it?"

I couldn't get Hoffman out of my mind. It was easy enough to play amateur psychiatrist and figure out what was motivating him. He had a streak of sadism in him. Delayed killing the mouse because, once it was dead, the anticipatory thrill would be gone. Got a perverted kick out of talking about it. I would have let it go at that—except for just one thing he had said. The business about *filling a bathtub* to drown the caged mouse.

Maybe my reasoning was screwy, but it seemed to me the mental image of a *bathtub* was wrong for drowning a little thing like a mouse. A bucket—yes. Wouldn't one almost automatically be guided by the cliché of "drowning like a rat in a bucket"? Well, perhaps not. Perhaps Hoffman didn't *own* a bucket.

I made the mistake of trying to anesthetize with more drinks the memory of that Charles Addams version of Walter Mitty. It had, of course, just the opposite effect. After a while I found myself at the phone booth looking him up in the book. There was an Ezekiel Marcus Hoffman listed on East Thirty-eighth Street. Maybe a three-minute walk from here.

I was angry with myself when I returned to the bar. And determined to stop behaving like a damn fool. I was going to finish my drink, go home, and forget about it. But the bartender decided it was time for a drink on the house. And there's a delicate point of ethics that prohibits you from leaving after getting a free drink. So I had another.

When I walked out of the place I turned right instead of left. Two blocks north to Thirty-eighth Street, a little way across—and there was the trim apartment building where Hoffman lived. I rang his bell and went up to the third floor in the self-service elevator without the faintest idea of what I would do or say when he opened the door.

Ezekiel Marcus Hoffman did not open his door when I got to it. A woman did. A plump, powdery woman with an aging little-girl face.

"Mrs. Thompson?" I said, remembering one of the names on the bells in the vestibule.

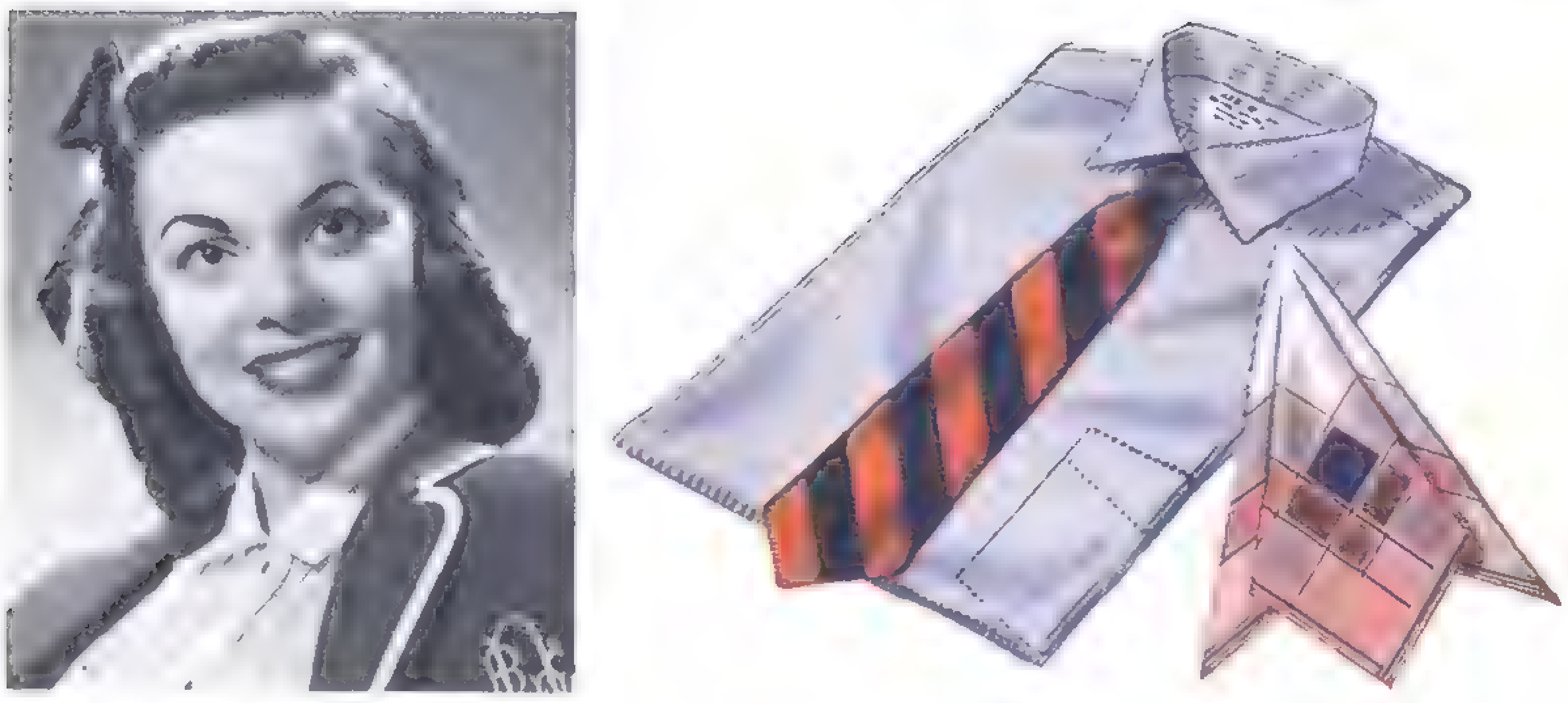
From further back in the apartment somewhere Hoffman's voice called: "Who is it, Emily?"

"Just someone who has the wrong apartment, dear," the woman said. And added to me: "The Thompsons live one floor below."

There was a squeak in her voice. She shut the door, and I was glad that the elevator was still on that landing . . .

Well, I've been watching the papers. Nothing has happened yet. And probably nothing ever will happen. Hoffman just likes to think about it, to talk about it. He'd never have the nerve to do it. Just the same, I've been watching the papers. ⧺

Mister, how would you rate with the girls at:



Northwestern?

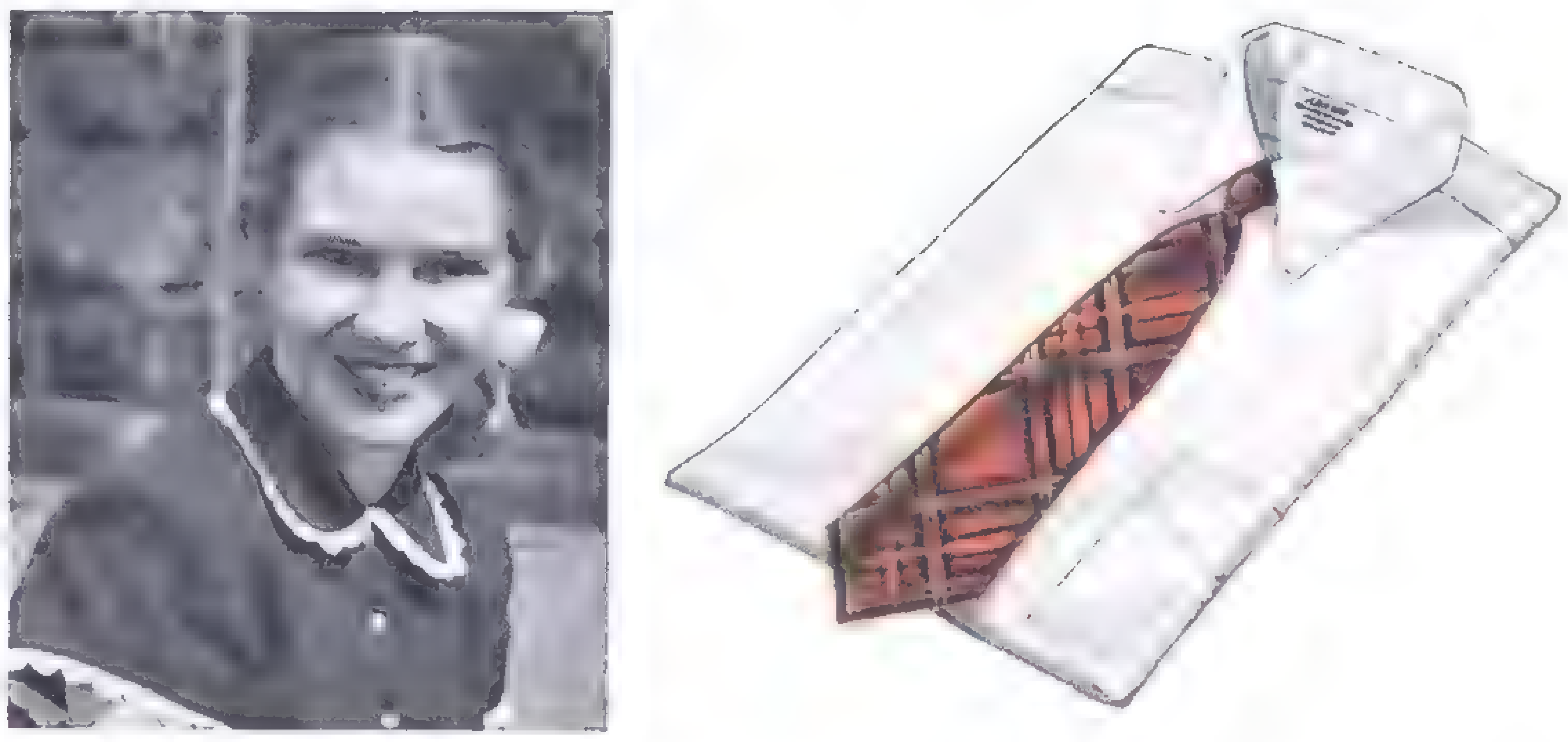
Date a Northwestern lass for dancing at the famed "College Inn," and you'll stand out in this new Arrow striped Oxford shirt with Sussex collar ($4.50)! Team it with an Arrow "Royalty Repp" tie—pure dye silk, only $2—and an Arrow "Back to School" handkerchief (50¢).

Texas U.?

For stepping at the Stephen F. Austin, don either this striped Arrow Oxford shirt with Dover collar ($4.50), or the Arrow striped Oxford with Sussex collar ($4.50). With the *first*, wear an Arrow foulard tie ($1.50). With No. 2, a "Mayfair Knit" tie ($1.50). P.S. with ALL outfits, an Arrow "Back to School" handkerchief (50¢)!

U.C.L.A.?

For cokes-and-chats with your No. 1 at Kerckhoff Hall, you can show yourself off in no more striking sports shirts than these new washable Arrow St. Andrews wool plaids ($10.00), or this smooth rayon heather sports shirt ($5.50)! They rate *sky-high* with college men, everywhere!



Vassar?

After dining in the "Covered Wagon" (and if you're hoping for three turns around the pond!) *look your best!* You can be *just that* in a white Arrow Oxford shirt with the smart Dover button-down collar ($3.95). That terrific tie is an Arrow Scot Clan, all-wool plaid ($1.50).

Sweet Briar?

To rate a stroll in The Dell at Sweet Briar, you've got to pass muster, head to feet! You'll rate "A" in this solid color Arrow Oxford shirt with Sussex wide-spread collar ($3.95), and Royalty Foulard pure dye silk tie (2.00), or the contrasting Arrow striped Oxford shirt with button-down Fenway collar ($4.50), and the handsome Arrow Challis Print ties ($1.50).

"May I say..."

adds Alfred Arrow, "that most college men wear Arrow underwear! Arrow shorts have *no center seam* to chafe. 3 models: The Sprinter, with all-elastic waist; the elastic-side number; the striped one with tie sides. P. S. Arrow T shirts are standard equipment." Shorts $1.25 up, T shirts $1.25 to $1.50.

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(Center) THE DIPLOMAT. All wool serge—two piece half belt—beaver mouton collar and lapels. Tan only. About $100.

(Right) THE CLUBMAN. Gabardine, 50% wool, 50% cotton. Mouton collar and lapels. Tan, brown or green. About $75.

(Below) THE KINGLY. Cotton gabardine—48" length—Laskin lamb collar and lapels. Tan only. About $50. Also sheeplined with quilted sleeves, about $55.

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What's Wrong with Our Women?

Continued from page 31

overseas sisters, she doesn't, they find, score as many top points as might be expected. She has become the victim of too much ballyhoo. The pedestal pose, encouraged by her men, has thrown her out of focus. In short, she has been looked at too much—but *looked into* far too little. You can't blame Eve for that. It's the American Adams who cling to their rose-tinted spectacles.

At this point, gentlemen, can you take it?

Kindly sit on your emotions. Try to relax into the judicious mood of lordly males who are accustomed to a calm weighing of evidence. Bear in mind that objectivity was never more necessary. Dismiss the personal, and seek the common denominator. For present purposes, you are entitled to make any exceptions you choose. Here, I am concerned only with what some regard as the average characteristics of the supposedly average American woman, since there's no way of making an investigation of our women except in terms of the majority of their sex. And let's rule out patriotic prejudice. This is to be no dance of adoration around a symbolic pedestal. It's a quest for facts. Let's begin, then, with a simple question—a question so simple that Mr. Average American rarely asks it:

What are our women like?

Almost everyone knows the obvious half of the answer. Certain orchids unquestionably belong to America's Eve, and there's astonishingly little disagreement about them. By something approaching general consent, she is described as:

The best-looking woman in the world.

The most modern woman in the world.

Among the world's best-dressed women.

Also, she has a remarkably fine figure; she is exceptionally intelligent; she is the most independent and free of women anywhere; she has more power over her men than do women of other nations; she enjoys the most privileges of any women anywhere; on the whole, she has more legal rights than women elsewhere; she has more initiative than most; and, finally, she owns more property and wealth—both collectively and individually—than women have held in any other country, at any time in history.

That's as brilliant an assortment of orchids as anybody's Eve might hope to win. In addition, the American woman wears this handsome corsage with befitting gestures and with few intimations of embarrassment. If false modesty ill befits a queen, she prefers to act the queen. But the trouble is that our Eve's orchids, however unique, do not begin to supply a complete answer to what—exactly—she is like. Probing, cold-blooded realists, not overly impressed by her flattering corsage, are likely to unwrap a supplementary bouquet for the American woman; and the bouquet looks suspiciously like poison ivy. Each branch bears a precise label, something like this: "Our woman is also—"

The most spoiled and self-centered woman in the world.

The most aggressive.

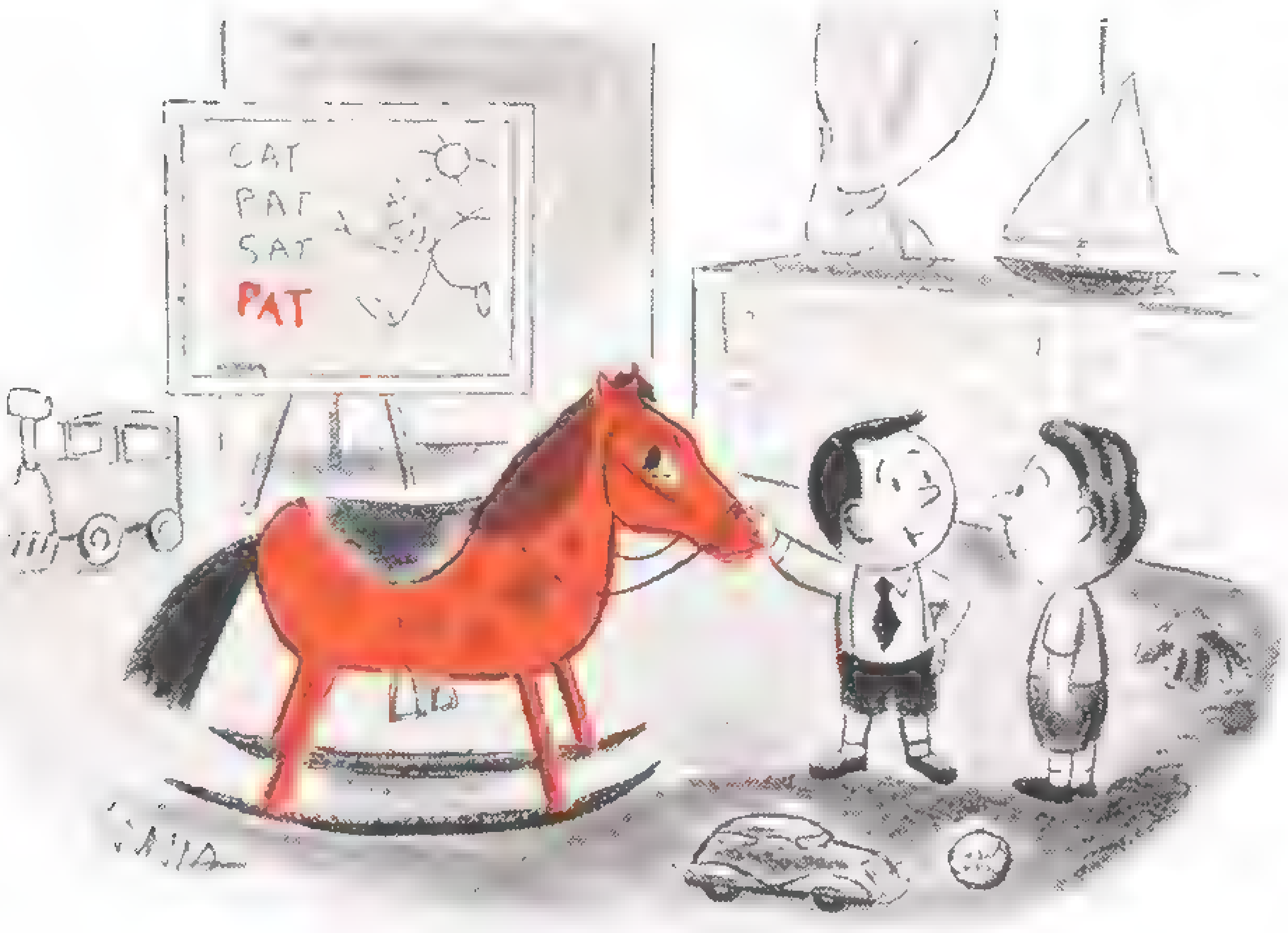
The most unhappy and dissatisfied.

She is less feminine and less interested in men than are women of other lands; she is less interested in husband, home and family; she is the world's most expensive woman; she is more restless and bored than other women; she is, in general, less spiritual and she possesses less individuality.

"Who says so?" roars a chorus of indignant American males.

Please, gentlemen. Your seats! These are the conclusions of a distinguished array of psychologists, psychoanalysts, sociologists, and such. Lined up behind them are most foreigners (male or female) who have spent much time in the United States—and also an increasing number of traveled Americans. You may prefer to dismiss the amateurs; but the

Continued on page 94



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Provide that extra stretch that you need to bend or reach in complete comfort. $1.50 up.

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Balanced/bias cut shorts take good, hard wear . . . seams won't strain, pull or rip. And fine Knothe materials take trip after trip to the laundry. $1.50 up.

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Exclusive pendent grip adjusts for short, medium or long legs. No more binding, or pulling on the calf. 55¢ up.

PAJAMAS
Balanced/bias cut for all-night comfort. Elastic waistband eliminates twisting tie-cords. Skillfully tailored. $5.95 up.

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What's Wrong with Our Women?

Continued from page 93

experts are specialists. Experience has made them prudent fellows: they shy clear of public forums where they might be lynched. But the scientific urge compels them to examine all kinds of evidence and to publish the results of their researches in such weighty volumes as *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*. What they reveal may be embarrassing or annoying, but you can't ignore or underestimate their accumulated facts. The specialists can't be accused of malice. Nor can their findings be waved lightly aside.

On the evidence, one fundamental fact should be plain. Something pretty awful has happened to our good-looking, headstrong, self-satisfied American Eve. She has fallen off her pedestal!

As yet, she herself and a host of her unanalytical admirers may be only dimly aware of it, but the question has long ceased to be whether something, just possibly, might be amiss with her. Today the question is phrased only in one way: "What's wrong with our women?" When that becomes a dominant query, danger signals are flying, helter-skelter, all over our social landscape.

Mr. Average American is an incurable idealist about women—especially about "our women." But if millions of American Adams are still unprepared for the realists' candid portrait, millions of our Eves are caught in a more desperate plight. Suppose their men begin to open their eyes, for a change? Suppose they begin to look closely and listen attentively? Obviously, women can't change years of habit in a few weeks or months. What, if anything, could be expected to blast American females out of being themselves?

Well, it has happened—if only to a degree. For a brief period during the war, America's Eves succumbed to a revolutionary change, both out-of-character and significant. Suddenly they lost their long-established habit of playing "hard to get." When I came home from China, Burma, India, and Russia at the end of 1942, I could scarcely believe my eyes. In one year of war an amazing thing had happened. American women, right out in public, were walking the main streets of our cities *holding hands* with their men in uniform. In restaurants, on trains, almost anywhere, you saw American Eves—completely off pedestal, publicly showing affection for their husbands or boy friends. The entire American scene had taken on an unaccustomed warmth and humanness. The change was so tremendous that it was wryly amusing—but also decidedly ironic. Never, before or since, have I seen American women demonstrate *en masse* so unabashed an interest in mere man.

Of course they reverted swiftly to normal, once the war ended. Within a year after V-J Day, Eve was back in the saddle, pushing toward whatever she thought she wanted and dragging her unprotesting male after her. In most foreign countries women do not need a national draft act or mobilization to prompt or excuse a natural show of affection toward the men of their choice. But it will probably take another world war to blast the American woman into treating her man, publicly, as anything more than a convenient door opener or check payer.

The war had another upsetting effect on American women. And, from their viewpoint, this one was truly menacing. Millions of American men got a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to compare their women with those of other nations. For the first time in U.S. history, the American female encountered large-scale competition from foreign women; and the competition proved almost as deadly as it was real. If vast numbers of our men had been kept overseas for another two or three years, heaven knows what inferiority complexes and neuroses America's vaunted Eves might have developed. They were caught completely off base. They were thrown on the defensive—a situation that simply wasn't in their book. Most alarmingly, a very considerable percentage of American males abroad indicated plainly that what they discovered both intrigued and pleased them.

This is where America's Eves began to wobble visibly on their previously unthreatened pedestals. Those foreign creatures were shamelessly without scruples. They gave every evidence that they recognized a good thing when they saw it. As for our boys overseas, whether in Australia, the Orient, the Near East, or Europe, they were pretty well embarked on learning new things about women—or was it more things about a different kind of women?

It wasn't the women of easy virtue who made a lasting impression on them, either. The vast majority of American boys who married foreign girls fell in love with decent, respectable persons—girls or women who represented the average in their country and community. Among the Americans, the percentage of those who were free to marry and *did* marry foreign girls was impressively high. They took the vows with 55,000 British women alone. Tens of thousands more married women from all parts of Europe, the Far East and Australia. The Yankee Lochinvars brought their war brides home with great pride; and most of these supposedly rash ventures appear to be working out very satisfactorily.

"I'll take my dishonorable discharge and get out of my own

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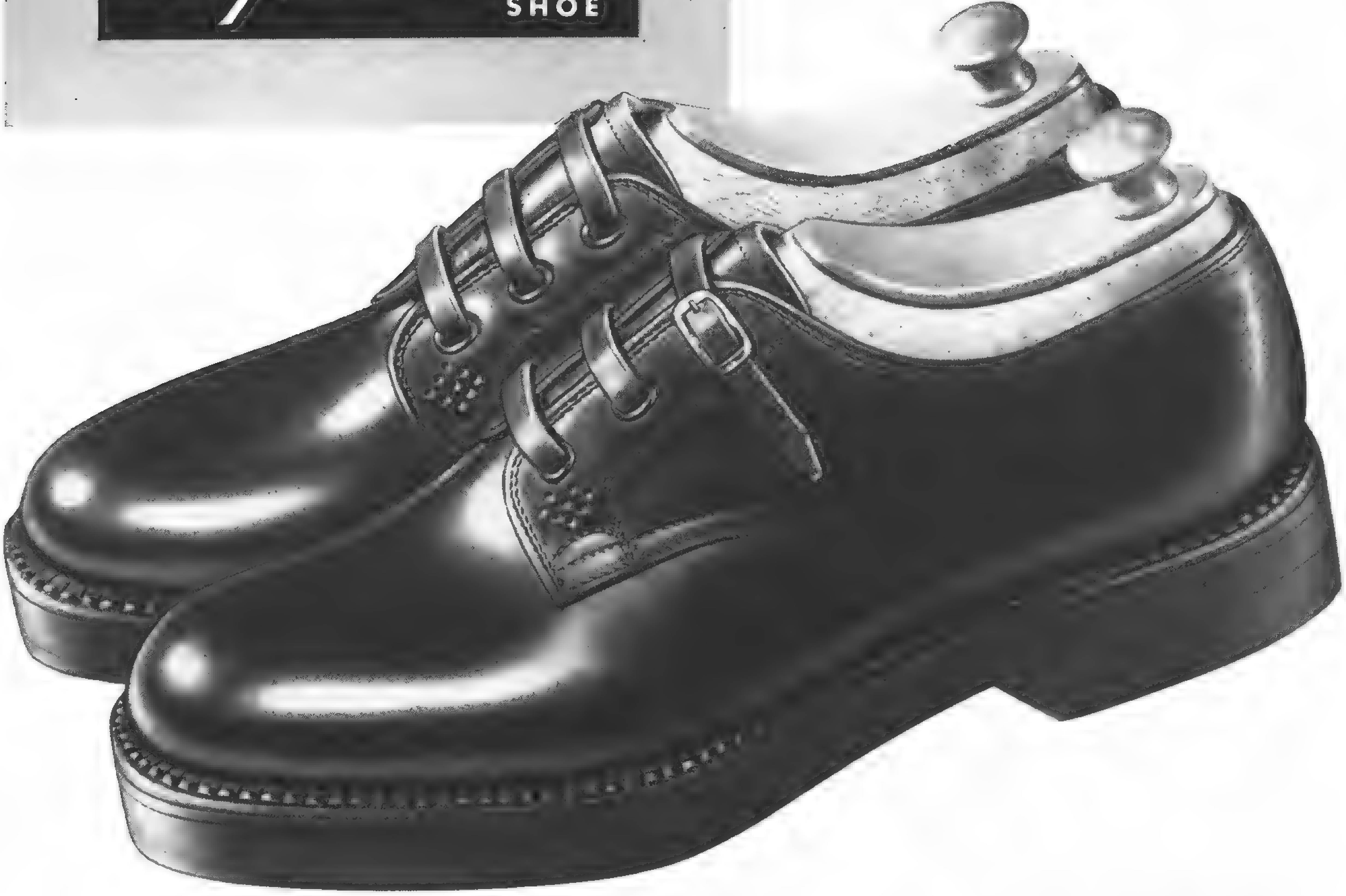

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What's Wrong with Our Women?

Continued from page 94

country if they send my girl back to Italy," declared a corporal recently. When a girl puts a guy in that frame of mind, she must have something. What made so many American youths fall so hard for the women they met overseas? The answer to that question should be highly educational for many of the girls they left behind—and left. Talking about their non-American fiancées, Americans overseas have been heard to make the following remarks:

"You oughta see how my French gal can cook and sew."

"Say, these Australian women are really okay. They're so natural and unspoiled. They appreciate any little thing you do for them."

"You know—my girl can do everything. Every time I see her, she's fixing my socks or my uniform or something."

"I'll say these women over here are different. Why, they're always asking what *you* want to do. Imagine that!"

"They don't expect you to spend a lot of money on them. They know how to have a good time."

I remember an Air Forces lieutenant, reassigned from England to a special training job in Texas. Somehow he managed to have his English bride join him. "You ought to see how my wife has got our quarters in the barracks fixed up," he told me. "It takes a British girl to make a place cozy with next to nothing. The American wives at camp can't hold a candle to her. Most of them are griping and complaining. They're all jealous of her, too. Betty just buckles down with what she's got, and shows them up. British girls really know how to make a home. For one thing they're not spoiled dolls."

The war-brides' husbands fairly oozed with glowing testimonials. Sex appeal and the mating technique did not seem to be major elements in their happy state of mind—at any rate, not what aroused most comment. One conclusion was inescapable: by and large, these foreign women possessed a lot of qualities that the average American girl apparently lacked, either *in toto* or to a noticeable degree. You can sum the whole situation up pretty accurately in this fashion: *most women of non-American background and nationality are brought up to please men.* And most males, including Americans, are so egotistical or perverse as to greatly relish being pleased.

Our servicemen merely discovered overseas what almost all cosmopolitan, traveled observers have long known. They learned that, on the average, the women of other continents are considerably more interested than American girls—1) in men as men; 2) in their own personal lifetime jobs of being successful as women, wives, and homemakers. As a result, foreign women know a good deal more about cooking, sewing, and housekeeping than the cocksure, somewhat willful, and much more self-promoting American women do. The overseas woman attaches at least as much importance to what she can do in her feminine sphere as she does to how she looks. She grows up with an acute consciousness that her chief asset is her femininity; the more intrinsically feminine she is, the better. In her different civilization, culture and code, it is an accepted axiom that the woman demands less and gives more. She regards this as natural. All she needs to do is to understand that her own feminine weapons are unbeatable. The more she sticks to her own ground, to her own weapons and instincts, the greater are her prospects of genuine fulfillment as a woman. These things are ABC's for most women throughout the world—except in the United States.

The most important differences between foreign and American women are those you hear the least about. There's a popular idea that foreign women excel in such items as greater vivacity of expression, more exotic complexions, and more zestful performance after the lights are out. All of which is sometimes true. But to assume that these are their chief distinctions is unsophisticated, inaccurate, and beside the point.

The basic ways in which majority of foreign women differ from Americans are—1) in their attitude and mentality; 2) in their acceptance of woman's position in society; 3) in their essential femininity. And so America's Eve is left in a rather lonely place of her own. Why, she wonders, do these foreign women rate so highly anyhow? They are not nearly so independent. They do not have so many varieties of careers. Their lives are narrower. On the whole they possess far fewer legal rights. Even if they give more, they get less—so far as the eye can see. Yet the experts now hand these women a surprising number of laurels—and at the expense of the very females who have collected more fancy adjectives and adulation than any others on earth.

At this critical point, many American pedestal-worshippers are doubtless being blown off their chairs by their patriotic emotions. These are mere generalities, they say wrathfully. If the psychologists and the rest of these so-called, self-designated "experts" wish to level a wholesale indictment against our American women, let them be specific. What facts can they produce to back up their unchivalrous, uncalled-for accusations? Probably most of these professional "detractors of American womanhood" are frustrated intellectuals, namby-pamby professors, or shameless ex-patriots. Let them put up, or shut up!

Which is reason enough to get down to cases. So let's consider the main charges that the realists bring against America's Eve when they attempt to balance the picture and put her in perspective.

1. *Our women*, they say, *are the most spoiled and self-centered in the world.*

That reminds me of Mary Garden's classical comment: "American women don't worship their men. They merely skin them." (Now really, Mary. Aren't you carrying it to extremes?) Being a reporter by training, I would prefer to let American women speak for themselves. I wonder if you've heard very much of what they've been saying, from coast to coast, for a good many years?

"I just adore Robert Taylor," says Mrs. Smith, "so Bill and I went to the movies."

"Dick really wanted a Buick, but I *had* to have a Packard," explains Mrs. Johnson brightly.

"I can't stand Chinese food. *You* can go there some other time."

"I've found a wonderful place for our vacation. We always go to the mountains. You know, *I* like them much the best."

"And really," says Mrs. Perry (just as if her husband hadn't the remotest connection with the matter), "they offered $30,000 for *my* house. But of course, *I* wouldn't consider selling it for that."

In the United States, the overall feminine chant emphasizes the perpendicular pronoun. Our women betray themselves when they talk about what they prefer, what they want, what they've got, or what they are out to get. Listen for a while, and you can't escape the impression that it's the men's first obligation to please their women in practically everything—and that this is an operation which should be reversed only under exceptional circumstances. There is no other country in the world where women wait so presumptuously for some male to light their cigarette. And this is the only country where obliging males frequently get not so much as a slight nod for their pains. America's Eve takes most of the daily little courtesies as her imperial due. She parades her feminine priorities and often ignores the existence of any masculine priorities. In general, she exudes a deeply entrenched conviction that woman comes first and goes through life much as she goes through a doorway. No women are more waited upon. Yet no women anywhere are more indifferent or oblivious to what reciprocal graciousness can mean.

2. *Our women are exceptionally aggressive.*

Spend an hour or two trying to get near bargain counters in your local department store. Watch the "lady" shoppers pushing into commuters' trains or city busses. Observe how they capitalize on the "women-first" tradition—in railroad stations, elevators, or anywhere. In American ticket lines or queues, notice how, almost invariably, it is some female who pushes callously ahead of dozens of waiting people.

In the New York subway the other day a determined Amazon nearly knocked a man off his feet as she barged into a train. In any foreign city, the woman would have excused herself graciously—certainly, if she were as well-dressed as this female was. Did she turn around? Did she beg the fellow's pardon? Not she! For all she cared, the man she had crashed into might have been a bag of meal. The venom in his eyes was really something. It is only in America that it is woman's special prerogative to be rude. We have more female pushers, shovers, grabbers, and go-getters than any other section of the globe. There remain only a minority of exceptions, ladies who are nobly aware that "aggressive" is not synonymous with "ladylike." But the only place for our average Eve is out in front. She gets there.

3. *Our women are the most unhappy and dissatisfied.*

The realists waste few words

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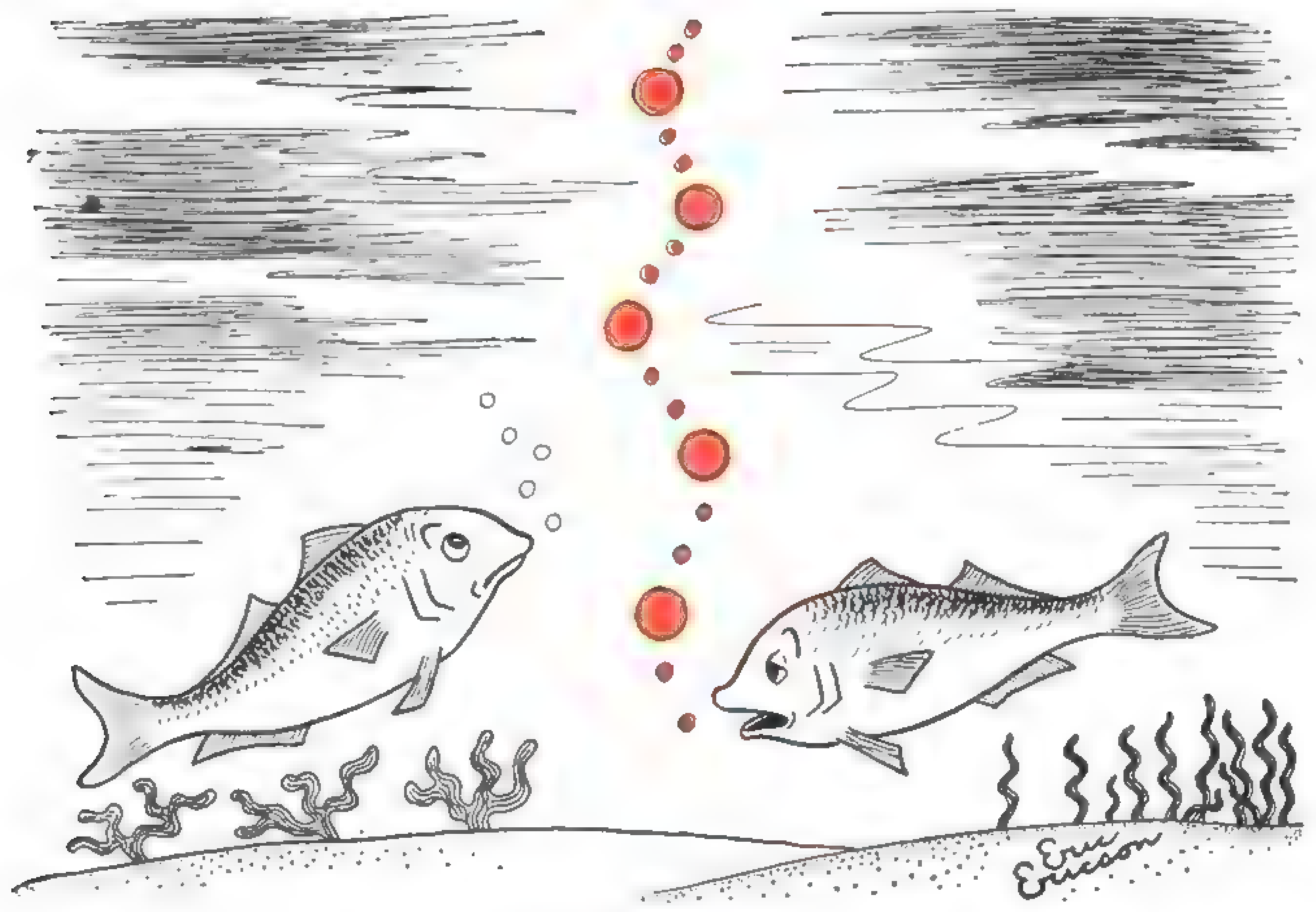

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What's Wrong with Our Women?

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on this question. "Look at their faces," they say.

That's pertinent advice. The faces of American women tell a great deal. They merit much study and more reflection. Negatively, they are very interesting. I say negatively because our women's faces, on the average, are unusual for what they do *not* have rather than for what they have. In general, they lack mobility and expression. They also lack the range of individuality that differentiates the features of most women abroad. In the American woman's countenance, as in her voice, it is exceptional to discern something truly distinctive, a real personality. And her face too often mirrors discontent; in repose it is likely to be metallic, without inner light.

When American women are alone and not called upon to put on a social act, their faces reveal a great deal. Traces of contentment, let alone happiness are rarely to be observed. But the evidence of widespread unhappiness among our women is not only written in their faces. They themselves are the first to admit the depths of their discontent. By the frankness of their confessions they continue to appall and alarm psychiatrists and other doctors. In no other country do women reveal their spiritual uneasiness so publicly as in the United States. By scores of thousands, their letters are published yearly in "advice to the lovelorn" columns and read by millions of other women—who presumably are interested for similar reasons. Dorothy Dix, Beatrice Fairfax, and many other confessional columnists are assured of handsome, lifelong incomes simply because such a great percentage of their fellow countrywomen are excessively unhappy.

An eminent psychiatrist, backed by many of his colleagues, says American women "have gone *too far too fast* . . . They haven't developed emotionally in keeping with their economic and social advancement." Pearl Buck offers an extremely perceptive observation. She says: "I have never seen in any country . . . such unsatisfactory relationship between men and women as there is in America. No, not even in Japan, where women as a class are depressed as women never were."

That's straight from the shoulder, and fundamental. The American woman may enjoy remarkable privileges and exceptional power. Nevertheless, and by and large, she confesses herself to be spiritually and emotionally adrift. In her actions, as in her face, she reveals an unparalleled inner hunger and uncertainty.

4. *Our women are less feminine and less interested in men.*

It's notorious that women "wear the pants" in the average American household. But it's equally evident that the trousers chafe them sorely. America's Eve is the undisputed boss in nine out of ten of our homes, and equally so in virtually all our elementary and secondary schools. European observers have no doubt (and neither should any half-conscious American male) that women run almost everything in the U.S.A. —except, occasionally, their husband's offices. That demonstrates the pronounced ability of American women. But it also greatly reduces the field in which men are essential to them. American husbands intrude upon or share in only a minor portion of their wives' major activities. Maybe this makes it inevitable that our women show a limited and minimum interest in men.

As a minor test, try this one. Walk along Fifth Avenue or any comparable thoroughfare in any larger American city at any time between mid-morning and nightfall. Watch the steady procession of women. The majority of them would not see Clark Gable or the handsomest man in the world if he passed by, or even if they almost bumped into him. It couldn't happen in Stockholm, Paris, Rome, Rio—or Geneva, Switzerland. Not that "honest" women in other lands actually invite sidewalk flirtations. They don't. But wherever foreign women go, they carry with them a subtle awareness of men as *men.* They are too feminine to be capable of spending several hours in public places without occasionally noticing a man who has some quality that, however fleetingly, focuses their attention. In similar circumstances, most American women simply do not see men at all. They have more important things to think about. Men are reserved for certain times and places—a matter of the women's own convenience. At other times and places, men do not, as a rule, exist for them. In no other part of the world have I observed this phenomenon to a like degree.

This brings up a paradox. Certainly no other women spend such enormous amounts of money on beauty treatments, coiffeurs, "uplifts," and other paraphernalia to enhance either appearance or sex appeal. You might think this expensive ritual demonstrates the American woman's interest in males. In males as a convenience to have around? Or in males *as such?* Or is she chiefly interested in attracting attention and admiration for herself? I leave it to you to figure out the percentages on this delicate subject. But this much is sure: femininity is a quality which cannot be measured by what a woman puts on. Femininity is what any woman has got on the inside—what she *is.* Could it, by any chance, be true that the more feminine a woman is on the inside, the less she feels the need of excessive indulgence in make-up rituals, "slenderizers," and innumerable other "come-on" devices? Could it be that when women strain so desperately to create a romantic appeal they admit subconsciously that what femininity they possess rather badly needs bolstering? . . . I'm just a chap who looks—and wonders.

Most of the world's women have precious little cash to spend on beauty treatments. But there's no discernible shortage of femininity among them. If they believe in enhancing their appearance, they seldom go to the American extremes. Where sex appeal is concerned, they do not confuse artificial accessories with the fundamental article. As for being feminine, it remains for America's Eve to assume that what goes on the outside can be equivalent to the quality of femininity itself. Judged by their efforts and actions, our women desperately want to be more feminine. They gild the lily—and how! But if they were not essentially less feminine than they ought to be, would they feel the need of making such efforts to get that way?

Femininity also means staying on women's ground. This is the last thing most of our women seem satisfied to do—and the last thing many of their men will let them do. Our superindustrialized civilization demands that women compete with men in many of their own fields. They have done it, aggressively and with ability. More and more thay have had to compete with men—as a result of which they have taken to aping men and acting like men. In the process, they have become increasingly less feminine—in their habits and actions, in their minds and instincts. No cosmetic house will ever invent a formula or penetrating cream that will come within a billion light-years of the seat of the dislocation.

5. *Our women are less interested in their husbands, home, and family.*

Why waste space on the obvious? Close to 100,000 American war grooms have already brought home the vital evidence and testimony. They fell for foreign women chiefly because these unfamiliar creatures were surprisingly interested in woman's job and woman's sphere.

6. *Our women are excessively expensive.*

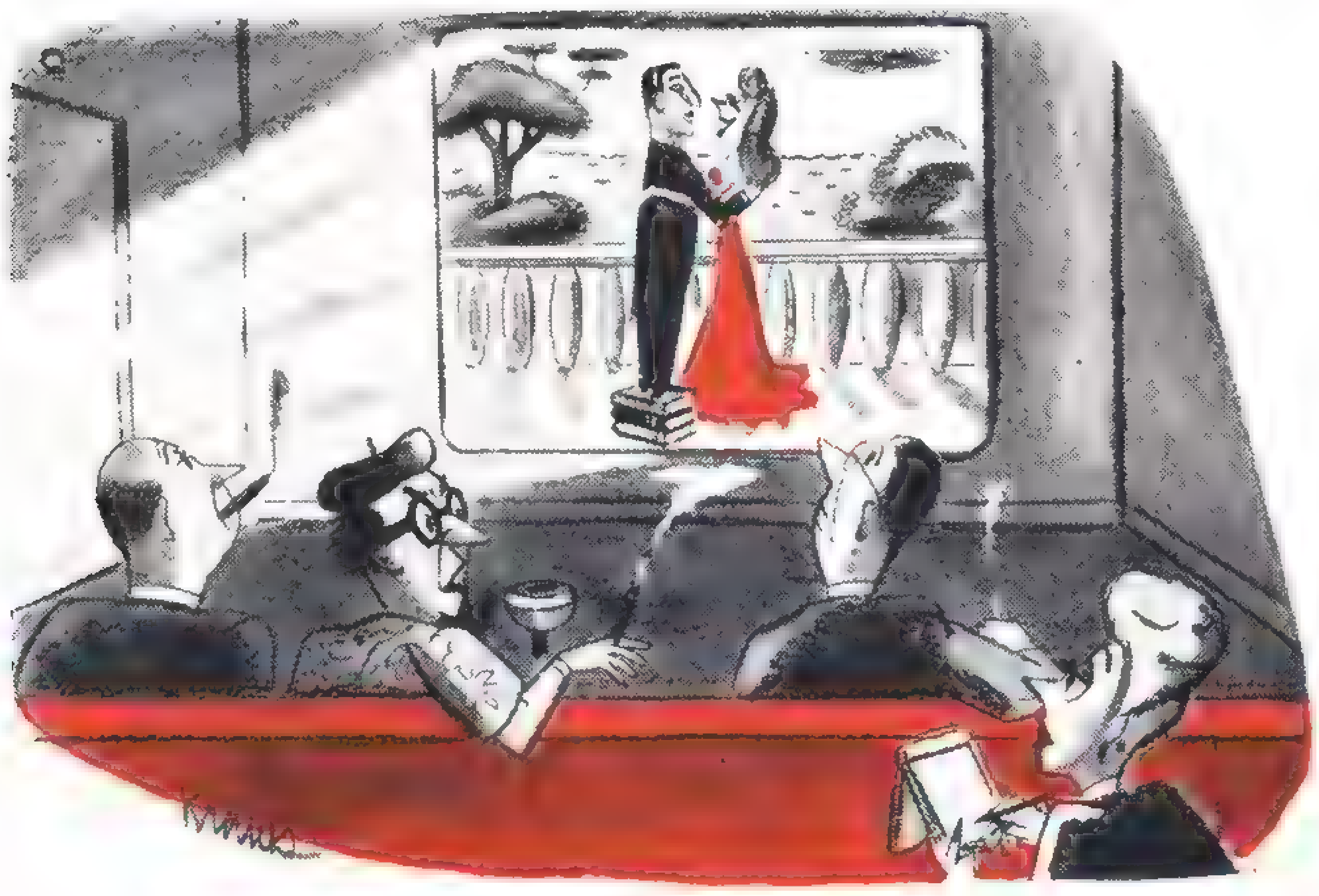
When foreign men start squiring almost any star-spangled Eve, they reach this conclusion promptly. In our near-matriarchy, the female customarily does the choosing, and she is rarely reticent about her tastes and preferences. After a brief exposure to our female tourists in prewar Paris, many a European ruefully made the comment that it's largely the American woman's fault she is losing her power over men. The idea is getting around that women want a lot for what they give. When our boys went overseas, they discovered the same thing, by comparison.

Of course many of our women manage to keep their demands within reason. But the notion has nevertheless got around that the American feminine article is, on the whole, about the most expensive known to man. It isn't merely because of what she expects for entertainment and clothes. It's because of *what she expects*—namely, plenty. Maybe masculine overindulgence and false pride are partly responsible. It's human for the girls to take what they can get. The emphasis on material things and comforts in our society is certainly another factor. In any case, the upshot is that America's Eves are pretty demanding darlings. Far more hard cash is spent on their material comfort, adornment, pleasure, or whims than on those of any other women. American men make a cult of encouraging this situation. Why blame the women? Here we merely recognize a fact.

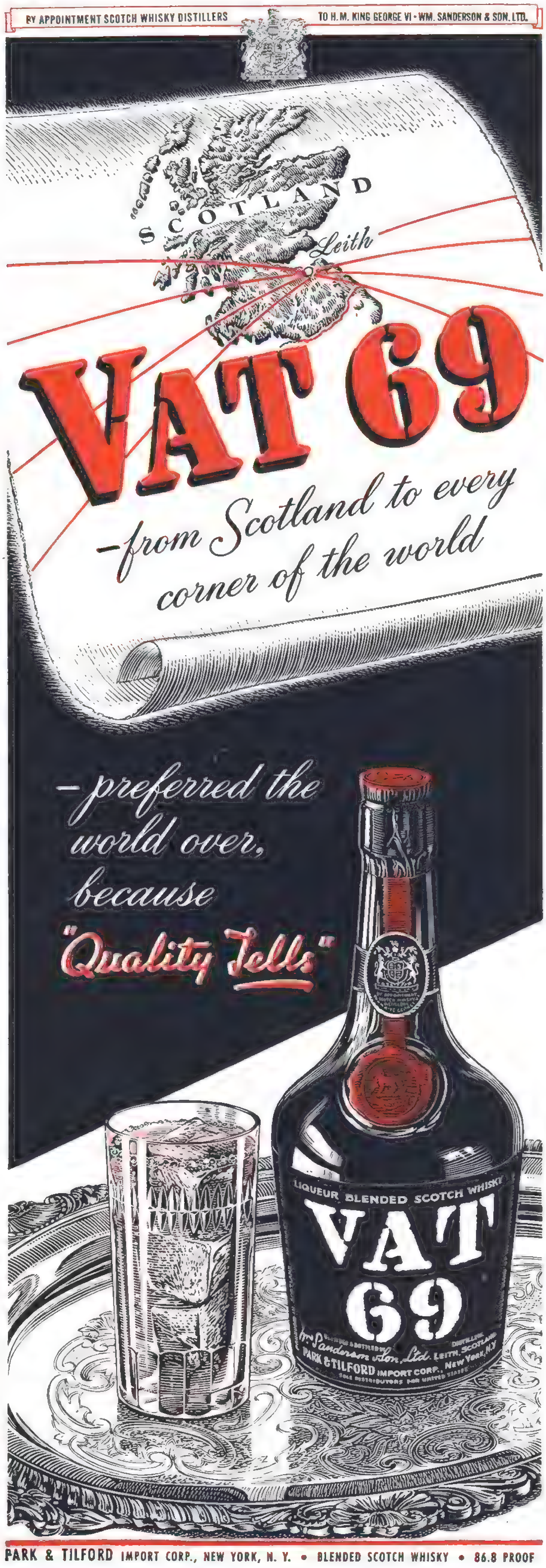
7. *Our women are more restless and bored.*

In general, they have more leisure than women elsewhere. Time-saving inventions, from electric washing machines to God knows what, have conspired to leave an increasing vacuum in the daily routine of most of our middle- or upper-middle-class women. A great many have gone into women's clubs and other social or charitable activities. Even so, they often have more

Continued on page 100



"Take a memo to the camera department—no long shots of Gregg Lawford and Loretta Shmerz!"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What's Wrong with Our Women?

Continued from page 99

time than they know what to do with, or are bored with the uses to which they put their time.

This may apply specifically only to a minority. But this minority sets the pattern and exercises an influence much beyond its numerical size. Man or woman, we Americans are restless animals. But the restlessness of American women, according to psychiatrists, goes much deeper than that of men. America's average Eve seems always to be seeking desperately, but not finding. She is the antithesis of the relatively fulfilled, inwardly secure woman who exists in impressive numbers in most foreign lands.

8. *Our women are less spiritual and have less individuality.*

Here again perhaps our assembly-line civilization is largely to blame. Something is criminally responsible for the terrible standardization of American women. Anyone with a slight degree of artistic discrimination must be aware of the deplorable sameness of females from one end of the U.S.A. to the other. The majority of our women look the same, dress the same, act the same, and sound much the same. Any real incentive to make new acquaintanceships with women is lower in this country, I believe, than in any other. An intelligent Chinese writer, Helena Kuo, says (in *The American Mercury*): "American city women, with their standardized faces, legs, shoes, and figures, seem so uniform that we of the East cannot recognize them individually . . . They seem to come off the production line so rapidly that they look like members of a Rockette dancing chorus."

In most countries women aspire to be distinctive, in personality and appearance. The opposite is true here. America's Eve has the naïve idea that she should ape her sister-competitors as much as possible. The fashion magazines, the beauticians, and Hollywood exert a diabolical influence. The combined result levels down our women of all ages. The conception of a woman *being herself* is regarded as outlandish. Only the most discriminating and strong-minded succeed in resisting terrific pressures toward conformity.

If our women are not even a fraction as interesting as they could be and ought to be, they themselves are largely to blame. They refuse to grasp a simple fact—*when a woman is different she has really got something.* The element of the unsuspected, the unlike, or the mysterious is totally absent in most American women. If you meet them in Boston or Atlanta, the odds are that you've already met them in Chicago or Seattle. Whatever the labels on the bottle, the wine is much the same. What a wasted opportunity! What a neglect of fine material!

With the loss of her individuality, the American woman inevitably loses a certain indefinable spiritual spark as well. For some reason, the humble American waitress is a notable exception. But good repartee, the skillful art of fencing with words, is too rarely the forte of the American Eve. Perhaps our civilization overstresses the exterior and sadly neglects what is interior and personal. Individuality comes from the inside and feeds on spiritual fires within. But this, precisely, is what most of our women seem determined to have as little of as possible. It is our great loss as well as theirs.

By this time it must be apparent that the orchids collected by our American Eves do not stand up well under a Klieg-light inspection. The glamour and the beautiful (standardized) figure may suit her posture well, but they are only one aspect of a rounded-out composite portrait. The American woman's attention and efforts have been recklessly concentrated on appearances—on what she can get, have, or use—on externals. For far too many years, she has occupied herself feverishly with almost everything except those things that would most develop her femininity and would give her the deepest satisfactions that women can have. It is small wonder that, on the average, she gives every indication of not knowing what she wants. How can she know what she wants, when, in our mechanized and extroverted civilization, she does not know where she belongs?

Have American men been of any real, intuitive help to her in her confusion, perplexity, and frustration? Far from it. They keep pushing her deeper into the squirrel cage of her quandary. If there is one song that all the women in the United States of America ought to sing in chorus, it is this: "You made me what I am today—I hope you're satisfied."*

The odd thing is that an amazing proportion of America's males actually seem to be fairly well satisfied. It doesn't make sense, and it's no tribute either to their awareness or their intelligence. After all, the specialists agree that there is a good deal which has gone haywire in our women; and the reason isn't simply that those cantankerous, feminine creatures really wanted to go haywire. They never could have succeeded without a lot of unconscious or intentional help from their men.

But that's another problem, and it requires another investigation. If you don't know what or how much has gone wrong with your women, Mr. Average American, it's time to take a long look in your mirror—whether before or after shaving is of minor importance. ⧺

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The Pigeon-Blood Star

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I stretch onto the bed, working it out, but the thought of that soft-curved body keeps getting in the way. I think grimly: *She'll play hell taking advantage of you, Sheddon.* And then there's a pounding on the door. It's Ram, panting. "Sahib! Memsahib gone burning ghat! I follow!"

For a second I'm motionless, frozen; then I'm off the bed, shaking him. "You wog ape! Burning ghat! Her?"

He nods, frightened. I pull on clothes, raging and unbelieving, and push him downstairs into a cab. "Now! Tell me! When?"

"Sahib! Just now! I hear her tell taxi and I know you go there too, soon, so I come!" His face is taut; his teeth seem to chatter, but the inevitable grin breaks through. "Sahib! I best bearer in India! I go America, no?"

"No!" I say wildly. I grope in my pockets, find American cigarettes, and shove them at the Sikh driver. "Go!"

The cab bucks, and there's cold fear and anger. Fear because that slim, arrogant figure is alone among low-caste fanatics inflamed by hate; anger because someone has led her to the ghat. I curse. How did she get on the trail?

We swerve past the Government House and the maidan with its peaceful lawns and trees; then, as if someone has drawn a curtain, we're in the old city of intricate alleys and bazaars and mosques. Crowded, filthy streets, but whole blocks ominously empty—blocks of burned-out shops and sprawling corpses and the stench of death. It's minutes before we grind to a stop at the entrance to the temple grounds. I jerk Ram close to me and run. "Watch the mob! Tell me what they say!"

"Sahib! No! White man not go!"

But I'm inside then, on the stone walks teeming with the devout. There's a sudden, shrill bleating; from the corner of my eye I see a goat. Simultaneously there's a rash of sound, drums, and gongs, from the temple proper; I'm running through the surging, black-skinned mass. And even then I can sense the hostile looks.

I make the inner court; it's even more crowded, but it's the silence that leads me to her. It's a tense, threatening silence as of a mass of people uncertain. They're behind her, around her, following as she walks. She's moving slowly, as if unconscious of them, but there's stark terror in her bearing. I think: *Thank God the British left some fear in them, despite their hatred.* Then I gasp. She's heading straight for the temple proper.

I'm sliding through them, frantic, trying not to push; then I'm beside her. She looks at me, her face drained of all color, and she says but one word. "Mark!"

I grab her arm. "Fool!" I say fiercely. "My God, do you know what you've got into? Circle away from that Temple!"

I feel her tremble and I keep talking, trying to appear calm while I size it up. The mob is gradually growing; it's a powder keg awaiting the spark of leadership . . .

I look back toward the gate, then at the brick wall that surrounds the ghat, and I draw a deep breath. "Listen!" I say harshly. "You asked for it. Our chances are just as good of getting to the ghat as of getting back to that gate. Normally they don't like to go in there. Smile!"

We move, fighting the impulse to run, and the mob follows, ugly. I feel my face freeze into a meaningless grin; my stomach is a knot. I keep my eyes straight ahead, taking long strides, almost dragging her beside me. She's tense and silent; it's a lifetime before the wall looms, and the entrance. "Quick!" I say. "Inside!"

And she's shaking, cold in disbelief. I look and breathe a long sigh; the mob, seeing us enter, has slowed and stopped, and there are comparatively few people inside. We slide, panting, toward the near corner of the wall; then I grab her, feeling my fingers bite into her flesh, and I want to slap that lovely, sultry face. "Go on!" I say savagely. "My God, why did you have to head for the Temple itself? Did you have to come here?"

The fear is still there, but there's the sudden, arrogant flash of defiance, and her color floods back. "It's still my business, Mr. Sheddon."

I want to shake her, to tear that smug, false courage from her; I bite off the words. "Who sent you?"

But I know. In that same second I know, for across from us, by the far wall, I catch a glimpse of Rashid. The dhoti and shawl are gone, but there's the bland, chocolate face and for a second his eyes are on me, glittering. Even as I move, he melts out of sight behind one of the pyres.

I spin on her, anger surging inside. "Rashid double-crossed me and came to you! How much did you offer him?"

There's the little, mocking smile. "For your information, Mr. Sheddon, one thousand rupees." And she adds, fliply, "Our appointments here seem to coincide."

I curse, hating her. Then I glance at my watch; it's almost three and I look around me, fast.

There are several burnings in progress—the oblong pits dug into the soft earth, wood-filled, then the bodies and more wood piled high on top, and the smoke. Around the pits are a few squatting relatives and the sore, sick dogs and the beggars. I take it in quickly, searching. Then at the far end I see a new pyre, and

Continued on page 102

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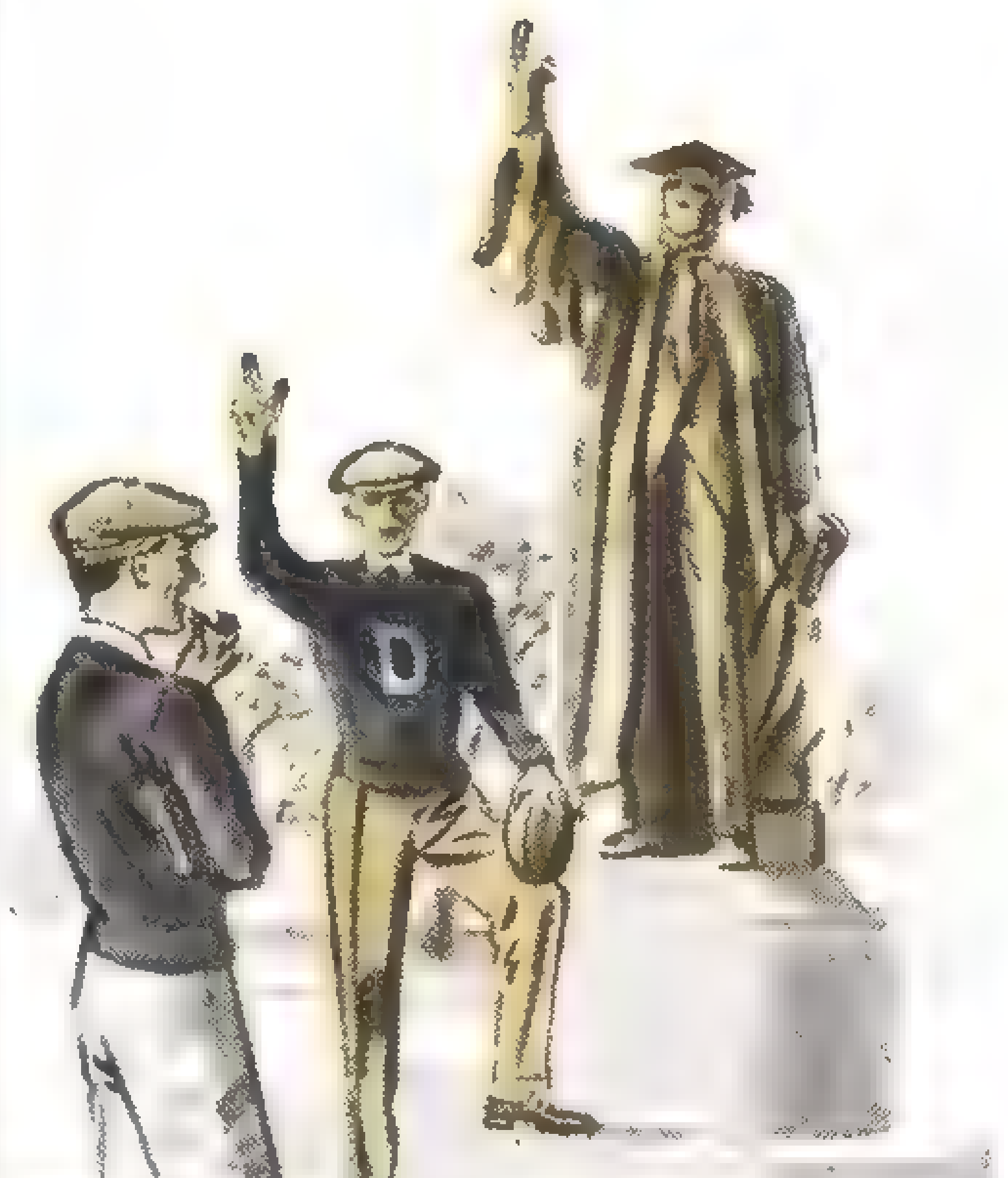

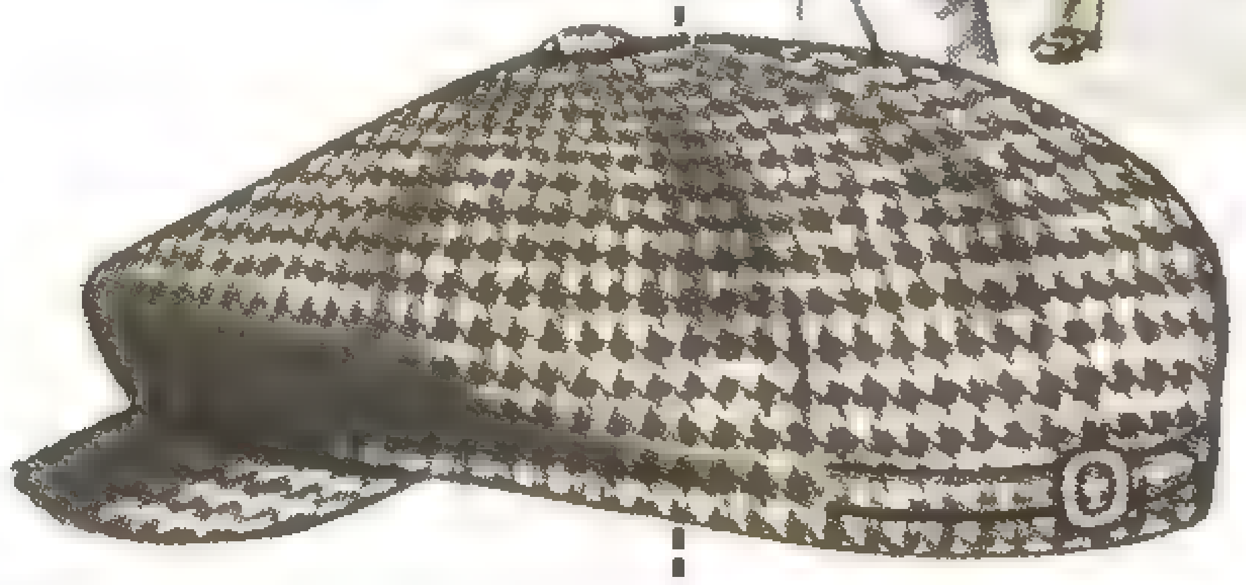

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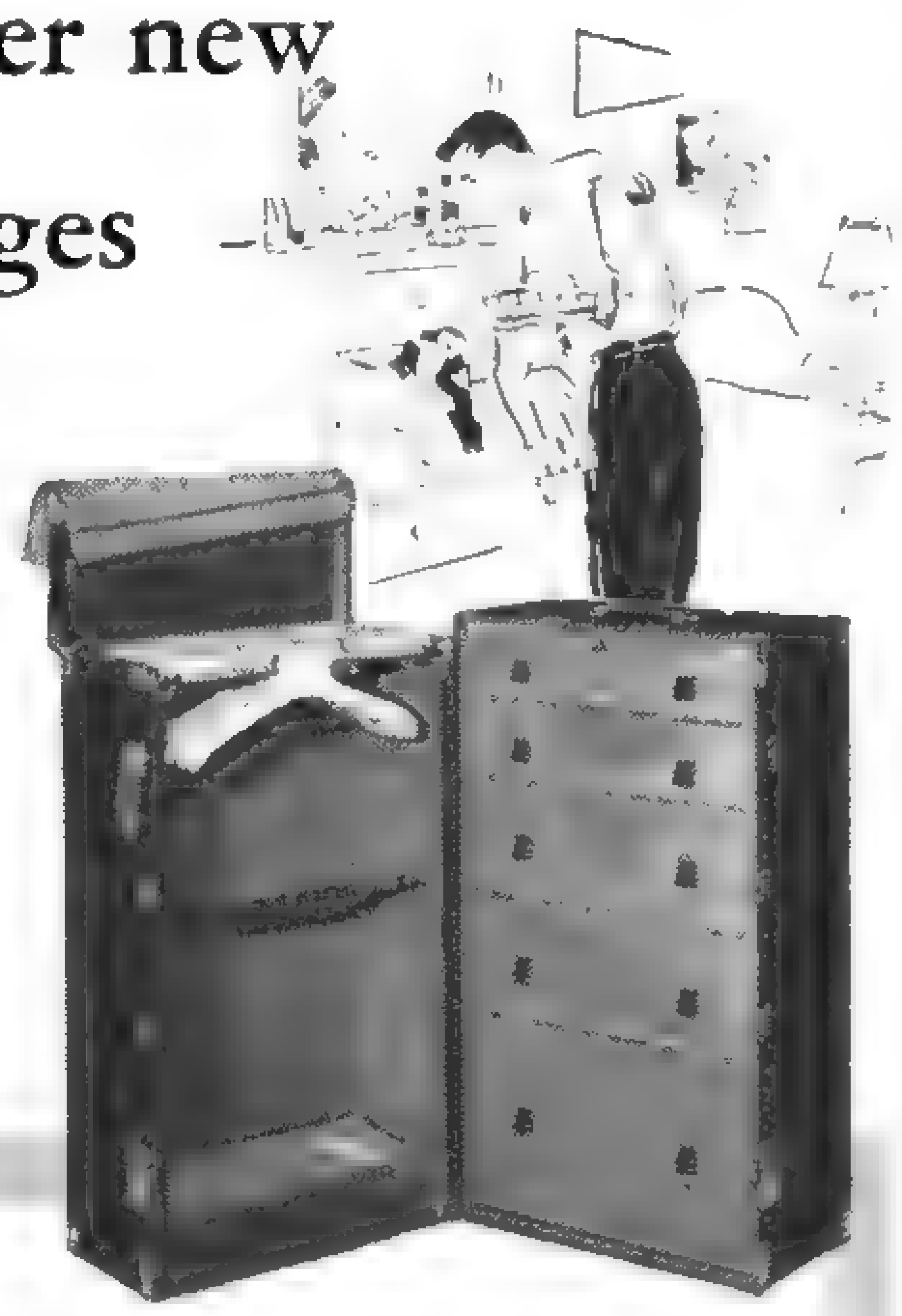

Hartmann

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The Pigeon-Blood Star

Continued from page 101

protruding from one end a pair of feet, painted red, signifying that the dead woman is survived by her husband. And beside the pyre the scrawny, black figure of an old man with a long white beard. Even as I look, a small boy picks up a torch and walks around the pyre slowly, seven times. Then he thrusts the torch into the wood and there's the first grey, sickening curl of smoke.

I feel her sway against me, and there are little drops of perspiration on her forehead. I can't help it; I say brutally, "They never burn the children—just toss 'em in the Ganges. Ever see anything like it in Rangoon, Miss Vail?" But I wish I could eat the words.

Then I turn, fast, seeking Ram. He's behind me; I motion. "You interpret! Go to the old one and tell him I am buyer of rare stones. Tell him I want to see him outside the temple grounds as soon as possible."

He nods, and in the same moment I grin; I even laugh. We stand there waiting and watching. Ram approaches the old man and speaks low, pointing toward us. For a moment there's fear in the old man's eyes; then, as if weary, he looks at us and nods. He speaks to Ram slowly, then turns away, facing the pyre.

"Sahib!" Ram says to me. "Tomorrow! He will see you at . . ."

I cut him short, still grinning. "Have the taxi come to the entrance nearest here. Hurry!"

I hear her gasp. She says faintly, "I . . . have no interpreter!" and her eyes are darting about, frantic. "They told me any one of the Brahmans would . . ."

I say lightly, "Did you really expect to find the Brahmans here in these times? Of course, you could come back, on the chance the old man might still be here . . ."

She looks about her at the smoldering pyres, shuddering, then at me. Her face is taut and strained, but her eyes meet mine. She says, "You seem to have won this trick, Mr. Sheddon." Then she seems to wilt. "Mark . . . I've . . . got to get out of here . . ."

I say roughly, "We'll get out without going back by the temple. My God, why did you have to go through there in the first place?"

And Ram comes back, tugging. I grab her and we fairly run, the stares of hatred jabbing into us. We cross a small court and there's a hundred yards . . . fifty . . . and the gate and safety. I yank the cab door open; she sinks back onto the cushions, limp. "Queens Hotel!" I order. "Move!"

We drive the long blocks in silence; her eyes are closed and there's a whiteness around her mouth and there's a sudden hurt within me. I think: *You won, Sheddon, but it's a hollow victory. You want her. Damn her, you know what she does to men, but you want her.*

Almost as if in answer her head slips onto my shoulder and there's the fragrance of her, the warm suppleness of her body. She whispers, "Mark. I'm sorry I made trouble."

For a moment it's temptation, rushing and overwhelming, then I push her away. I say harshly, "I told you it wouldn't work. Save it for Rangoon."

She moves as if I'd slapped her, tense, her face scarlet, and she says quietly, "You're a boor, Mark Sheddon."

But, as we turn into the European section, I see her hurt, wondering expression, like a small child's. I choke the words down, but they come anyway. "We'll go to Wilton's first."

She gets out, white-weary, and we go inside. I say, "Brandy. Damn you, brandy." We drink two, fast, and they bring the life back to her face. I sit for a long time watching her, but I know what I must do. I lean across the table, trying to keep my voice even. "Maya. You've got to give up on this. A woman working in this country now, with no knowledge of it—you saw it this afternoon." I take a deep, choking breath and add, "I'll track down this one lead, and if it's no good I'll quit too."

I stop, but the words tumble out with a queer, wrenching twist. "We could go to Shillong. The mountains . . ."

And her head comes up and the fire is back in her eyes. She says, "I'll cause you no more trouble, Mr. Sheddon," and her voice is flat and strained. Then she mimics me. "'This time you've bought yourself a war, Miss Vail.'"

I stand up and kick back the chair and lead her outside, and I say, "The Queens," in quick, blind rage. But when we're there, getting out, our eyes meet for long, hot seconds. Then, without knowing how, my arms are around her, hungry, and her mouth is soft, tight against mine. She melts into me completely, with all the promise that is woman; then, like that, she's on the sidewalk and gone.

I sit there, numb, and after a while there's my hotel and Ram and his incessant prattling of America, and reality. But there's the long, tossing night, the overwhelming want . . .

I'm up early in the morning, restless, and I notice at once there's something wrong: Ram isn't there. I wait, wondering, knowing I'll need him at noon, and I think grimly: *This'll finish his America campaign, anyway.* At eleven I shrug and find another interpreter through the hotel, and a cab.

I find, in fact, two cabs; when I get into mine I see a thin, undernourished black man get into one behind me, and it doesn't look right. I let him follow a couple of blocks, and tell my driver to stop; he stops too. I get out and yank him from the seat. I growl, "Tell Memsahib to get a smart boy. Scram!" I head him toward the hotel, and push.

I grin, forgetting him; then we're nearing the address the old man has given. The first *basha*, Ram has said, by the big red warehouse on the Hooghly River. It's the water-front section of the city: filthy, fly-blown alleys and Untouchables and river workers and starving, begging masses. We find the warehouse and there's a rutted mud road crawling beside it, along the river's edge, and the row of straw and dung *bashas*. There a rickety pier jutting out from the first *basha* into the raging bore of the river; I get out, feeling my heart pump, feeling the sullen, hostile glances of the idlers and children, and I think: *The terror that must be in this man to hide in such a place.*

I say, "Wait," and the interpreter nods. I move into the tiny yard slowly, watching, and knock and call the old man's name, but there's no answer. I push on the door; it's dark inside and it takes a few seconds for my eyes to adjust themselves.

Then it's there, in all its detail. The figure of the old man sprawled on the dirt floor, twisted, grotesque, and there's the blood and the thin, long-handled knife and his garment ripped open where someone has searched. . .

My breath comes in a long, quick gasp; I'm choking, outside. I make the cab, trying to look casual, and say, "Back to the hotel," in a voice that won't stay steady. I think stupidly: *Someone got there first. Was it one of Sanjid's men? How?*

Then I'm pushing at my own door, seeking a haven to think . . . and *she's* there. She's there slim and cool and lovely on my couch and there's the quick impact of her. I stare for a moment, then I walk to the bureau and pour a stiff drink and swallow it. She says calmly, "I suppose . . . you bought the Star, Mark?"

"No."

"You spotted my bearer quickly enough. Did you see the old man?"

"Yes." I swallow the drink, and there's silence.

"Well?"

I look at her, flat, calm. "Well nothing."

She's on her feet, her voice ringing with scorn. "You're afraid of me, Mark Sheddon. Because I'm a woman!"

I say nothing; she picks up her gloves with a little gesture of finality and adds, fliply, "Well, as you haven't yet won, I'll be chasing down my own leads."

I spin on her then, without thinking. "You'll stay here! I've enough trouble without you running loose around the city."

"I will not!" Her eyes blaze.

"Sit down."

We stand there, hot anger snapping between us. "Sit down!"

And she seems to relax; there's a little shrug, and the smile comes back. She murmurs, "Kidnapping, too?" as I turn. I turn and move around the room, my mind racing, and it doesn't make sense. He's dead, and it leaves a blank, dead end. Did he have the stone? What now?

It comes after long minutes: Rashid. Rashid led us to him, and the next move is his. I think: *Sit tight, Sheddon; wait. There's something more behind that bland, furtive face than you know, and he's been offered a fortune. But will he come to* me *. . . or to* her*?*

I say curtly, "Call your hotel and tell them where you are. I've a hunch one of us is going to have a visitor."

Her eyes narrow, then she nods. "I may be better off here, at that." She pauses, grim. "If that stone happens to show up, Mr. Sheddon, don't think I won't outbid you."

And there's quick, bitter anger. "Shades of Rangoon, Miss Vail?"

The anger stays and there's restlessness and expectation, and we're fencing with each move, each look. The afternoon drags interminably; once, brittlely, she suggests gin rummy, but we give it up. And by four I'm moving, caged, about the room. It's dark when the knock comes.

I jump for the door and throw

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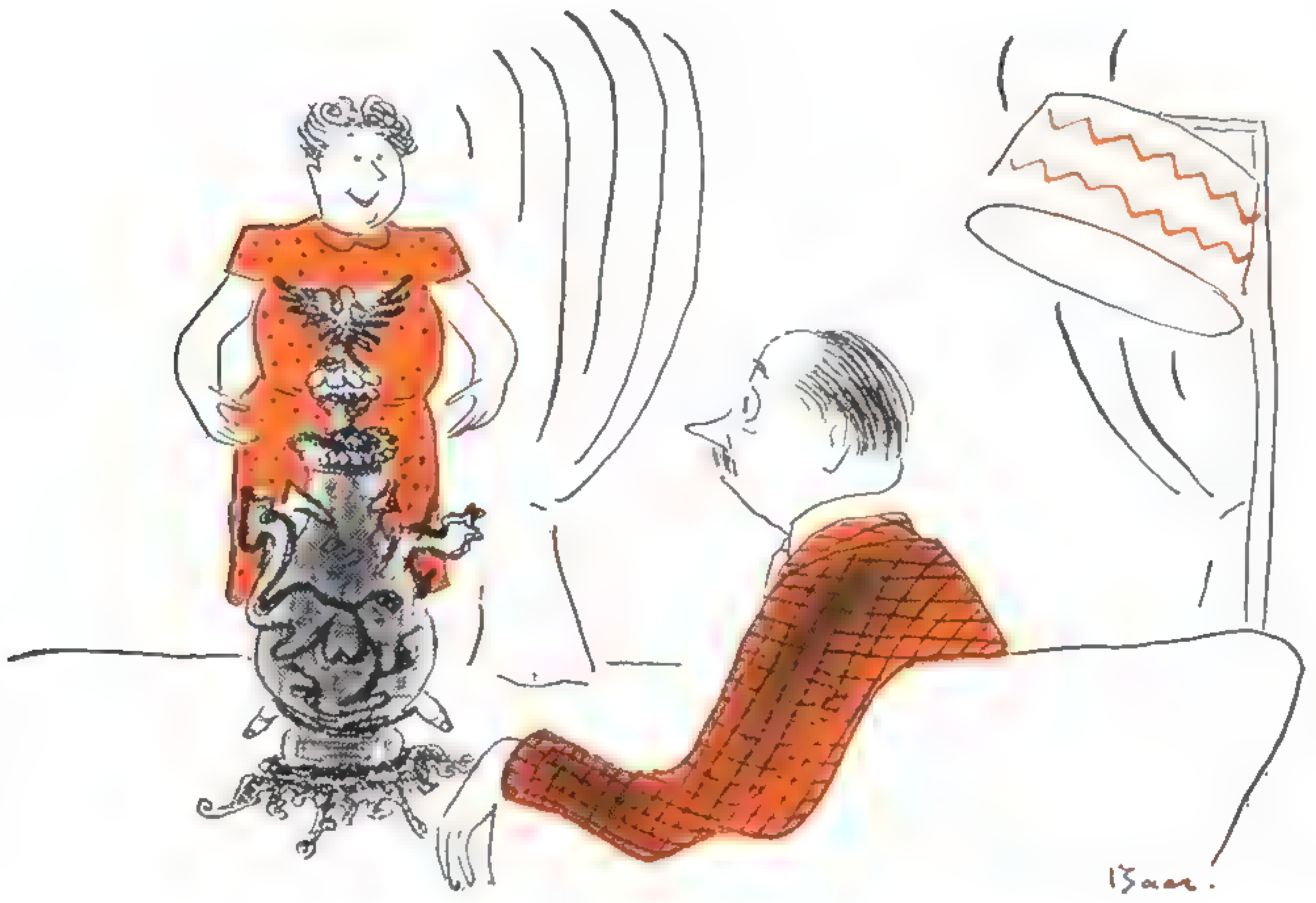
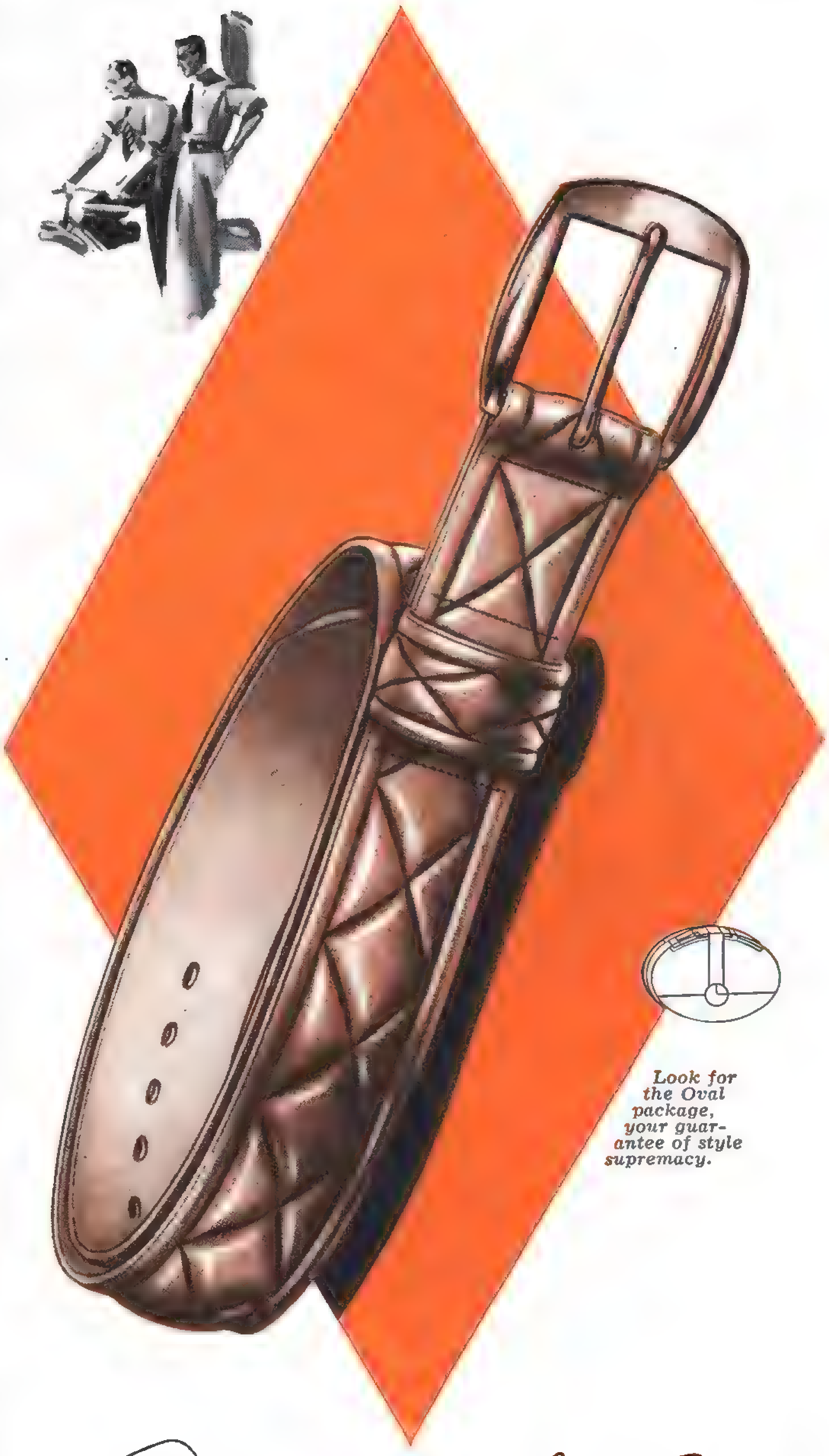


"I really don't know—but it's over a hundred years old!"



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The Pigeon-Blood Star

Continued from page 103

it open, but it's not Rashid. It's a youngster, thin as are all Indians, and he's holding out a note. He says, "Bearer say you give me rupees, I give you this."

I grab it, groping in my pocket; it's written on torn wrapping paper and it's in Ram's precise block letters: "Sahib. I get here before you this morning, but Rashid watching, so not could speak. He still watching, and great danger. You come quick, take your bearer America."

I read it and I freeze; I hear my voice as if from a distance, heavy, unbelieving. "Ram!"

For a moment, I'm numb; then she's white beside me. "Ram! Why?"

It comes then, the flash of insight, and I'm running. I shout over my shoulder, "Stay here! I'll be back."

But she's beside me, pounding down the stairs. I jump for a cab, directing the driver, and we jar away from the curb. She says, "Mark! Tell me . . ."

I snarl, "Damn you, let me think!"

There's long, interminable minutes, the dark, teeming alleys. Then there's a glimpse of the river, the looming hulk of the warehouse and I'm out of the cab before it stops, sprinting for the *basha*. I throw open the door and, but for the dim light, it might have been morning—the old man sprawled on the floor, untouched. I call, "Ram!" softly, but there's no answer. I slow, stop. I say aloud, "Steady, Sheddon; steady. He can't be far from here."

I'm moving again then, quietly, around to the back, towards the river. There's the pier, silhouetted against the lights of the opposite shore; I call once more, as loudly as I dare. And there's movement on the end of the pier, a small figure in shorts crawling up over the pilings. Ram . . .

My gasp of relief comes even as it happens. From beyond the *basha* there's sound—the soft thump of bare feet, running; and there's another figure on the pier moving fast toward Ram. The short, bandy legs, the shape of him . . . Rashid.

I'm running myself then, faster than I have ever run, but the feeling of relief turns into snarling fury. Late. Far too late. Ram seems to hesitate, trapped, then Rashid is upon him.

It's silent, quick with the intensity that is all India. I see the flash of steel, the pitifully small figure of Ram go taut, one arm upflung. And I see curving through the air something small and black, on the end of a cord—a leather pouch such as Hindus wear around their necks. I see it disappear into the swirling blackness of the river, then . . . Ram. He sags and topples, and there's a splash. I hear Rashid's grunt of rage and he turns, knife raised, poised. I weave once, and lunge.

For long moments we grapple on the treacherous footing. Then my fingers clamp hard around his wrist. I slide my other arm under his elbow and jerk, feeling the bone snap, hearing the shrill scream of pain. I bring a knee up hard into his groin, and there's the crash of rotten timber as his weight hits the guard rail. There's another splash, and as quickly as it starts I'm standing there dazed, panting, alone.

And I feel her beside me, her hand on my arm. "Mark! Are you . . ."

I say, "Yes," my eyes, blurred, on the rushing blackness of the water. I see Rashid, thrashing, being swept toward the bank, but there's no sign of Ram. I say softly, "You . . . won't be going to America now," and I turn, choking.

"Mark!"

I wave, feeling my body relax, spent. "For your information, Miss Vail, the Pigeon-Blood Star is now at the bottom of the river, on its way to sea. Gone. For good." I add thickly, "And with it the best damn bearer in India."

Somehow we're walking toward the lights of the cab, and the stench of India is sick-deep in my nose. Ram . . .

"Mark! I saw the old man in the *basha*. Rashid killed him."

I say, "No," wearily. "Not Rashid. Ram. He wanted to go to America. He got the stone for me, in the only way he knew. In these times . . . the Indian way."

"But Rashid!"

I say grimly, "Rashid's one of Sanjid's boys. When he contacted us, he didn't actually know whether or not the old man had the stone. The simplest way to find out was to use us as bait—both of us, to double check. When the old man made an appointment with me, Rashid was sure he had it." I sigh. "I should have known—when Rashid, a Moslem, showed up in a Hindu temple, watching us."

"But . . . ?"

"He'd have killed the old man himself if Ram hadn't beaten him to it. He must have come near catching Ram; he had him hiding all day."

I climb into the cab, groggy, and I think: *He wanted to go to America.*

I feel her head on my shoulder then. There's the soft fragrance of her hair, and I remember. I jerk away and I say harshly, "The stone is gone, Miss Vail. You have no further need of me."

But I look. I look at that cool, sultry beauty and she's sort of misty, tight-hot against me, and all the pent-up feeling is released then, and my arms are around her. She whispers, "Maybe now you'll know, Mark Sheddon. It wasn't . . . just the stone. There's Shillong, and the mountains, and peace . . ."

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I'll Dream of You

Continued from page 65

five skins, you lose your job."

"My pal," I said.

"I ain't your pal, bud. You figure you're too good for this town, but you don't have to stay. I was born here. I like it."

I shrugged. Scratch a native and you get a one-man chamber of commerce on your neck. But at that the guy was right. I didn't like Fairville. It was clean and it was nice and I felt it was beneath me. I couldn't forget I was Johnnie Law, onetime entertainer at the Hollywood Gold Room, a guy with a recording contract and a chance to get a song published. I resented what I thought were small-town shots being able to buy my time with a buck tip. In it too there was resentment of Terry because she was responsible for my being in Fairville; and resentment of the bartender because he'd never heard of Johnnie Law before; and finally resentment of myself because I knew all this and wasn't big or strong enough to forget it.

I don't honestly know what my intentions toward Joyce Fair were, beyond winning the bet. I just wanted to win at first, so I walked over to the piano and sang her "our song."

The song I'd written for Terry; a love song with a nice tune and words with which I'd tried to tell her just how much she meant to me. I called it *I'll Dream of You.* I never kidded myself that it was Gershwin or even Cole Porter, but it was good. It had appeal and I sang it to Joyce just as though we two were alone in the lounge and just as though I meant every word. I'm no Sinatra, but it was my song and I knew just how it had to be sung. When I finished I kept right on looking at Joyce and it was maybe two whole minutes before the rest of the crowd started applauding.

That's as far as I went that night. For the rest of the time Joyce was just another person in the lounge, but inside I was counting the twenty-five and feeling the good feeling that comes when you've done something you bragged you could do and weren't really sure.

She was back the next night. I didn't look at her and I didn't pay any attention to her. She was with the mustache again and he was still just as bored. She didn't stay long and I got the bird from the bartender when she walked out early, but it didn't bother me; I had plans.

The following night I sang the song to her again; the same way and the same result. About an hour later she sent the waiter over with a request for me to sing it again. I finished the set I was on and then went over to her table. I didn't sit down.

"I'm sorry I can't do your request," I said. I ignored mustache and looked into her green eyes.

She said: "Oh." Just that, but there was disappointment in it.

"I'm really sorry," I said and started back to the piano.

She said, "Please, wait."

I went back and waited and she introduced me to mustache. Gilbert Elbey.

I nodded to him and sat down. He didn't look as bored then.

"Why?" she asked.

"It's something special," I told her. "I wrote it myself. I don't play it on request."

You know the routine? A lot of heart in the voice and a lot of soul in the eyes and plenty of corn.

"I . . . I didn't know," she said. "I liked it very much."

"I wanted you to," I told her.

And she blushed. I smiled at her. A smile that was just a little sad, a smile that told her I knew she was out of my class, but I'd be dreaming and hoping, and I got up and went back to the piano. I didn't even feel like a heel. I winked at the bartender.

Then I played *Stardust,* which is always a good mood piece and then *Body and Soul* and then *I'll Dream of You,* and I sang it to her again.

I could have walked over and collected from the bartender then and he knew it. The next morning a bellboy brought a note to my room. It was from Joyce, of course, and it said:

> *I have never done anything like this before in my life. I don't know how to explain it except that it is something I have to do. Will you meet me for lunch someplace? If you will phone me, I'll be waiting.*

I waited until after eleven and then phoned and arranged to meet her at a little restaurant in town. She was there when I arrived. We took a booth in the back and she sat there embarrassed and not knowing what to say or how to begin.

Finally: "I don't know what you think of me . . ."

"I think you're wonderful."

"I mean, writing that note . . ."

"I'm glad you did," I said. "I didn't dare let it go beyond dreaming."

She wouldn't look at me. "A girl isn't supposed to chase a man."

"Joyce." I waited until she raised her eyes. "Joyce, let's face it. It's bigger than both of us. Why try to fight it?"

I deserved an Oscar for putting that line over.

"Johnnie, I don't want to fight it. I don't want to and I can't."

I caught her hand and said: "Joyce, I love you." (Commandment No. 1.)

The tender scene was interrupted by the waiter bringing lunch. And afterwards we drove out of town: her car and her gas. (Commandment No. 2.) We parked in a secluded spot and talked. That is, she talked. I just stuck in an occasional "darling." She told me all about herself, and

Continued on page 106

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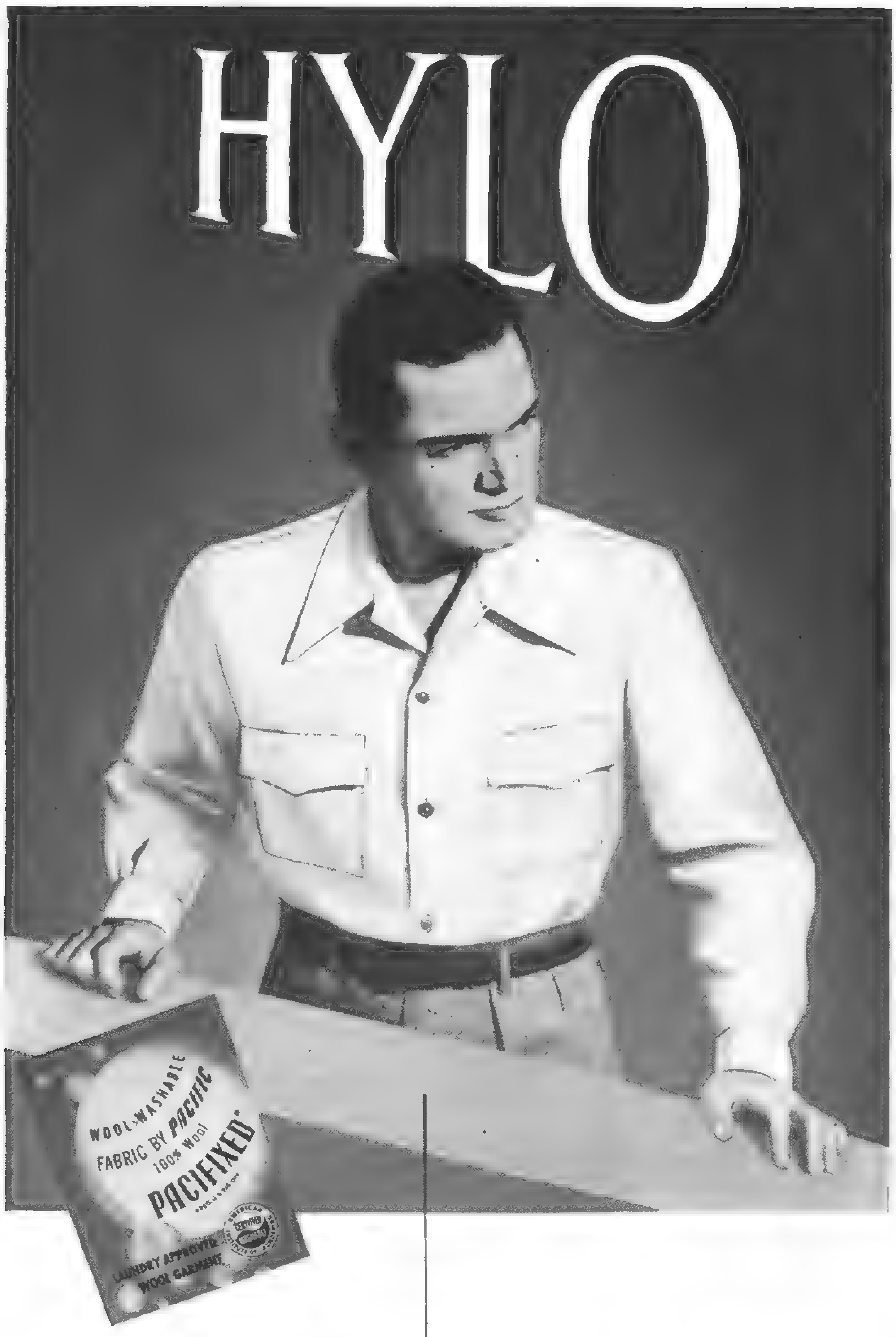

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I'll Dream of You

Continued from page 105

her family. And about Gilbert.

"We're not really engaged," she said. "People just sort of take it for granted."

I didn't say anything. I put on the sad look and she moved closer and I took her in my arms and kissed her.

When I got back to the hotel I sat down and thought it over. It seemed I was going pretty far just to win a twenty-five dollar bet. So I rationalized it to myself, explaining that it was a matter of self-respect on my part. I'd been kicked lower than the Holland tube and impressing this Joyce was necessary to build up my morale. That's all it meant, all it could mean; after all, I argued, I had a right to be hard and bitter about love. Maybe I even believed it myself.

The next day Joyce picked me up at eleven and we went on a picnic, just the two of us and a big basket of lunch. The idea was that I didn't get enough sun. It was swell, really. Just a lazy day and a lot of talk and I guess I got carried away with it all because the first thing I knew Joyce was talking about a little home and how happy we'd be.

"You can write songs, darling," she told me. "I'm so happy."

And when I got back to the hotel I didn't argue with myself. I knew I was a heel and I accepted the fact. The only thing to do was get out.

She came to the lounge that night and just before it closed I sang the song to her, but she didn't know it was good-by.

I didn't bother to collect the bet or my salary. I had the tip money and it was enough. There was a two a.m. bus out of Fairville and I was on it. Three days later I was back in Hollywood.

I moved in with my old roommate and then I went to see the guy who ran the Gold Room. He gave me my job back. My agent wasn't pleased to see me. He gave me the routine about running out on contracts and then told me he'd try to fix things up with the recording company and the outfit that had been going to publish *I'll Dream of You*.

The job didn't start for a week and during that time things started breaking. The recording contract came through and the song publishers still liked the tune and wanted it. I should have been riding high on my opening night.

I should have been because a lot of people came and remembered me and said they were glad to see me back; people I didn't think remembered their own mothers. There even were a couple of baskets of flowers.

It was about ten o'clock and I was playing *I Got it Bad and That Ain't Good* (for some reason I seemed stuck on ballads that night), just sort of humming along with the tune, and I looked up right into Terry's blue eyes.

There it was. There was what I'd run away from and what I'd come back for and it didn't mean a thing. No kick, no charge; nothing. Just a blue-eyed blonde like Hollywood is lousy with. She was smiling like she had before her career slid between us.

"Johnnie," she said, "congratulations. I heard about the good breaks."

"Thanks." What else? What do you say to a girl who had "welcome home" in her eyes while you still felt a hundred miles away. That's what I said: "Thanks."

She didn't get it right. She thought I was still sore about the brush-off. So she stood there so I'd be able to notice all the things she was offering me, everything the tight dress didn't and wasn't meant to conceal. Just as if she felt my memory might have to be refreshed. But it didn't. I got it. And I wasn't impressed.

I was comparing blue eyes with green, and blonde hair with reddish brown, and lush curves with a thin, small-breasted, athletic body, and Terry was coming in second best, and a bad second.

I stood up and said, "Thanks a lot, Terry." And I walked past her, out toward the lobby and a phone. I was going to call Fairville and I was going to tell a girl I loved her.

I thought it was a dream because as I was walking out I heard a voice say, "Johnnie."

It was a voice I didn't expect to hear until I'd talked to several operators and so I kept walking and I heard it again.

There was Joyce, at a corner table in the back. Alone and smiling when I turned to find her.

"I was going out to phone you," I said.

"Sit down, please."

I sat down. "I love you. I just realized it, but I think it's been there for quite a while."

"I ought to tell you that you've said it before, I ought to remind you of a lot of things you said. I can't though. I love you and I came out to find you."

I kissed her then. She told me about the winter home in Pasadena and that she'd seen me in the Gold Room before I'd ever gone to Fairville. I was easy to find.

"When you looked at me in the lounge in Fairville," she said, "I smiled at you because I thought you recognized me. You didn't though, did you?"

"My heart recognized you," I said.

She put her fingers over my mouth. "No pretty lies, Johnnie, no more."

"I didn't recognize you," I said.

She looked thoughtful. "I guess I like the pretty lies best after all. Do they have to be lies?"

"No," I said, "never again. Pretty truths."

"I'll like them, then."

She still does. #

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The Best Things Are the Nicest

Continued from page 40

the *Racing Form* every day," the cashier replied.

* * *

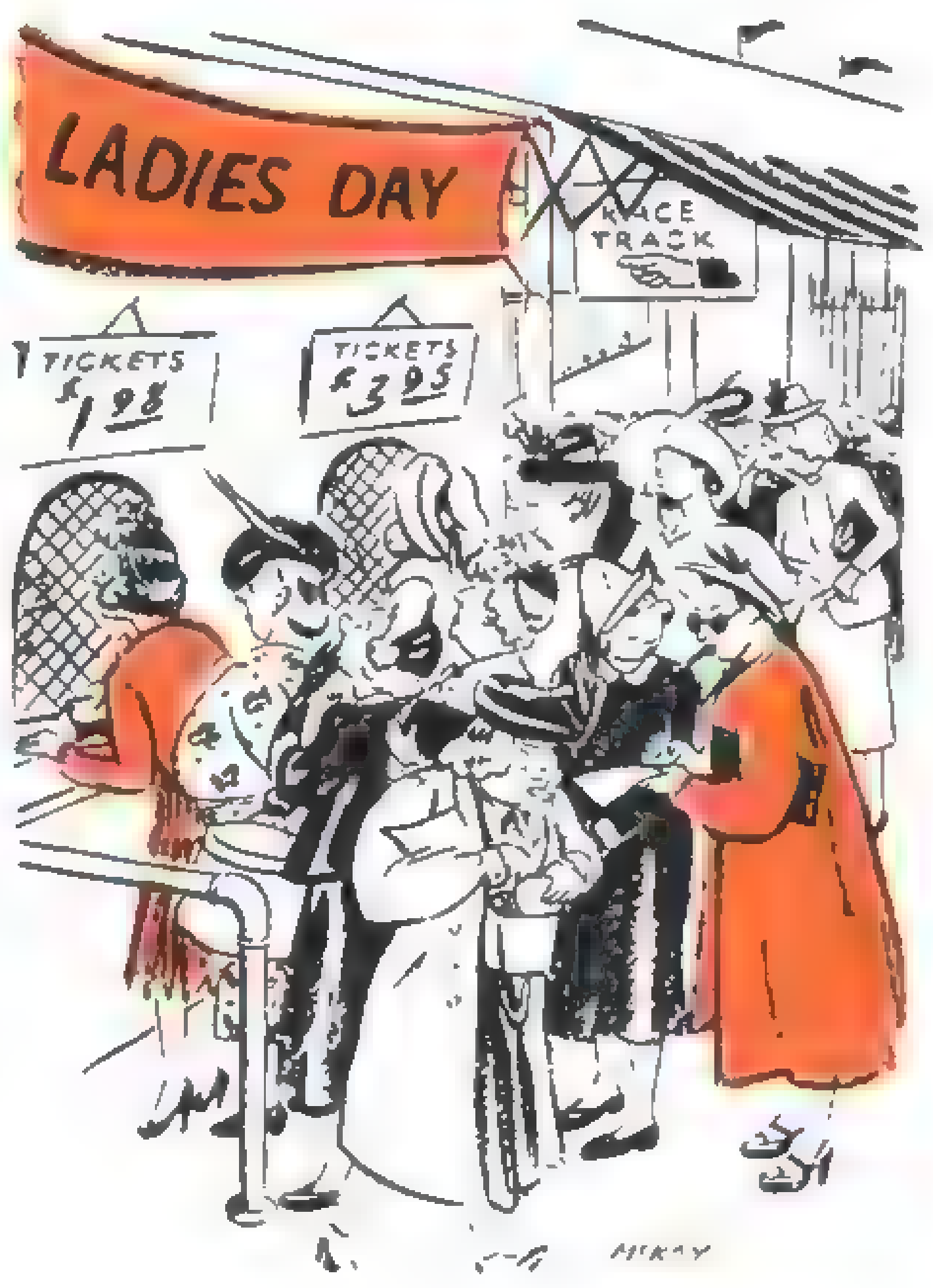
It is unique for a horse player to change his system of betting. They go broke against theories which an imbecile would doubt, but they are loyal to them from their first bet until they are lowered into a pauper's grave. There is an old man around the New York tracks who did not go up against the horses until he was past fifty. He was a real-estate man and so successful was he that his enormous business ran itself, due to his precise planning, and all he had to do was sit in his office and wait for the rent collectors to bring him his take. But he went to the track one day and beat the afternoon for about eighty dollars. He was a vain man and his success delighted him. It seemed foolish for him to be betting ten dollars and winning inconsequential sums. He figured out that a man who bet a thousand to a race would come home with an immense chunk. He was a conservative man and always went to the short prices and to this day has never risked a dollar on a horse who was more than even money. Betting on favorites will make a man stand it off longer, but it didn't take him more than a year to lose his three million in cash. After he went for his ready he started to bet real estate and the bookmakers took his buildings from him one floor at a time. In five years he didn't have a furnished room to protect him from the elements and now does his sleeping on the pool tables of an East Side billiard academy. I met him recently at the track and he told me that there was a horse going in the fourth that couldn't lose. But such an opportunity made him miserable because he did not have the price of a ticket. So convincing was his story that I went for it and asked him what was the name of the horse.

"The favorite," said the man who had lost millions betting on them. "What the hell else is there in the race?"

* * *

It is the complaint of many players that photo finishes torture their insides with unbearable pain and that enough of them will give a man a litter of ulcers. I believe this to be a liar's plea for sympathy and I doubt them when they tell me they have stopped playing because their stomachs no longer can take the punishment. A player only quits because he has come up short of credit and can't persuade a pair of co-signers to put their signatures on a note. My occupation as a sports journalist takes me to every city where an important race is run and, after observing their eating habits, I believe horse players have the appetites of sea gulls which eat anything, including garbage. During the week of the Kentucky Derby the blue-plate special in the Louisville restaurants is composed of the brains of pigs and scrambled eggs, and another delicacy is hog jowls and mustard greens.

Their behavior at such gatherings as the Derby and the Preakness is unlike that of any group of men who sit in hotel rooms where the goal is drunkenness. It is rare that you hear one of them brag about his ability as a lover and this is a common topic and a subject which monopolizes the conversation of most stags in a strange town. It is unusual for them to discuss anything but horses and if a stranger dirties up the conversation with a smutty story he finds them a peevish audience and they become impatient long before the punch line is approached. This restlessness is not governed by any standards of morality and only reminds you that a horse player is interested solely in horses and nothing else may reach him in his mirage. Only now and then does a man signify he has a family and never once have I been compelled by a new father to examine the picture of his fresh-born child. After years of listening to horse players in many cities I am close to the conclusion they must all be orphans and bachelors and not one of them has a relative in the world. The mention of dependents is naturally repulsive to horse players because it is the custom in this country for the husband and father to pick up the tabs for the wife and kid and this is money a man could bet on a horse if he didn't have to squander it on food and shelter.



Among the greatest living authorities on horse players is Society Kid Hogan who considers himself an alien among them. But he has done as much research in the field as any man alive and his conclusions must be accepted with respect. The Society Kid is an old prize fighter with the broad, morose features of an unhappy pony. The small catastrophes of his field work have embittered this tireless investigator and given him a per-

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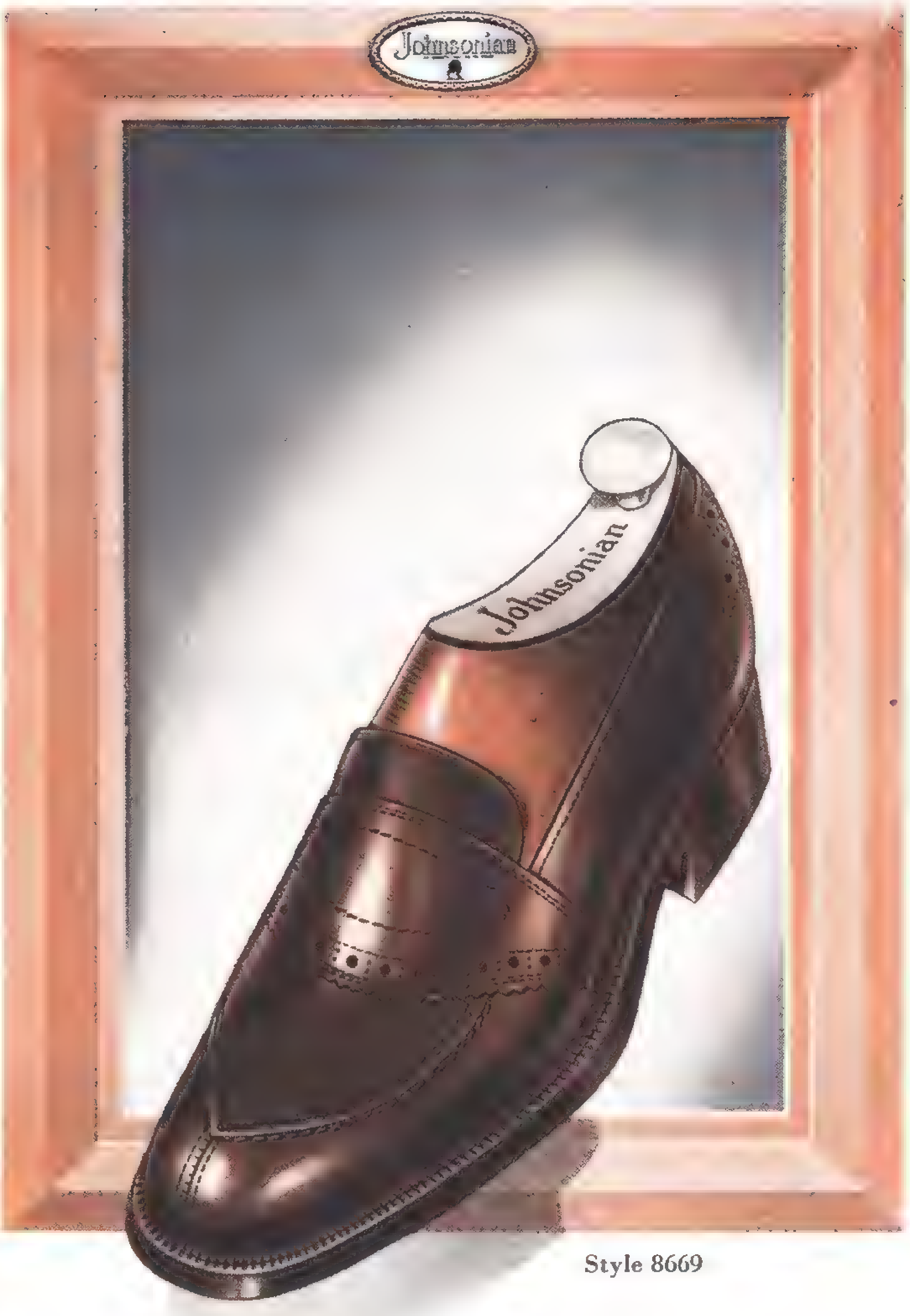

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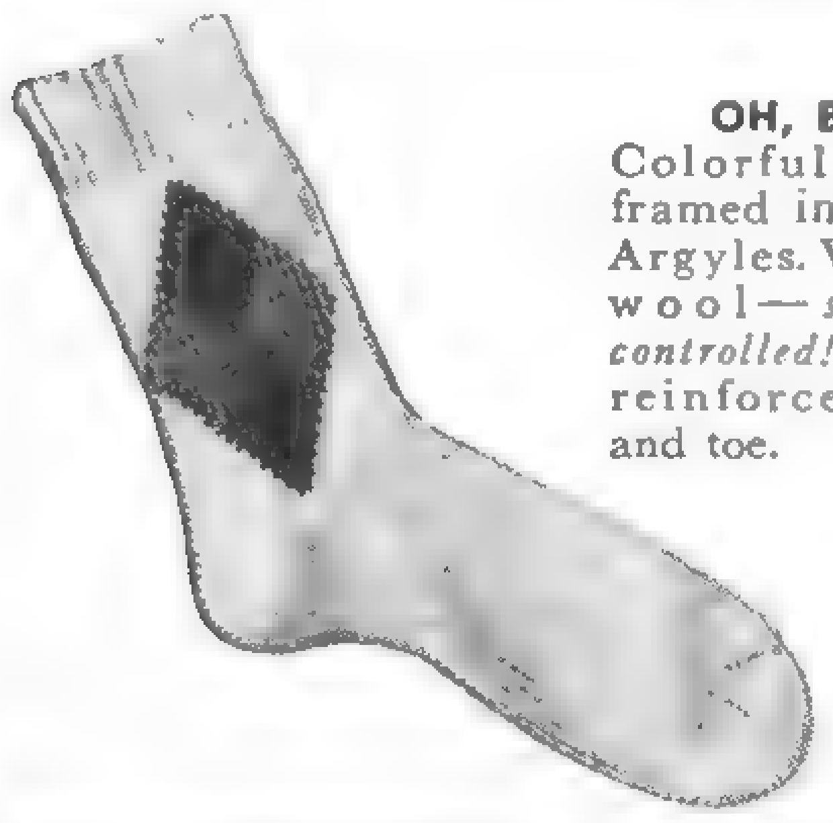

OH, BOY!
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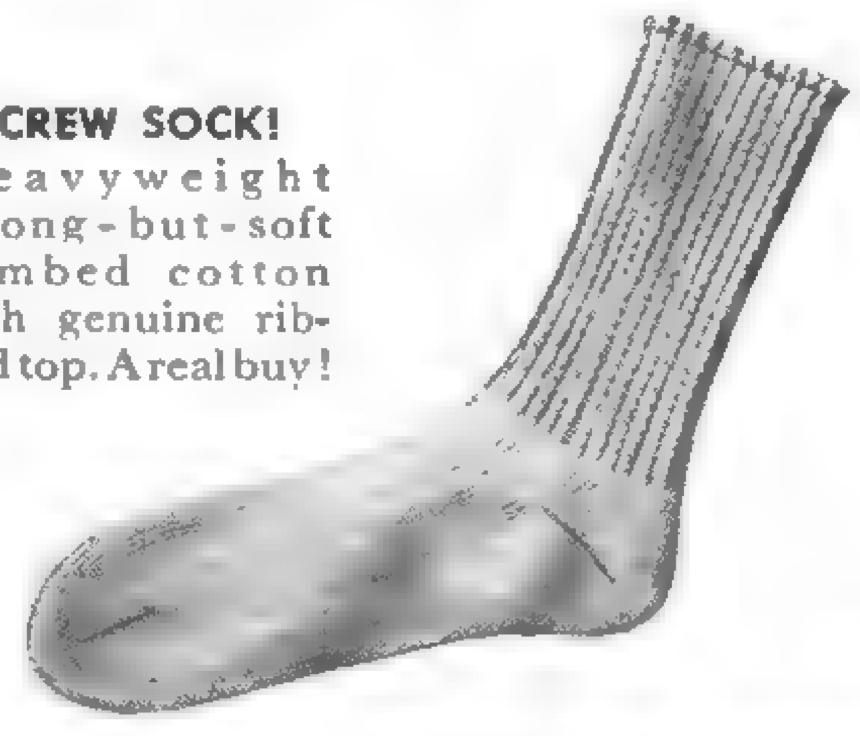

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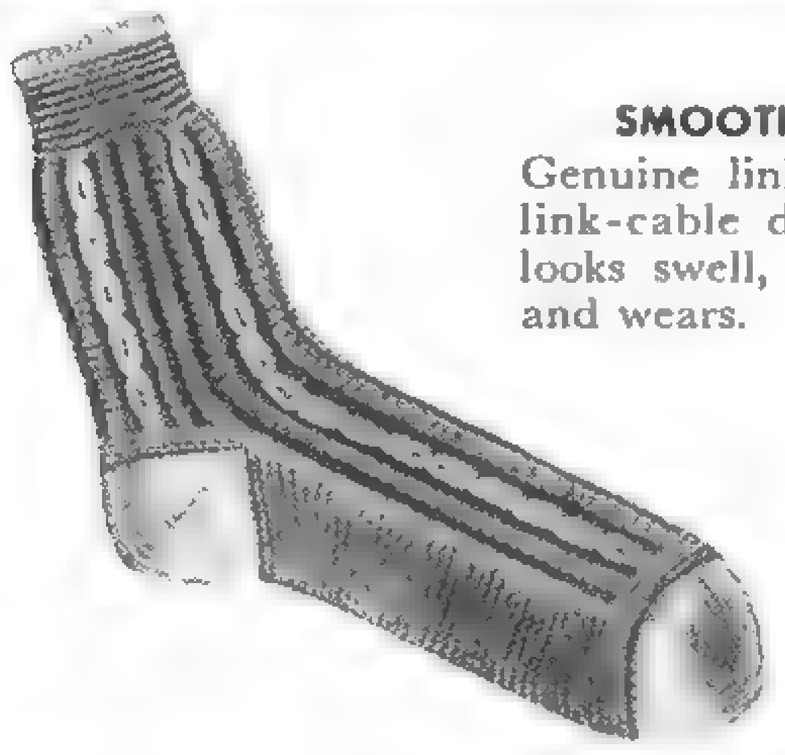
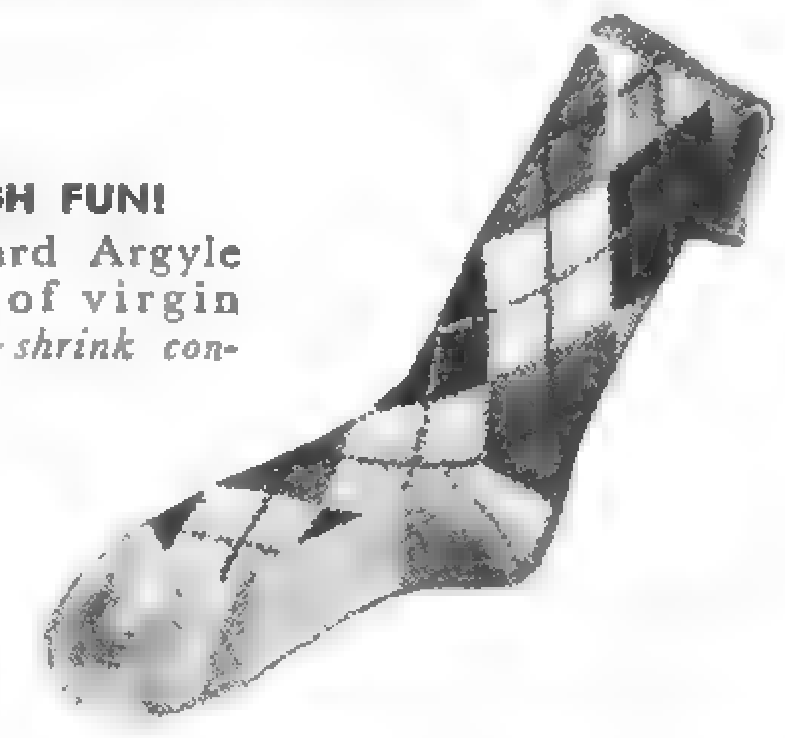


SMOOTH!
Genuine link and link-cable design, looks swell, wears and wears.



HIGH FUN!
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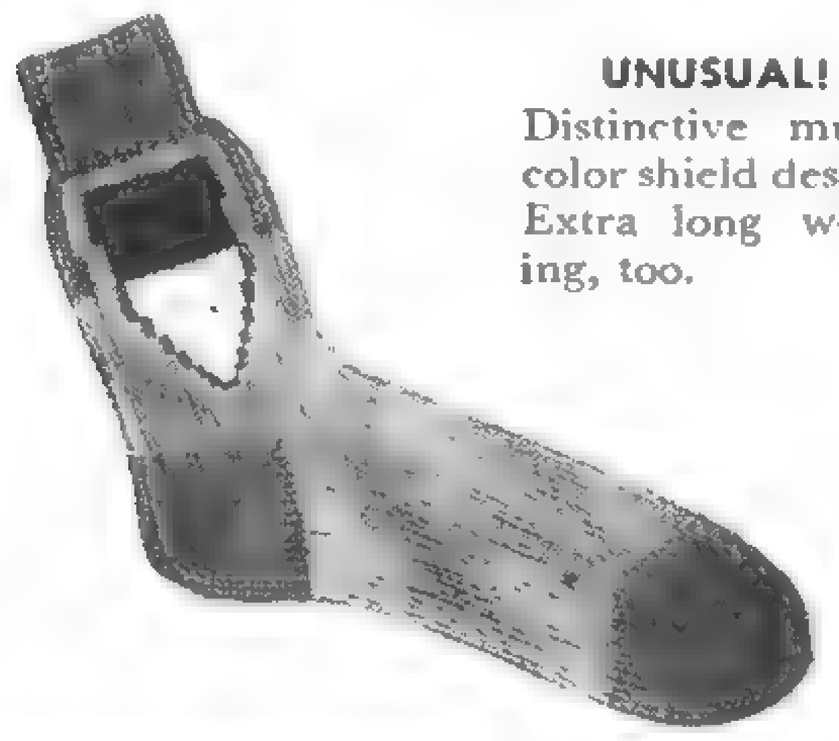

UNUSUAL!
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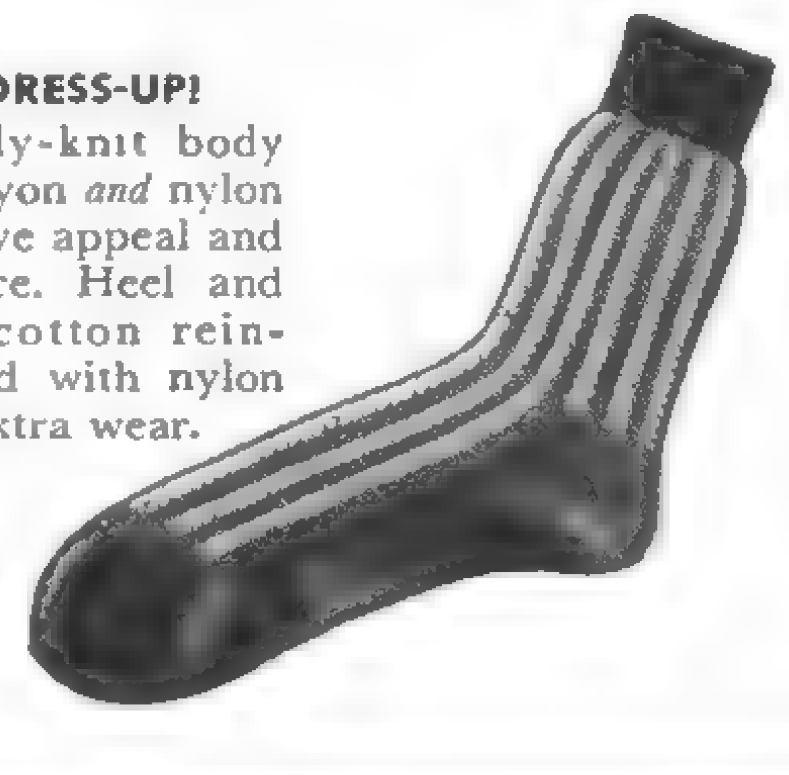

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MAKERS OF FAMOUS Jockey UNDERWEAR

The Best Things Are the Nicest

Continued from page 107

petual expression of expectant regret. When The Society Kid laughs it sounds like the gurgling of imperfect plumbing in an old house. It is his contention that the greatest literature of our time is found in the charts of the *Racing Form* and the obituary columns of the Chicago newspapers. As soon as he examines the morning line The Society Kid turns to the death notices. He believes the obits are funnier than the comic strips.

"I don't want to miss any laughs," The Society Kid explained when asked about his devotion to the roster of the dead.

"I don't think death is funny," I said.

"Where else are you going to find out a bookmaker dropped dead?" The Society Kid demanded. "There is enough trouble in the world and I want to get all the fun I'm entitled to."

It might be well to go into The Society Kid's background. They gave Hogan a dinner to commemorate his twenty-fifth year of unemployment. The next day he took the first job he ever held in his life as a dealer of mutuel tickets at a Chicago race track. Hogan, who was born Salvatore De Lorenzo, insisted that prize fighting was not work because he was a cautious man and did not jeopardize his health in the ring. Once I introduced him to a lady who noticed his narrow-fingered, well-manicured hands.

"I thought you were a fighter," she said.

"I was," said Hogan.

"But your hands aren't broken," the lady protested.

"Why should they be?" demanded The Society Kid. "I never hit anyone."

There was the time The Society Kid was shipped to Denver to box a ferocious young man who hit him with a right hand in the first round. The blow jostled The Society Kid's brains and created a private solar system for him. The Society Kid decided that his savage foe might make a hobby of such a punch and it was his idea to pacify the man immediately by resigning. So he slumped gently to the floor, closed his eyes and listened to the referee count over him.

"Get up, Hogan," implored one of his seconds.

The Society Kid did not stir.

"Hogan," the handler commanded, "get up."

Hogan acted as though the referee was tolling a successful lullaby.

"Hogan, are you going to get up?" the guy shrieked.

The Society Kid raised himself on one elbow and looked contentedly at his corner.

"I'll get up when I get to Chicago," Hogan announced and resumed his position of surrender.

It was shortly after this bout that The Society Kid renounced his profession, due to the disinterest of matchmakers, and started his successful career as a companion. Since then he has served as the brilliant guest of such as the late Damon Runyon; Bing Crosby; Frankie Harmon, the Chicago promoter; Bill Morrow, the radio producer; Bob Cobb who owns the Brown Derby restaurants in Hollywood; Nate Gross, the columnist; Bill Frawley, the actor, and other less celebrated hosts. It was as a guest that The Society Kid first came into contact with the horse player. He went to Louisville as the companion of Pal Moore, who was booked to fight a main event during Derby week. The spectacle frightened The Society Kid and amazed him.

"It's like the nut houses all over the country gave the bugs a day off," The Society Kid explained. "I didn't meet one guy with a legitimate brain the whole week. I never saw a race before 1921, but I seen a lot of them since. I know more horse players than you could shake a stick at and every one is crazy. When I find one that ain't I'm going to make a million dollars with him. I'll take him from town to town and charge doctors a saw-skin a rap to look at him. I got to get rich that way."

It is impossible for The Society Kid to locate any reason for horse racing. It is his case against it that the players become paupers and the horses get hit with whips. One afternoon I accompanied The Society Kid to a race track in the suburbs of Chicago and I remarked that the tracks had one good thing going for them. They are usually beyond the city limits and it is possible for a player to get a dose of clean air while he is going broke.

"So you're another one of them guys who boost the country?" The Society Kid asked peevishly.

"What's wrong with the country?" I asked.

"What's right with it?" Hogan wanted to know. "If it's so good—why do they always build prisons in the country?"

* * *

It irritates The Society Kid into fits of mean-tempered oratory when it is pointed out that some of the finest people in the world own racing stables. The Society Kid was given his alias when he boxed in an amateur tournament promoted by a group of society women in Chicago. They gave him what he suspected was a gold medal and he took it to the nearest hock shop as soon as he could get out of the arena.

"It's worth four cents," the pawnbroker said.

"Four cents for a gold medal?" The Society Kid protested.

"This ain't gold, it's zinc," the hock-shop proprietor explained.

"Make it a nickel and you made a deal," Hogan said. "I ain't got carfare home." The Society Kid has despised the aristocracy ever since. It is his advice to horse players that it is a fallacy to make a bet on any horse owned by anyone listed in the social register.

"A society guy is just some bum whose people caught the boat ahead of mine," he insists. "The reason I'm no society guy is my people done nothing to nobody in Italy so the cops let them stay there. The chances are the society guy's people are lamisters from the old country. Some imbeciles bet on horses just because a society guy owns them. That's a fine reason. Betting on a horse because the owner was left a lot of money by burglars!"

* * *

Once a player came to The Society Kid's mutuel window at Arlington Park and poked a deck of cards through the aperture.

"Take one," the man insisted.

"Go way," The Society Kid insisted. "Can't you see I'm busy? How are all them people behind you going to lose their money if you bother me?"

"You got to take a card," the man pleaded.

"I got to do nothing," Hogan said.

"Please," the man begged.

The Society Kid reached out and chose the five of diamonds.

"Give me ten tickets on the number-five horse," the man said.

"The guy's a mental case," The Society Kid said. "But the number-five horse comes down. The guy comes back after the race and wants me to pick another card. I chase him. I'm afraid you can catch insanity like a cold. But all day long that bug goes from one window to another asking the cashier to take a card. Sure, he's a psycho. But I know real smart people with clockers on the pay roll and everything else and they can't win a bet. This guy says take a card and gets fat. His system is as good as I seen."

The Society Kid is the only mutuel dealer in the country with a selected clientele. He will not take his friends' money. When they come to his window, he closes his eyes and folds his arms across his chest and leans back and refuses to sell them a ticket. "Take your business to another window," Hogan says to them. "You've got to get broke. But every time you think of losing your money you'll think of me because I punched the tickets out for you. Take your business around the corner. I want to stay friends with you."

The Society Kid originally dealt fifty-dollar show tickets, but requested the track management to transfer him.

"Fifty-dollar show bettors are only larceny players," he declared. "They come up and bet big chunks high as $5000 on some favorite to run third. They figure they'll get ten cents on the dollar. You don't think a square guy could afford to bet three Gs to get a dime on a dollar, do you? A guy has to have larceny in him or he don't come to a fifty-dollar show window. If the cops stood at the fifty-dollar show window at every race track in America they would put themselves out of business. They wouldn't miss one thief."

Once I was sitting with Hogan in a box at Sportsman's Park. With us was a very high player who had lost a fortune that afternoon. The last race came up and the guy decided to bet on a long shot to get even. But The Society Kid insisted that the favorite could not be beaten. They wrangled for a long time and finally the man bet on Hogan's choice. The horse ran out of the money and the long shot won by five lengths. It cost the gentleman a thousand dollars.

"You louse," the man said to The Society Kid.

"What are you sore at?" asked The Society Kid.

"I had the winner," the man shouted angrily. "You made me bet on a stiff."

"Listen," Hogan said. "Anyone who listens to a broken guy like me ain't entitled to have a thousand dollars."

The last time I met The Society Kid I asked him what he had learned about horse players after being among them for so long.

"They don't understand that the best things in life are the nicest," Hogan replied. ⧺

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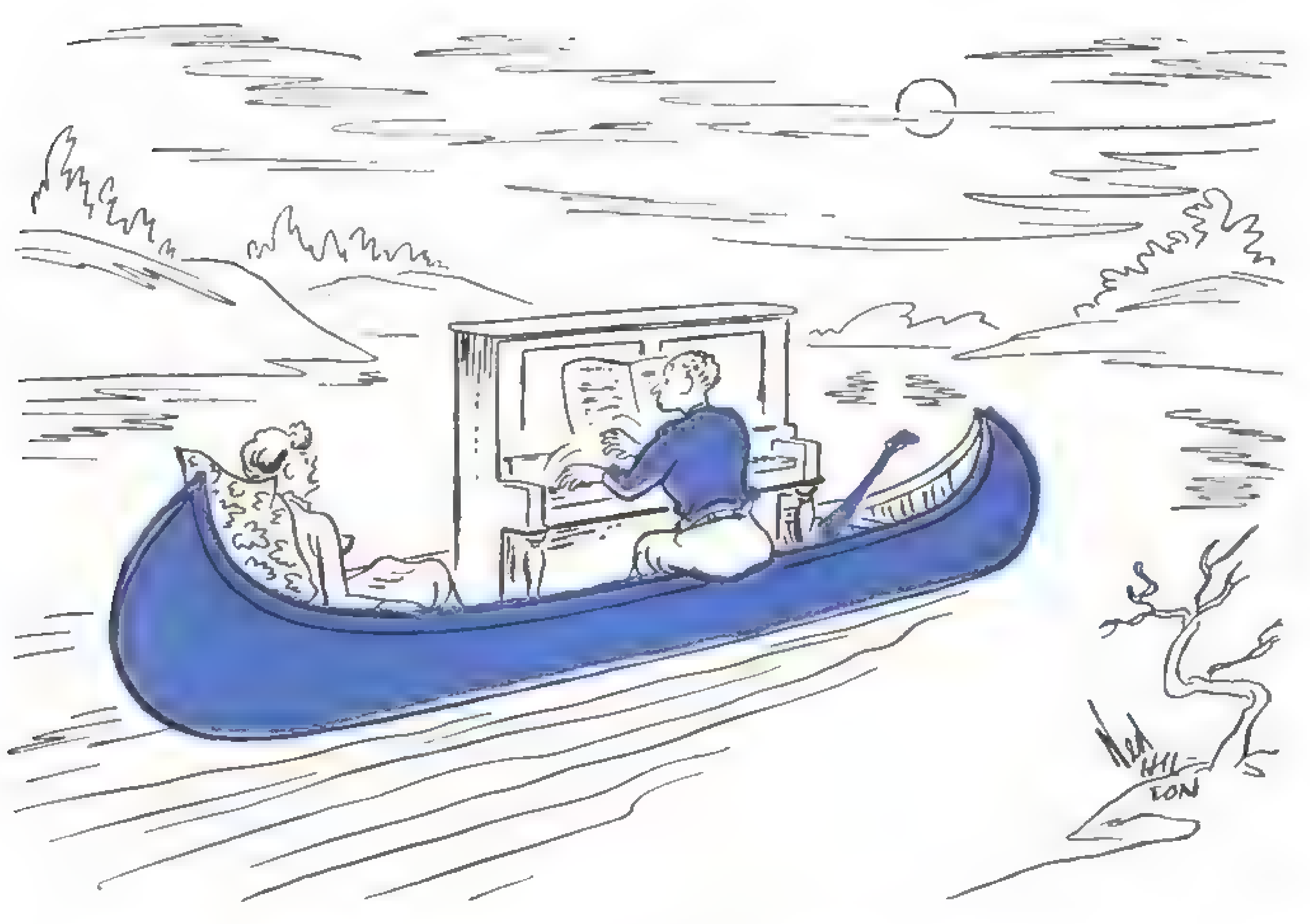
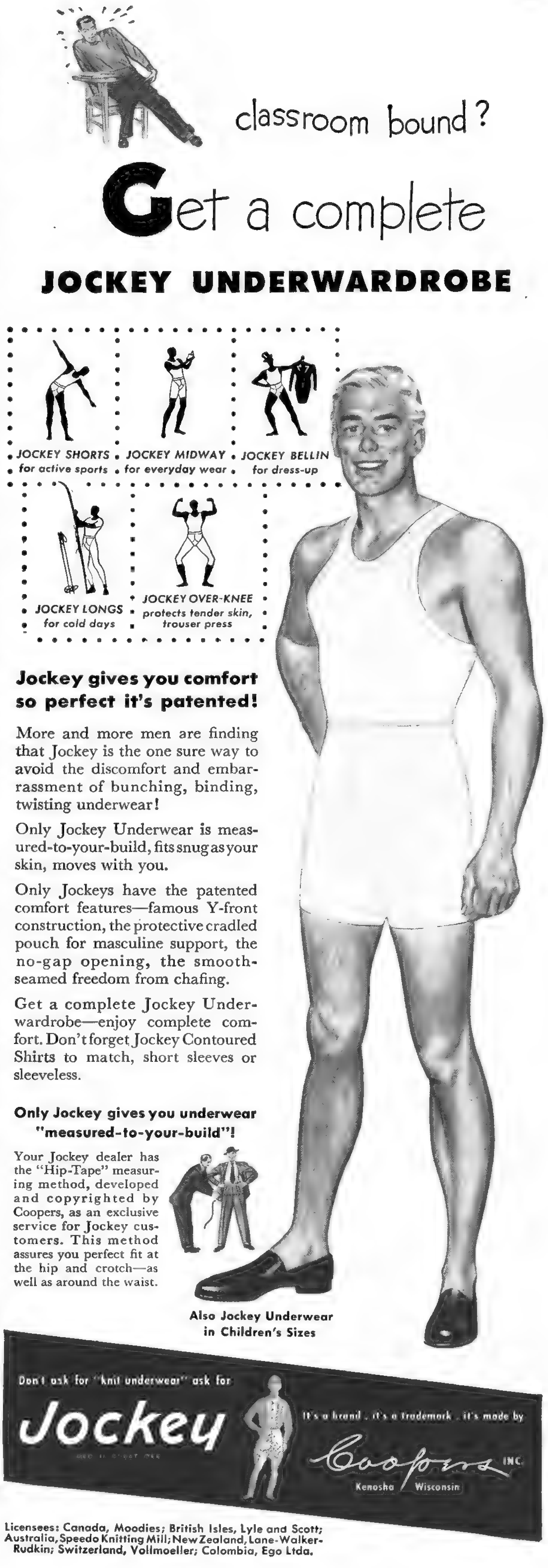


"Why can't you play a ukulele like other men?"



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The Man in the Title Role

Continued from page 70

over by the dialogue spotter, who used the Moviola (a device for examining the film frame by frame, inch by inch) to measure it. He learned the length of each line of dialogue on the sound track in feet and inches and produced a "spotting sheet," probably the central character in the drama of titling. The "spotting sheet," in turn, informed Weinberg of the amount of space he had on the film for his titles, in comparison with the original dialogue.

The recurring problem of compression is a headache-producer of epic proportions. In one scene of *Shoe Shine*, two lines of dialogue were delivered so rapidly that eleven words of translation had to be reduced to not more than three words in a subtitle. Weinberg condensed the talk so that he caught the meaning and pretty much of the feeling of a conversation between two urchins. He did this in three requisite English words: one boy asking, "Cigarette?" and the other replying, "Quit kidding!" Which was essentially what they meant in Italian, let the purists fall where they may.

With the "spotting sheet" as his guide in titling, Weinberg becomes a kind of combination poetry translator and Boston Watch and Ward Society, as well as an engraver of the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. In explaining the "difference" between English and many foreign languages, he says: "French and Italian dialogue, in particular, are racy and rich in expletives. Retaining the flavor without inciting the censors is one of the more sensitive problems. Sometimes, rather than employ a watered-down expletive when a strong one is called for, I just use a dash and let the audiences supply the word. They invariably supply the right one."

Once the titles are written, the rest of the process is fairly routine. The titles are printed and photographed according to the necessary footage. Completed, this becomes the title negative, which is then printed along with the sound track and the film itself. After a thorough check for errors and last-minute changes, the composite is ready for public inspection, provided it gets by a group which demands a pretty stiff password—the censors.

Hell, it might be mentioned in backing into the subject of censorship, hath no fury like a censor scorned. Occasionally battered, never bowed, Weinberg is constantly on the receiving end of short words and longer actions from the censors, who will often pass a line of original dialogue, but not the translation. "It's my private theory," says Weinberg, "that this is done because the censors consider foreigners, or those who understand foreign languages, too far gone to save."

The restrictions under which he works are formidable, to put it mildly. To the Messrs. Webster (of dictionary fame) and Weinberg, an illegitimate child is a bastard and they don't care who knows it. (A few months ago a notice about Ingrid Bergman's *Joan of Lorraine*, then in Hollywood production, said that the historical name of the Bastard of Orleans had been changed to the Dastard of Orleans, Weinberg's idea of the neatest trick of the fifteenth century.) But in *The Well-Digger's Daughter*, which was based on the theory that it's possible for a pretty young girl and a devilish young man to have a baby out of wedlock without causing a third World War, the short seven-letter word had to be omitted and "illegitimate child" written in. Yet the New York censors didn't make a single cut in the film, despite its "hazardous" theme; they called it a "beautiful movie," an opinion shared by most of the critics and audiences.

None of the major theatre circuits in America (those affiliated with members of the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc.) can exhibit a foreign film unless it receives a seal of approval from the Johnston Office. In addition, the National Legion of Decency has the power to make the distributor tidy up a movie to its own satisfaction. Moreover, seven states (Kansas, Ohio, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Massachusetts) maintain their own censorship boards, which can be as stringent as all get out when they choose. Weinberg titles the films for national release, but, since he works in New York and its environs, pays closest attention to the demands of New York State.

Blasphemy, of course, isn't tolerated in translation. To date, *Carmen* provides probably the classic example of imported blasphemy in America. The Legion of Decency condemned thirty-seven of its titles, all of which were eventually rewritten, but not by Weinberg. At one point in this nonoperatic version of the famous Mérimée story, Carmen made a zowie entrance, displaying most of the fine qualities that any *femme fatale* ought to display. A soldier, standing by, commented: "In my town we would cross ourselves if we saw a girl walking like that." His buddy retorted, "Cross yourself again for me for what I'm thinking." The censors were not amused.

It seems fairly reasonable that whenever he confronts a particularly imposing censorship morsel, Weinberg should manage a grim little smile by recalling the taboos placed on American movies abroad. He thinks of political censorship, for one thing, a touchy item right now in a world of ideological conflict. He remembers that scenes of cruelty, horror, and gangsterdom, accepted here without too much uproar until the Johnston Office slapped a ban on Hollywood gangster movies last December, are usually frowned upon in Europe and the East. And that a strict censorship on all sexual themes exists in the Far East, where not even a Temporary Amber is welcome. He knows, too, that films showing whites in an unfavorable light are often kept from native audiences in Africa and Asia. And so, he says, things aren't too bad in America. After all, *Gone with the Wind* set a precedent when it used the word "damn," and now that expletive at least, purified by Technicolor, gets by the censors without excessive consternation.

"In all fairness," Weinberg states, "I must say that the censors have allowed foreign movies a license in scene and dialogue to a far greater degree than the license permitted Hollywood films. They probably realize that they play to more sophisticated audiences."

RESTAURANT
DRIVE-IN
B TOBEY

"Our trade is largely a feminine one"

Before the last couple of years or so, few imported pictures (there were exceptions like *The Baker's Wife*, *Grand Illusion* and *Mayerling*) were shown in the major circuits. Regardless of their merit and artistic success, foreign-language films generally slipped in the back door and were patronized by a select clientele in small, out-of-the-way "arty" theatres.

But since 1946 the number of foreign films playing "regular" theatres has been steadily increasing. It's significant that many new theatres have been built to show foreign films exclusively. Actors like Anna Magnani, the late Raimu, Fernandel, Aldo Fabrizi, Françoise Rosay, and Viviane Romance, while they may not have caused a stampede away from Crosby, Grable, and Tracy, are now being recognized as "stars" instead of crossword-puzzle entries. Not long ago, George Skouras, head of a large chain of New York theatres, said that he had been overlooking a good bet in not playing foreign films, if only as a substitute for the "B" or "C" picture on the second half of his programs.

Arthur L. Mayer, the managing director of the Rialto, a small theatre in the heart of Times Square, which specialized in horror films, inaugurated a foreign-film policy with a French movie. It broke the all-time house record, ending the week with a net gross of $18,000.

Writing in the New York *Times*, Mr. Mayer explained: "The American motion-picture-going public has come of age. Because foreign films bear a reasonable resemblance to reality . . . because their directors are students of modern thought and dramatic technique, they need no longer be exiled from Broadway."

A dig there at Hollywood, no doubt, but one that finds an ally in Weinberg. Since he is a reasonable man, Weinberg will admit, however, that a foreign label doesn't necessarily mean that a film is great or even good. There are foreign movies quite capable of making the spectator wistfully wish he had stayed at home with his television set. The ones widely distributed are generally (but not always) of a pretty high order; the bad ones are left to die unmourned across the pond.

Weinberg has no monopoly on the foreign-film translation market; there are other titlers, but it's doubtful whether any of them have worked on as large a number of films as he. Unless he puts himself out of business with a global film requiring no dialogue except maybe Esperanto, Weinberg will face small competition from other sources. The process of "dubbing" (a method of substituting voices on the sound track to fit the spoken tongue—used in many foreign countries with Hollywood movies) has never been accepted in this country.

"The obviousness of the dubbing is the reason," Weinberg says, "no matter how subtly it's done. The timbre of the dubbed voices seldom fits the personalities of the original players and the lip movements are rarely in synchronization with the dubbed dialogue." In Europe and elsewhere, less technically-minded audiences tolerate dubbing, but Americans, sticklers for absolute precision movie-making, resent it. "The only successfully dubbed film I've ever seen," says Weinberg, "is the English version of *Le Rosier de Mme. Husson*, but it was banned over here by the censors. I titled the original French version, a beautiful job, and I don't think I'll shock anyone by adding that it was also banned."

Inasmuch as the censors usually have the last word, Weinberg ruefully ponders the fate of several French and Italian films just arrived in America. "The sparks they give off will, I'm afraid, burn the Johnston Code to a crisp," he says. Although he believes that the frankest movies in the world are currently being made in France and Italy, he's not quite sure that the people of those countries are the only notoriously plain-speaking citizens there are on the face of the globe.

"So are we Americans," he says with a sigh, "but there's a conspiracy to keep it from the public." ⌗

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No Man's Island

Continued from page 86

waited, glaring bleakly at his bony structure shaken by chills. Then he pulled himself together and went out.

He found Teren lying on his face near by, still hot with life, with a gap in his back.

Lask sat by him in the rain, lacking the strength to carry him under cover. "Private Teren, I order you to get well," he said. "Private Teren, most decorated man of our nation, don't you dare desert your Commander. Do you hear me? Private Teren, consider yourself court-martialed and shot at dawn!"

There was a flicker of a smile on Teren's face. Then life stopped as suddenly as the ticking of a watch. Lask wiped the blood away from Teren's mouth and sat with him all night, dry-eyed and benumbed.

The following day the sun blazed fiercely and the island smoked like a hot cinder. Lask could not delay the burial. He accorded Teren full military honors, awarded him several posthumous orders, and forgave him his debts. He thought of the days when the island had been filled with the jesting of men feeding from sweaty steel helmets, the shouting of commands, the furious zoom of motors in the sky, and all the birds and monkeys had grown silent in astonishment. Now they screamed wantonly. The island was becoming theirs again.

He grew sullen in his solitude. But one thing kept him up and urged him on: the others.

He spied their new camp one day in a bamboo glade. He crept close. He'd learned how, at last. His almost naked body sensed every little twig, every dry leaf. And he had lost all fear. The two men were playing cards. He came close enough to observe their faces and hear their voices. For a long time he watched them, fascinated. In his loneliness he wondered what they talked about. The stocky one was a moody fellow, alternately gay and sullen, with hands always busy scratching his frowsy head, picking his teeth, exploring his nostrils. The little one was quiet, almost dainty, with tragic eyes and the profile of a hungry mouse.

At long last, Lask moved on. He wanted to come a little closer, to be a little surer. But he overstepped himself. The air or the ground whispered of his presence, and the others jumped up, frantically pouring out lead all around them.

Lask lay stock-still. His rags and hair and skin had acquired the coloring of dirt and underbrush. Instinctively he shut his eyes, sprawled his limbs, almost liquefied his body on the ground, and relaxed his mind also, blending with the earth in body and thought—sprawling, patient, enduring.

He barely heeded the spray of bullets cutting the thicket in which he lay, barely felt the bite of lead in his shoulder. Only long after the others had ceased fire and moved away did he become himself again—human, and able to feel pain.

Luckily, he was downwind, for the rank smell of the blood wavering down his side might have betrayed him. He backtracked with infinite pains, and, on the way, he lost consciousness. He awoke in the night to find an animal sucking his wound with growing greediness. He felt for its sleek belly and plunged his knife in with a twist; the beast broke away, thrashing the ground and yelping furiously.

He never knew how he returned to his lair. His wound pained and swelled and festered. For uncounted days he lay shaking in the grip of fever. But the only thing he wasn't able to bear was his loneliness.

Waiting for recovery, he was sitting against a nutmeg tree before his cave one day, an orchid in his mouth, gun in lap, and nothing on his mind, when there was a rustle of leaves, and the stocky fellow strolled past, nothing on his mind either and gun on his back.

Lask held his breath and his fire till the man caught sight of him; then, as the other made a frantic attempt to reach, Lask gave him a burst point-blank. The man grinned foolishly, his eyes rolled up, and he slumped slowly to the ground. Lask fled noiselessly.

All day and all night he was pervaded by an incontinent sense of triumph. On either side there had been officers and men and big guns and small guns and mortars and hand grenades and whatever goes into the making of a good war. And now nothing was left, but one man on each side. The best on each side, or the luckiest—which, in war, amounted to the same thing.

Then only did he notice that he had spent his last bullet. He went to look for the cartridge pans buried in scattered places, but couldn't find them. Frantically he canvassed the forest and rummaged the vegetation-covered ground. In vain. So many months had passed, and so much had happened . . .

When he came back for the dead man's gun and ammunition, the body was gone. He discovered the grave near by—a little heap of dirt and foliage, the bayonet deep through mound and body, the battered helmet tilted on the hilt in familiar fashion.

He withdrew quickly and resumed his search. But only in his dreams did he see cartridges, mountains of them. During his waking hours he only hunted for them, burrowing frenziedly with bleeding fingernails, obsessed by the thought that the other might be watching him from ambush and poising his gun. And, since the ground was too dangerous with nothing but a knife, he took to the trees, coming down only at night. In fever-ridden slumber he recalled the hiding places, woke and rushed to look, and found the dreams had lied.

As time went by he forgot about cartridges. He didn't even remember where he had left his gun. But in regard to the enemy his mind remained lucid and alert. He spotted him one morning across a little creek, uncertainly moving about, looking helpless. He saw him drink at the little brook and disappear in a cluster of azalea and green nutmeg. Next day he saw him come out again for drink, straggle about a bit, and return into hiding. Both times he'd taken the same path to the brook.

FENDER WORK
Fred Lundy

To command the passage, Lask had to raise himself into an ironwood tree that was near the other's lair, and he had to call on every wisp of his woodcraft and wiles—exploring the faintest breeze with his wet upper lip to keep always downwind, synchronizing the noise of his progress with the cries of animals or gusts of the wind, blending with forest in sound, color, movement. He couldn't be too careful. The other also knew the wind, his ears also were sharp, his nose also was keen.

Finally, Lask was safely installed in the chosen tree, blending with the foliage. A few feet below loomed the path of the enemy. He felt exhilarated. The end of a portentous task was in sight.

The other came out. Lask watched him raptly. He knew him by now as if they were brothers. He was more emaciated than ever and seemed even smaller from above. He carried his helmet tied to the belt of his shredded rags.

On his way to the tree he stood still, holding his gun half raised as if he'd caught wind of something irregular. Only his small head moved, craning and tilting quickly, like a bird's his eyes liquid and alert in his waxlike face. At last he moved on, drifting off to a different path, and Lask had to gag his own mouth with his fist not to cry out loud, just to get the whole thing over with . . .

Stolidly, Lask stayed put in his nest of limbs, nibbling at buds and bark. Shivering, or in a sort of stupor. There was rain and shine, day and night. A long-nosed monkey paid him a call and several times a dizzy bee tried to get honey out of his nipple. Shrieking, the birds pursued their carousel of love.

On the third day—or was it the fourth?—the other came his way. He stood still beneath the tree and raised his eyes. They were almost face to face. Lask peered into the muzzle of a gun. It was a small gun, built for small men. He closed his eyes and waited, barring all thought from his mind; and his heart, that had been pounding too loudly, quieted down.

A hundred years went by. Then he heard the other move on. Lask unclosed his eyes, disengaged his legs, opened his arms, and dropped, blade first.

He kept his knife and eyes buried in the other's back till the convulsions subsided. Then he sat down and looked at a butterfly, waiting for the man's retching gurgle to come to an end.

Lask dug a little ditch and put the little man inside and covered him with a little mound of dirt. Into the mound he stuck the man's bayonet, nailing him into the earth, and tilted his helmet on the hilt. He worked furtively, casting wary glances about all the while. He'd have to get used to having no one to fear.

He shook a little with fever and suppressed laughter.

"I, by the Grace of God *etc.*, *etc.* and the Power of my Fist *etc.*, *etc.*, declare this Territory *etc.*, *etc.*" He was going to be a busy fellow. He was Commander Victorious. He would pass himself in review, appoint a committee of one, unanimously elect himself Town Mayor, Governor General, perhaps King. He would be Stern Lawmaker and Merry Lawbreaker. Moreover, he would be Most Eligible Bachelor, Foremost Authority on Arts and Letters and—why not?—Tennis Champion. He had always wanted to be Tennis Champion. "*Per aspera ad astra, per angusta ad augusta,* and *Cucaracha.*"

He wandered about aimlessly for half an endless day. The birds were screaming, and snickering monkeys aimed nuts at him. The trees were wagging their willowy heads. Then he stepped into the dazzling sun and followed the call of the sleepless sea.

Where the great rollers washed ashore, the sand felt cool and firm. The surf foamed merrily at his feet, leaving traces of crackling spume when it retired. He strode into the water. Three times the outraged sea rejected him. Then she surrendered to his insistence. She flung a wave round his neck, whispered fondly into his ear, folded him into her womb. ⧻

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Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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Death at Times Square

Continued from page 67

plays were what we needed, and we didn't get them. Now that September has rolled round again, let's hope we get them this season. There must be fresh talents at work in the theatre somewhere, and there ought to be some way of ferreting them out of their hiding places. Rumor has it, too, that some of the old stand-bys—Anderson, Hellman, Barry, Sherwood, Rice—have been hard at work and that we shall shortly be hearing from them. Since they gave us nothing last year, perhaps they'll break out some real stuff now. I hope so. And I hope that they'll all have something positive to say about the modern world. The world of 1948, the world we live in, must have more to offer the dramatist who knows and respects his craft than nostalgia, defeatism, and lassitude.

* * *

I hear a raging cry of dissent: "*Mister Roberts! A Streetcar Named Desire!* How can you take pot shots at a season that turned up those two plays?"

Mister Roberts was adapted by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen from Mr. Heggen's novel of the same name. A good book, it made an extremely entertaining play. On one level at least, *Mister Roberts* has everything. It makes us laugh; it makes us cry; it makes us applaud. I should be quibbling if I said I didn't enjoy it.

Some of the critics, though, called it the *What Price Glory?* of World War II; one or two thought it a better play than the Stallings-Anderson masterpiece. Well, those of us who have seen *What Price Glory?* have never forgotten it: it was tough-fibered; it was at one and the same time funny and bitter; it painted men at war with cool detachment and yet it somehow endowed them with warm humanity. I don't believe that *Mister Roberts* quite does all that. It would seem to me to bear the same relation to *What Price Glory?* that, say, *Gone with the Wind* does to *Wuthering Heights.* Like *Gone with the Wind*, the Heggen-Logan play is a truly superb job of slick writing. During the intermission of *Mister Roberts*, I heard a young lady say to her male companion, "I think this is *swell*. But it is—don't you think—kind of Grand Rapids." I'm pretty sure I know what she meant. Grand Rapids furniture can be beautiful and comfortable, but at best, it's machine-made.

Mr. Roberts himself is a shadow of a man. Even Henry Fonda's inspired acting never really brings him to life. He is gentle and kind and self-sacrificing; when, momentarily, he loses his sense of balance, a sort of fictitious sugar-coating covers his rage. The other characters are virtually caricatures: the horny young ensign, the understanding ship's surgeon, the Captain-Bligh-like commanding officer, the enlisted men who speak bright lines brightly but who, one knows, fade off into the wings and nonexistence when offstage. The whole thing is theatrical. Its contrivances, like the contrivances of an expensive machine-made chair, are subtly and expertly glossed over, but they are, nonetheless, contrivances. On one level, I enjoyed the play immensely; on another, like the lady who called it Grand Rapids, I kept seeing the authors pulling strings. "Wait," one of them must have said to the other at intervals, "we've just had a bit of comedy. Now let's inject a note of pathos . . . Here, right here, is where we ought to get in a wisecrack . . . Things've been going too smoothly for Mr. Roberts. Now let's have a big climax—a misunderstanding that turns his men against him . . . "

It all adds up to a wow of an evening. But a great play never *adds* up to anything. It grows—or seems to, at any rate—out of a central theme and a life-giving inspiration. I can't help feeling that *Mister Roberts*, for all its workmanship, is still a dead play. It is sterile because it pretties up reality while it pretends to face it; it looks to the past instead of the future because it utilizes, however brilliantly, old theatrical devices; its polished surface can't quite hide the tarnish within.

Tennessee Williams' first Broadway hit was *The Glass Menagerie.* It told the story of a broken-down, middle-aged Southern belle who lived in a dreamlike world of false respectability and whose sole ambition was to bring back the magnolia blossoms of her youth by finding a prince charming for her daughter. It was a delicate and quiet little play, awfully sad and awfully funny, and many of us were profoundly moved by it. But nobody could have kept his mind on *The Glass Menagerie* as a play: the late Laurette Taylor's incomparable performance in the central role simply blinded most audiences to everything else. The critics lost their heads—as who didn't? — over Laurette Taylor, not Tennessee Williams. They thought his play a good one—they awarded a prize to it, in fact—and called him a promising young man, but weren't bowled over.

A Streetcar Named Desire broke on New York like a clap of thunder nearly a year ago, and, almost unanimously, the critics made up to Mr. Williams for their partial neglect. As they saw it, the promise of *The Glass Menagerie* was more than fulfilled.

Now, *A Streetcar* has a lot of good things. Its dialogue is robust and earthy. Its several dramatic climaxes pack a mighty wallop. Some of its characters are three-dimensional human beings. It has color and speed. I hesitate to inject a sour note into the general chorus of praise; as I see it, however, there is great promise in *A Streetcar*. The only trouble is that the promise has *already* been fulfilled in *The Glass Menagerie*.

A Streetcar Named Desire derives from the earlier play, but it seems to me to take a long step backward. Once more Mr. Williams has chosen to dissect a decadent Southern lady—a young one this time—but he has tossed delicacy overboard and hoisted a flaming red sail. In *The Glass Menagerie*, Amanda's honeyed tyranny and tawdry charm came through so clearly that I felt as though I were living through one of those rare experiences in the theatre when reality seems indistinguishable from illusion. The writing seemed simple, effortless, sincere. No pretense; no posturing.

In *A Streetcar* everything is illusion, nothing is simple. Blanche, the central character, is, like Amanda, honeyed, tawdry, and falsely charming; she is also a drunkard and a nymphomaniac. Mr. Williams, tossing simplicity to the winds, dots Blanche's career with the following incidents: she marries a homosexual and drives him to suicide; she is driven from her home town for seducing a high-school boy; she gets raped by her brother-in-law, who hates her, while his beloved wife is in the hospital having a baby; she goes mad and is taken off to an asylum.

The play is full of the mechanics of trumpery — offstage music, fancy symbolism, pistol shots that only Blanche (and we in the audience) can hear, rowdy card games, riots, bathroom jokes, rampant sex, and incredible bathos—as when, for instance, Blanche's naïve but disillusioned lover is carefully maneuvered onto the stage to watch the scene of her final degradation.

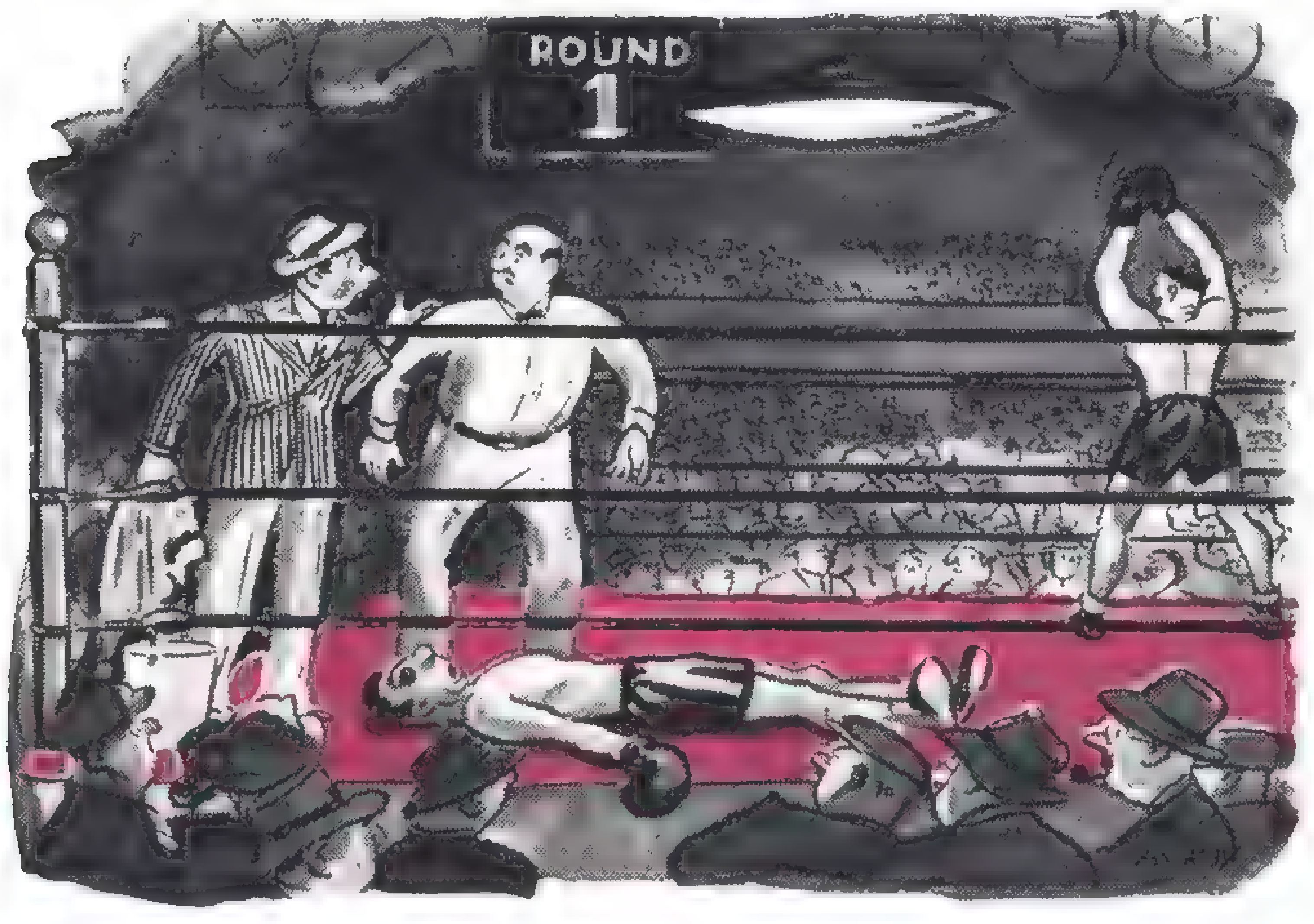
The general effect is like that of a Roman candle. Its sparks fly out in every direction. It sizzles wildly. Its colors are the primary ones—very sharp, very bright, very attractive to those who like fireworks and overburdened Christmas trees. In other words, the play has more of frippery than validity. Where *The Glass Menagerie* rang true because of its modesty, its restraint, and its dignity, *A Streetcar* seems almost shameless in spangles and war paint. It's hard not to admire Tennessee Williams. I think he crackles with vitality and even genius. But I hope that in his next play he'll swear off pretentiousness. I doubt whether the final impact of a work of art is ever improved by studiously piling shock upon shock.

* * *

Well, there you are. That's last season as it appeared, at least, to one theatregoer. There were, to recapitulate, some amusing plays on Broadway and some stimulating ones. Except for the revivals, though, not a single drama of absolute integrity hit the boards. The question, you see, is one of integrity. For the continuing life of the American theatre, we need playwrights of integrity. No lively art can, I believe, be produced without an honest artist to produce it. And that's why, in spite of plenty of excitement, the theatre seemed dead last year. The true vibrancy, what there was of it, turned up only in plays born of past generations. The season's most sparkling comedy was Ferenc Molnar's *The Play's the Thing*, which was first produced in New York—believe it or not—in 1926; it put the products of 1948 to shame. I think it is significant that a forty-year-old comedy, *Man and Superman*, and a more than two-thousand-year-old tragedy, *Medea*, played to packed houses. I have a hunch they'll still be playing, in one version or another, when *A Streetcar Named Desire* has become a museum piece, as dated as bell-bottom trousers. And why? You can find flaws in *Medea* and *Man and Superman* if you look for them, but each of them is all of a piece. The living play, as opposed to the dead one, is warmed by an inner fire. Maybe you don't quite know what that fire is—call it sincerity, if you will, or integrity —but you can always sense its presence or absence.

And so we face another September and a new season. There seem now to be plenty of nice things in the offing.

Let's hope that life comes back to Times Square this year with a vengeance! #



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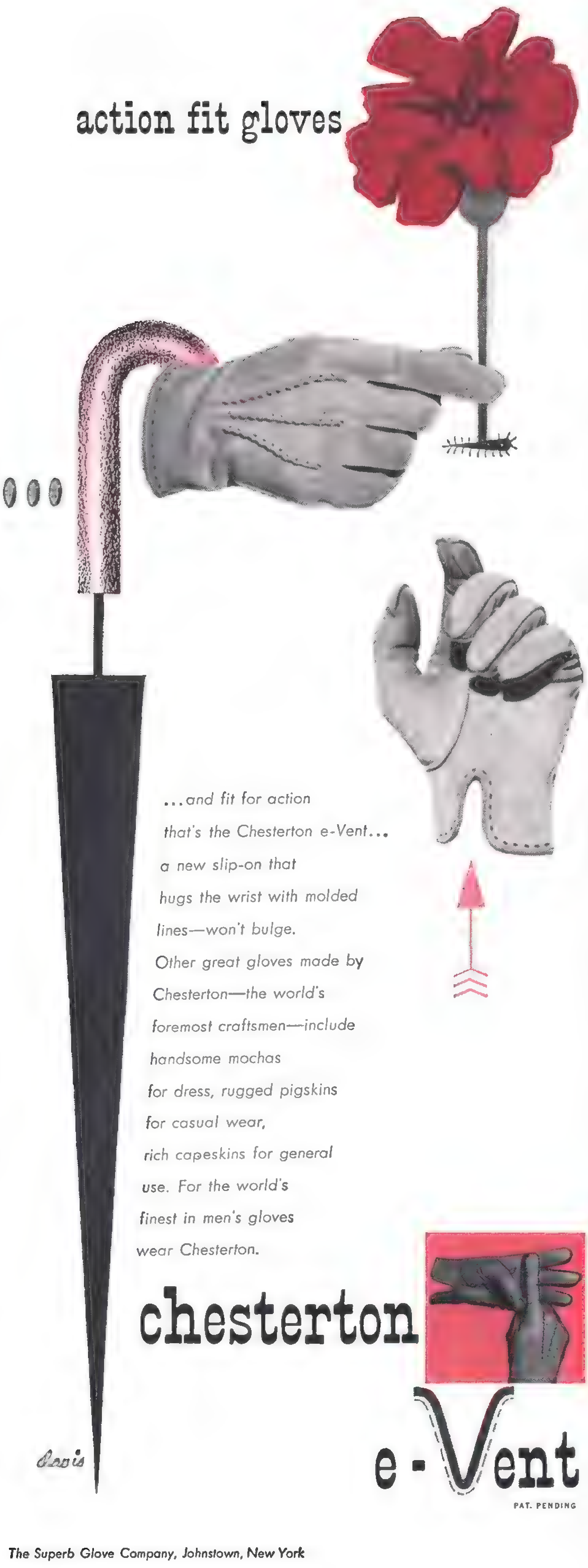

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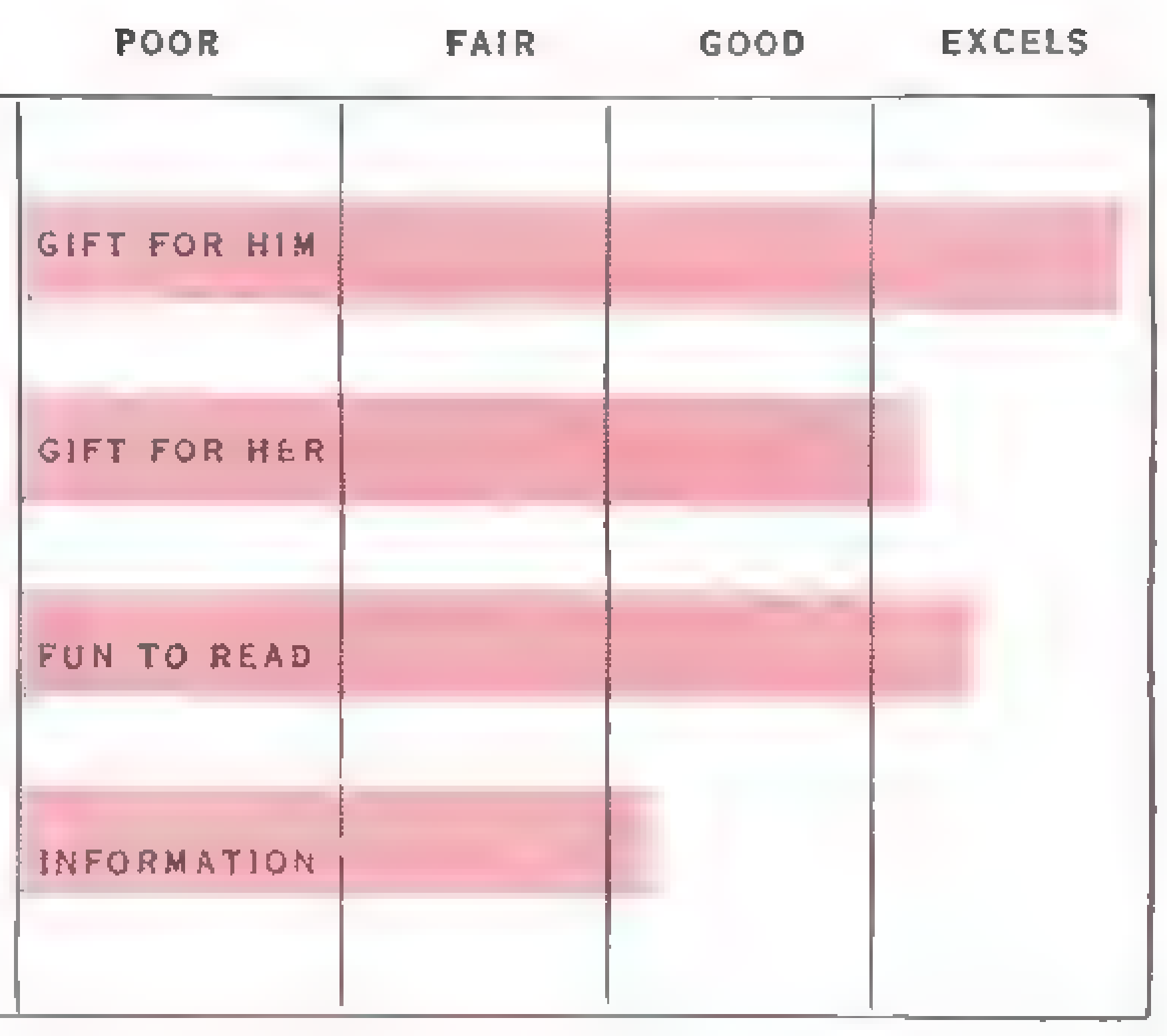
Book Briefs

Some new candidates for your sports library, including a cynical anthology and an encyclopedia of horse racing

Say It Ain't So, Joe

Edited by Thomas L. Stix
(Boni & Gaer, $3.00)

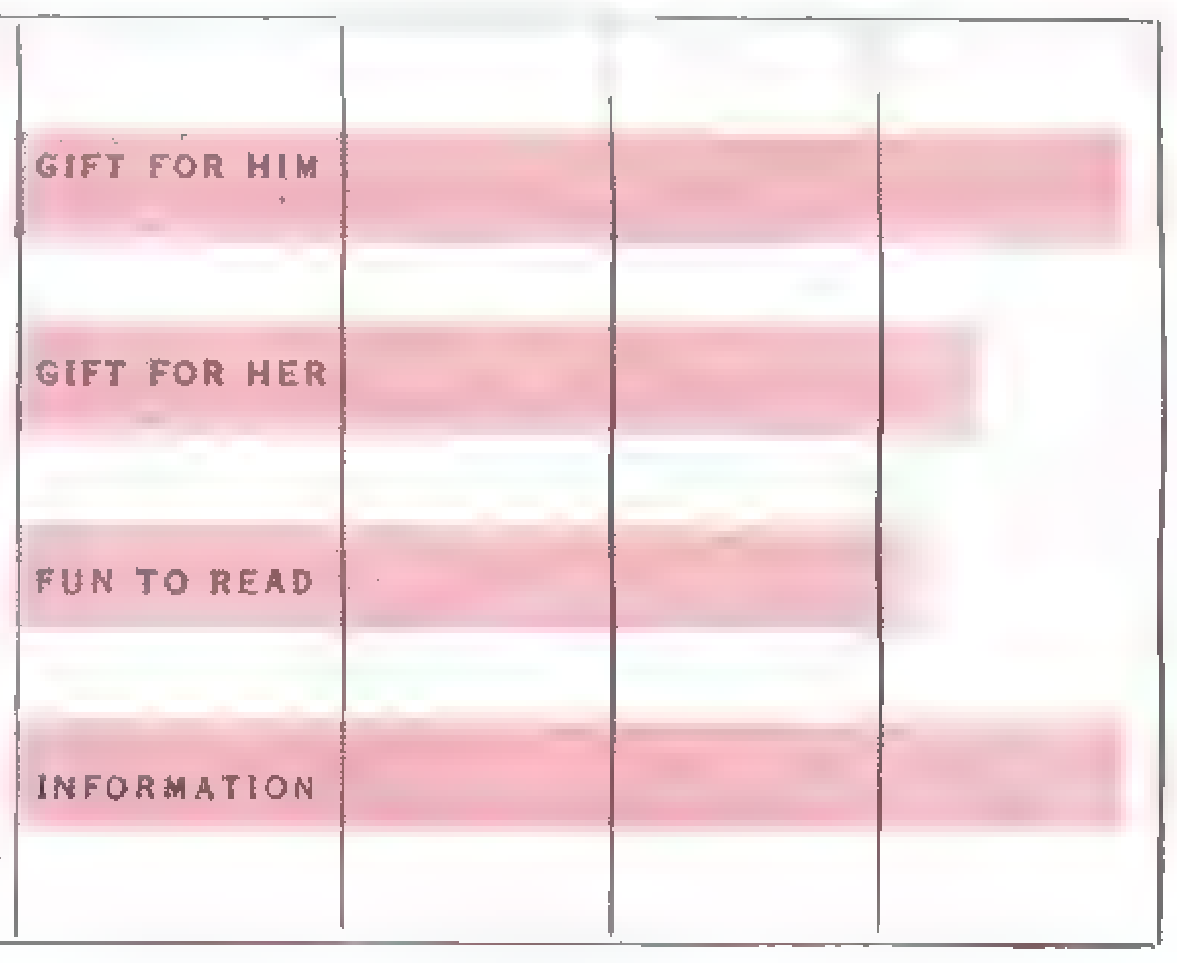
Eighteen stories, fiction and fact, collected to show that pure sport is often pure crookedness. Partial contents: *Remember the Black Socks*, by John Lardner, *Pity the Poor Giant*, by Paul Gallico, and the masterful satire, *Rackety Rax*, by Joel Sayre.



Horse Racing

By Walter Steigleman
(Prentice-Hall, $3.50)

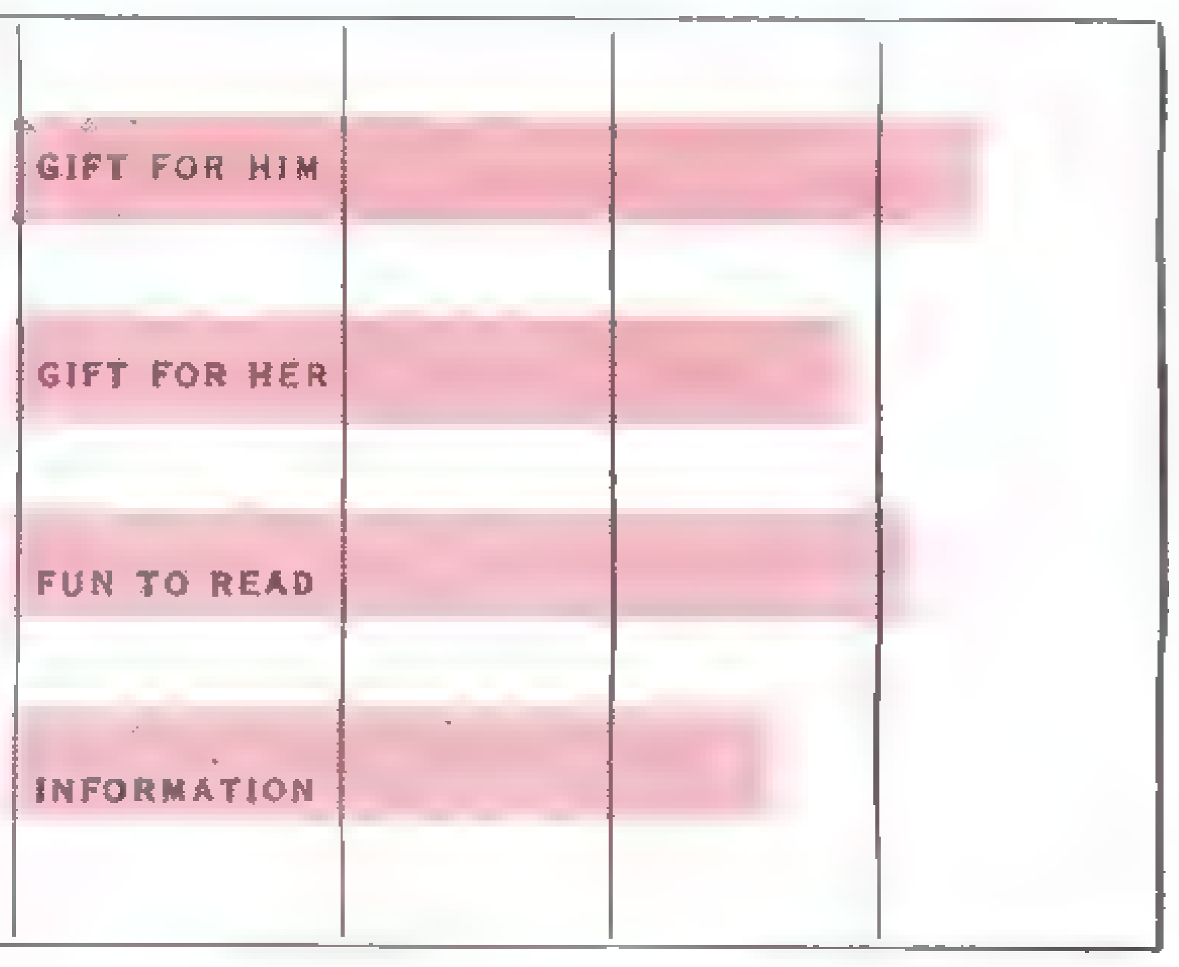
Comprehensive is the word for this one. It tackles the job of explaining everything about horse racing—bettors, owners, trainers, jockeys, stewards, systems, tote boards, tipsters, percentages, bookies, the works. Style is light and readable.



Win, Lose or Draw

by Warren Brown
(Putnam, $3.00)

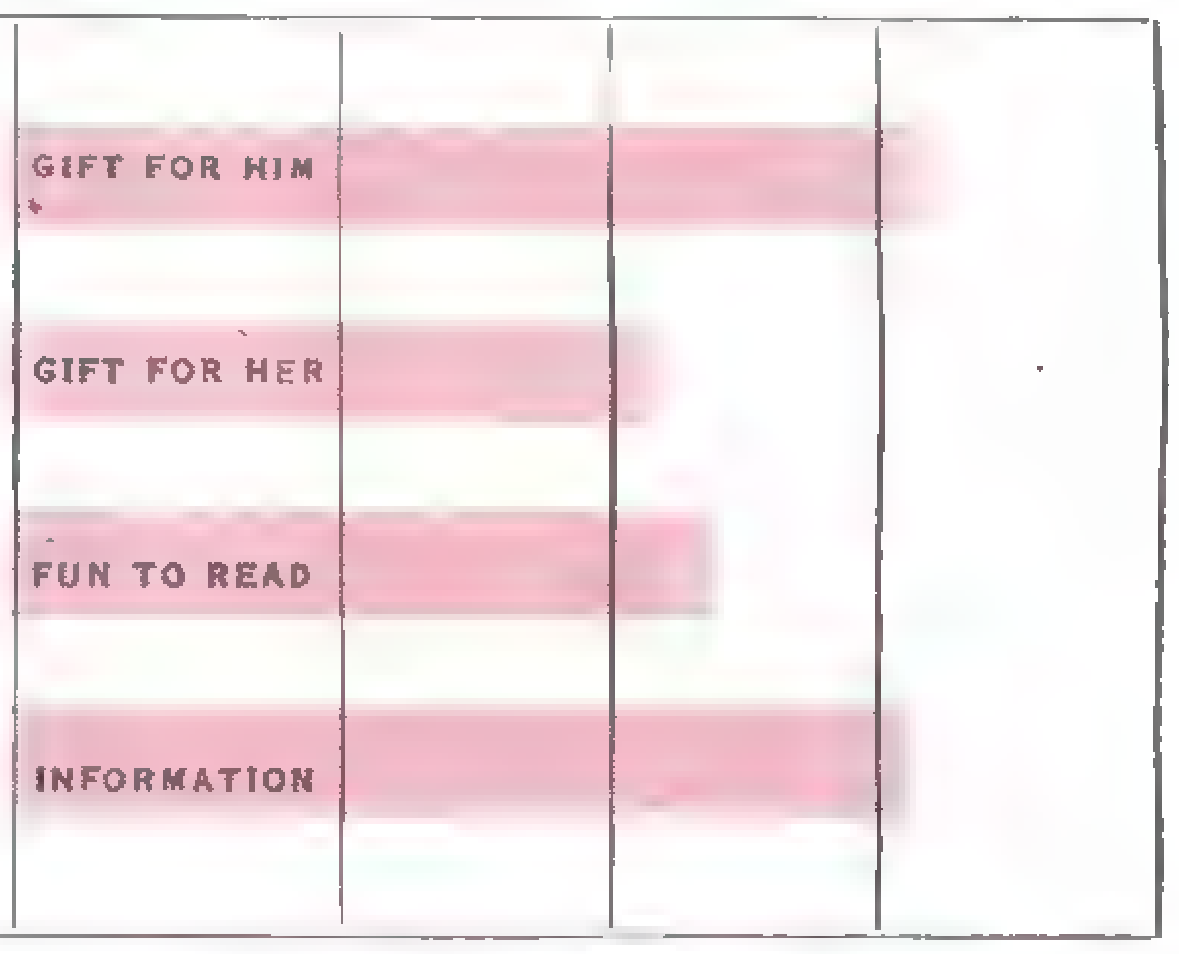
The reminiscences of a veteran sports writer who brings out some refreshingly new material and anecdotes on such figures as Hal Chase, Jack Johnson, Tex Rickard, Jack Kearns, and Judge Landis. Also some chapters on sports reporters and writers.



The Story of Football

by Lamont Buchanan
(Stephen-Paul, $5.00)

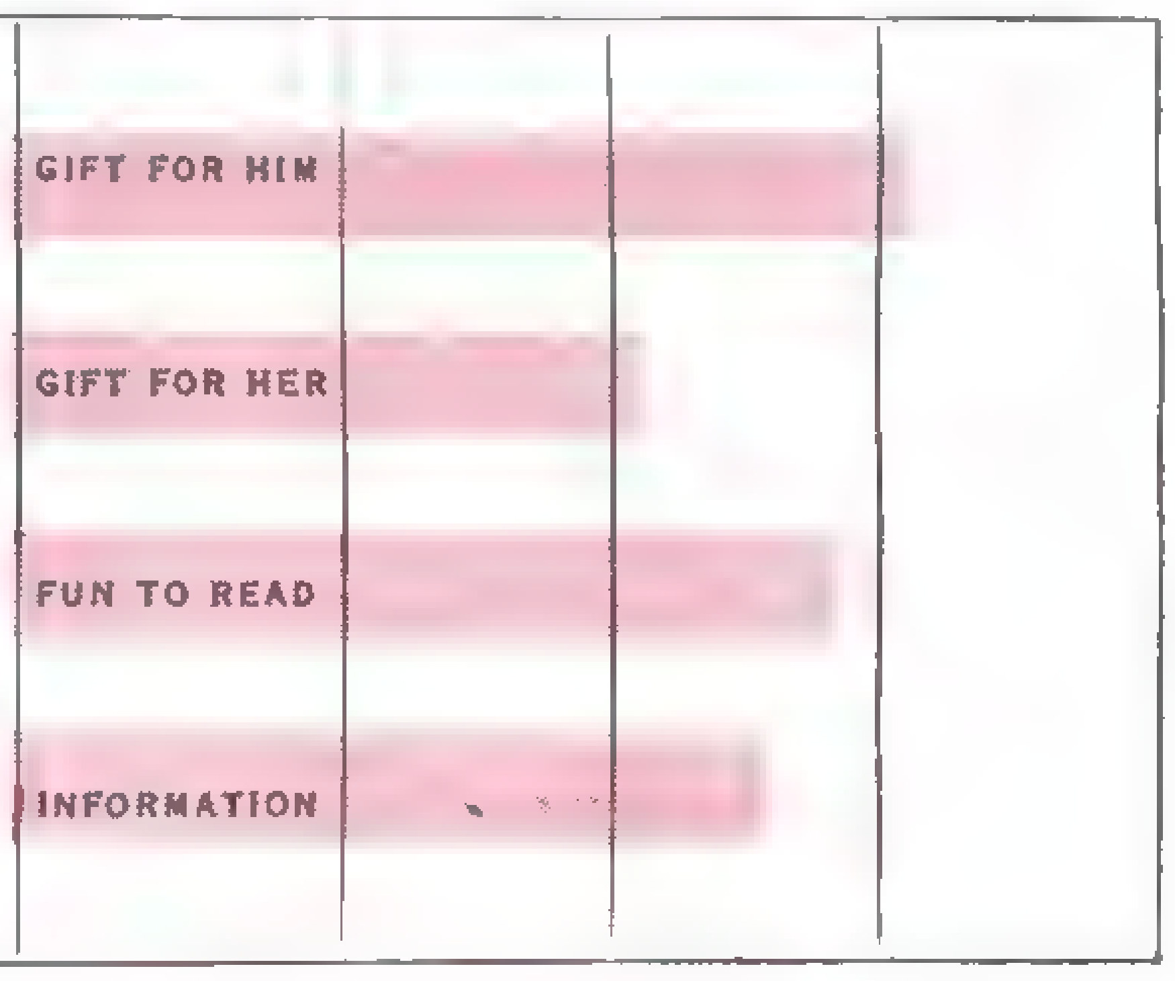
A pictorial history of college football containing scores of rare photographs of early stars and games. Text, although skimpy, manages to hit the high spots of records of teams and individuals.



Babe Ruth

by Tom Meany
(Barnes, $2.75)

Not a biography, but an intimate, personal story of Ruth's life, especially the not-too-well known vicissitudes of his off-the-field behavior. Profusely illustrated with photos covering all aspects of his career.



The Waxworks

From horror opera on discs to some ladies swinging it out hot, cold and in the groove

by HERBERT KUBLY

The High:

WHEN Tallulah Bankhead saw *The Medium* on Broadway she told composer Gian-Carlo Menotti: "It thrilled my soul and chilled my guts!" Menotti's two-act opera was a grisly success but whether its horror could be captured on wax was doubtful.

Now albums of *The Medium* and its companion piece, the flip little opera, *The Telephone*, have been released (Columbia, 20 sides) ♪♪♪ and the verdict is in. *The Medium* is as successful on records as on stage. Without the stage's settings and lighting the opera is somewhat less bloodcurdling, but, to make up for that, the music sounds better.

For the first time in an opera recording one can effortlessly understand every word. For this, credit must go to everyone connected with the project—the starred singers, Marie Powers and Evelyn Keller, the sound engineers who cut the master discs, and Menotti, top-ranking opera composer of his generation.

Two contemporaries of Menotti are responsible for a brilliant new orchestral album. Leonard Bernstein conducts musicians from the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Igor Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat* and *Octet for Wind Instruments* (Victor, 10 sides) ♪♪. The lean, sharp music is played with unique shimmering clarity, which makes Bernstein the best conductor of Stravinsky today.

The best domestic recording of Beethoven's promethean *Symphony No. 9 (Choral) in D Minor* has been released by Victor (16 sides) ♪♪. Serge Koussevitzky conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Robert Shaw directs the Berkshire Music Festival Chorus in this first recording to be made in the Music Shed at Tanglewood, Koussevitzky's summer pasture for musicians near Lenox, Massachusetts. The musically definitive Ninth is still the old Vienna Philharmonic version conducted for Columbia by Felix Weingartner. But in clarity and engineering fidelity Koussevitzky's is the finest.

The Low:

TO show that the gals have a flair for the hot licks, Victor has gathered an assortment of them into an entertaining package called *Girls in Jazz* (8 sides) ♪. Mary Lou Williams, one of the best jazz pianists of either gender, plays her own *Hesitation Boogie* with a female Krupa named Bridget O'Flynn at the drums and June Rotenberg, a bass player from the St. Louis Symphony, at the double doghouse. The album includes jazz by the Beryl Booker Trio, the Vivien Garry Quintet which plays *A Woman's Place Is In The Groove* and the Sweethearts of Rhythm, an interracial distaff band from Arlington, Virginia.

Pianist Hazel Scott's vocalizing gives her no edge over Miss Williams, who doesn't sing. In her new album, *Great Scott* (Columbia, 8 sides) ♪, she gives her duo-treatment to *Emaline, Mary Lou, Brown Bee Boogie, Nightmare Blues* and other titles. On a single disc, a brunette eye-and-earful named Lynne James strums a leisurely cocktail piano through *Autumn in New York* and *Stella by Starlight* (Metro).

Hildegarde enters the ladies' sweepstakes with a new album (Decca, 6 sides). *I'll Be Seeing You, My Bel Ami, One Look at You* and three others, will make Hildegarde cultists swoon.

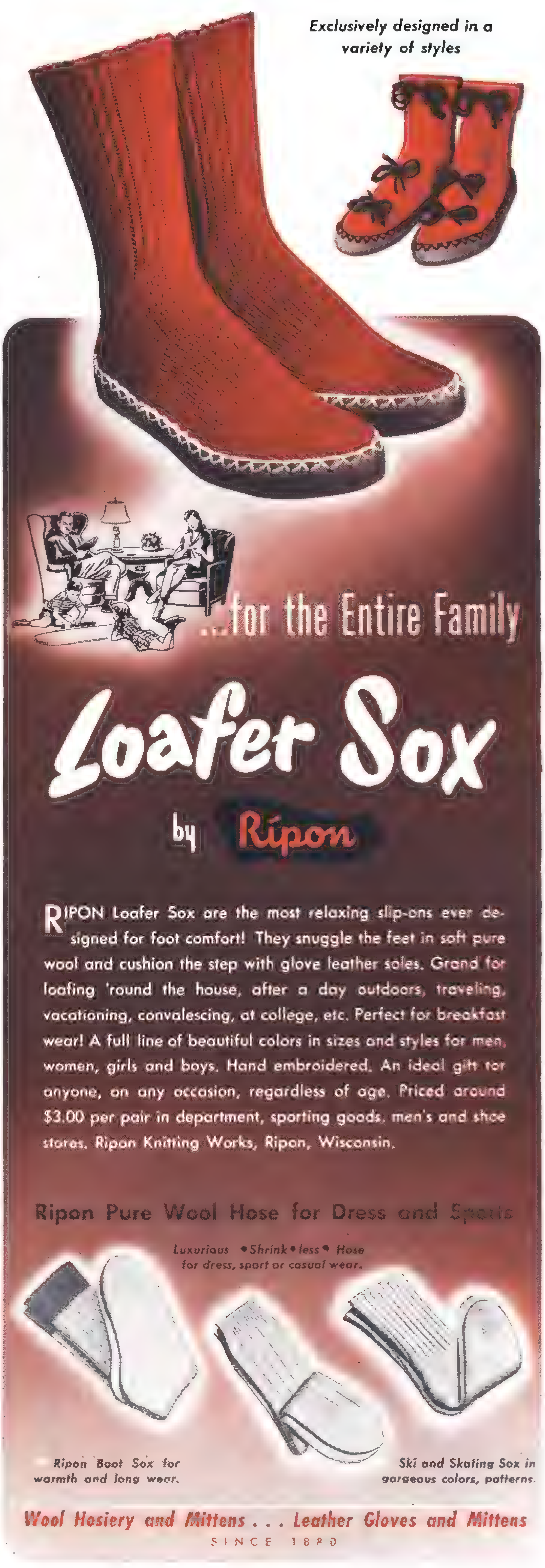
A half-dozen single discs released in 1947 put unknown Nellie Lutcher into top billing on the blues scoreboard. Now Capitol has released her first album (6 sides) ♪♪, in which she'll run your temperature up with *There's Another Mule in Your Stall* and *Chi-Chi-Chi-Chicago* and then relax you with *Sleepy Lagoon.*

No less lusty, though somewhat more pious, is an album by the Two Gospel Keys of Atlanta, Georgia, (Disc, 4 sides) ♪♪. The Keys are sixty-year-old itinerants named Emma Daniels and Mother Sally Jones who huskily proclaim their faith in the Lord, to their own guitar and tambourine accompaniments.

A formidable project has been undertaken by Decca Records in *Songs of Our Times*, which is to be a recorded library of popular music from 1917 to 1943. So far we've heard the songs of 1927 played by Bob Grant's Orchestra, and those of 1930, played by Ted Straeter's Orchestra (8 sides each). Unhappily the twenty-four songs from each year are run together, three to a side, and are played with a dull sameness. The 1927 collection is pleasanter because the songs were pleasanter: *Among My Souvenirs, My Blue Heaven, At Sundown, Ramona* and *Chloe*. This album will make you feel your years. ⌗

Rating of Recording:

♪ =GOOD
♪♪ =SUPERIOR
♪♪♪ =OUTSTANDING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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

dissenting Dane

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A story like that can possibly make America something unpopular in Denmark, and I do not believe you want that. For the present Danes admire U.S.A. and its people very much, and we know how high an education you receive, we know you are what a man calls "civilized." But we also think we have some civilization here.

HANS F. PEDERSEN
Byagervy, Denmark

pens across the sea

I am a regular subscriber to Esquire and thoroughly enjoy its features. I wish very much to get to know Americans better and should be most grateful if you could discover whether any of your readers would care to correspond with me. Someone about my own age—23, served in the war, back at studies and looking at civvy street. Sorry to trouble you with this request, but you're the friendliest contact I have in America.

ANTHONY M. HARRIS
London, England

alas poor Whiffs

In the April, 1948, issue of Esquire, Walter Hughes of Ojai, California, asks that one of Esky's Yale readers put him straight on the *Whiffenpoof Song* and the identification of Yale's Whiffenpoofs with Kipling's Gentleman Rankers.

The Whiffs, a 12-man choral and drinking club which meets for weekly fests "down at Mory's" (there really *is* such a place!) and entertains at college events, have never claimed authorship of the famed and fabled *Whiffenpoof Song*. But of the fact that they are "doomed from here to eternity" there is no doubt.

If you were a Whiffenpoof and had to sit by quietly while tinny tenors and baleful baritones mangled your simple little song from rutted juke-box records—wouldn't you feel doomed?

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A Broadway Legend: Harold Arlen

Continued from page 47

himself out for a tour of sixteen weeks on the Loew circuit. Attendance records were broken when he sang at Loew's State in Manhattan, Loew's Capitol in Washington, and several other tabernacle-sized theatres. Newsmen who caught his performance spread the word privately that his voice was doing unprintable things to women who heard it.

Meanwhile Arlen himself, who once had yearned to sing in the big time, was now sickening of it. "This is hammy," he complained. "I'm tired of being a darling little personality six times a day. I want to lock myself in a room and write songs for somebody else to sing."

One day, when he was lolling in the office of Nate Spingold, a New York vice-president of Columbia Pictures, Spingold mentioned that a picture was to be written around the title *Let's Fall in Love.* The normally pale Arlen turned much paler. "Are you sick, Harold?" the movie man asked. Arlen mumbled, "Excuse me, please. Where's the washroom?"

After a few minutes alone, Arlen returned with a wrinkled piece of paper on which he had scrawled some music notes. "Let's fall in love," he sang. "Why shouldn't we fall in love? La-di-da di-di-da—"* He had eight bars of melody and the first two lines of the lyric—a working start for himself and Koehler on the song that became the title tune for Columbia's musical picture. Invited to Hollywood to write the rest of the score, Arlen made his final choice between the careers of singer and song writer. He wheedled Loew's into granting a parole on the remaining four weeks of his tour, and hastened to Hollywood.

Since then he has never thought of himself as a vocalist. After his first Hollywood spree he returned East, served out his Loew's indenture, and eagerly grabbed a chance to write *Life Begins at 8:40* with Ira Gershwin and Yip Harburg. He married Anya Taranda, one of the *Vanities* girls, and has lived happily ever after, alternating between Broadway and Hollywood assignments—Ed Wynn's *Hurray For What,* two Earl Carroll revues, *You Said It, Bloomer Girl,* and *St. Louis Woman* on the stage; *A Day at the Races, Blues in the Night, Cabin in the Sky, The Wizard of Oz, Here Come the Waves, Star-Spangled Rhythm,* and several Eddie Cantor masterworks on the screen.

However, he still sings, in semiprivacy or when muteness

Continued on page 120

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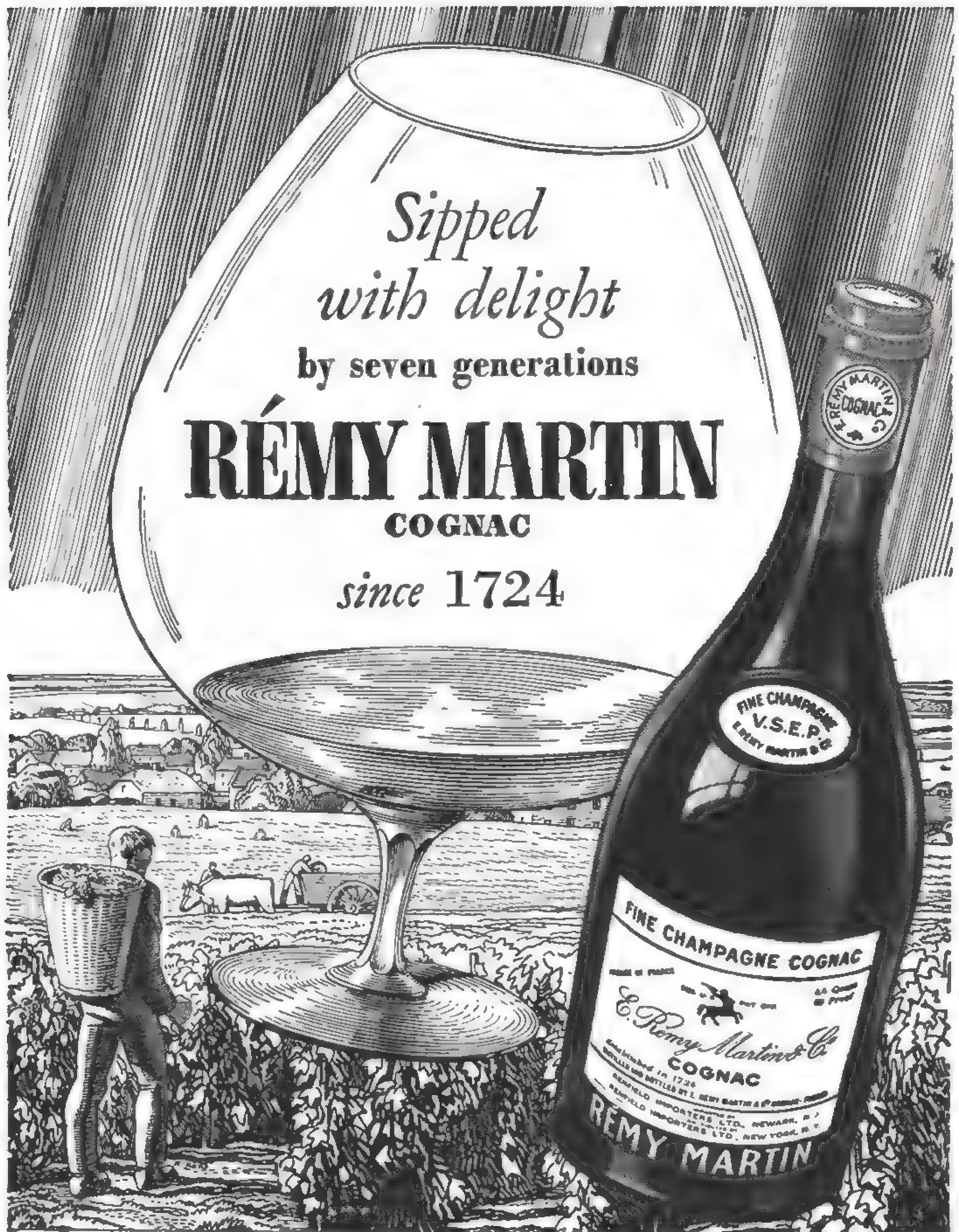

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A Broadway Legend: Harold Arlen

Continued from page 119

would be mutinous. Whenever he is writing a show, he still demonstrates each number for its singer. Broadway chorus girls return early from supper to hear him at rehearsals of his New York shows. Screen stars and extra girls crowd the set when he is due to sing a song at a movie studio; Judy Garland didn't miss his performance of a single one of the nine songs he wrote for *The Wizard of Oz.* An audition record he grudgingly waxed last year, when Skolsky got him briefly interested in doing a radio show, is something of a prize around Hollywood today; it has been borrowed innumerable times from the broadcasting chain where it reposes, and Janet Blair, for one, is known to have played it seven times in one evening at her home.

Arlen is a social lion among show people. If bidden to a party by someone who has sufficient influence over movie contracts to make the invitation equivalent to a command, Arlen attends. When he's there, he sings. The host and the crowd will have it no other way. He is never at a party for more than twenty minutes before a campaign gets under way to force him to the piano. According to a tale going around Hollywood, at one huge lawn party a famous female radio singer was scheduled to provide the vocal entertainment. But the radio star had sung only one or two numbers when the crowd spotted Arlen and began clamoring for him. The star, with as good grace as she could dissemble, urged Arlen to the piano, and the crowd kept him there for the next hour. Arlen finally fled when the radio goddess, growing fidgety at prolonged absence from the pedestal, borrowed a cigarette from a satellite and popped a blind man's balloon to create a diversion.

Arlen contemplating singing is aloof and mulish. But Arlen singing is a daemon lover. Once persuaded to sit down at the piano, he loses all inhibitions. In the parlance of the trade, he sends himself. He closes his eyes, writhes and spins on the piano stool, and gives tongue with a really bloodcurdling fervor. Arlen singing the blues is a man crazed with love and frustration, bellowing and moaning and crying. It seems hammy to Arlen, thinking about it afterward or listening to a recording, but it sounds hypnotically sincere to listeners. And he does as well by Gershwin and Berlin as by his own music. He throws himself unabashed and openhearted into any kind

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of song. The gnashing vitality of his voice makes any words sound as if he meant them.

"Harold has a way of hovering over and around a note, putting lights and colors into it, loading it with nuances," recently remarked Johnny Mercer, one of his collaborators. "It isn't really new. It's thousands of years old. Comes from the ghettoes of Warsaw and Prague. Harold got it from his dad—and Harold's quite a singer, but he isn't as good as the old man. That man could be another Cantor Rosenblatt if any promoter took him in hand."

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Rev. Samuel Arluck, Harold's father, is a well-known cantor in Syracuse. He wasn't too happy about his son's career in the years when the boy was pounding a piano in Buffalo joints or creating maniacal chants for Cab Calloway in Harlem. Even today he shrugs his shoulders at Arlen's characteristic minor-key hits like *That Old Black Magic*, and murmurs, "They leave me cold." But he has been thoroughly proud of his son since Arlen struck a vein of sweet music in *The Wizard of Oz*.

The *Oz* assignment was a reckless gamble for everyone concerned. The picture was Arthur Freed's first job as a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer assistant producer, and he could have ruined himself by picking the wrong composer. Arlen was then known primarily as a blues writer and might have been expected to be a resounding flop in sweet-young-thing music. But Freed picked him instead of Jerome Kern or Richard Rodgers because he had heard one obscure Arlen tune, called *In the Shade of the New Apple Tree*, which embodied the mood Freed wanted in *Oz*.

Working with the clever lyricist Yip Harburg Arlen breezed through most of the score, producing rollicking tunes such as *We're off To See the Wizard* (later to become a favorite marching song of British and Aussie soldiers as they turned the tide against Rommel in the desert). But he was stuck for weeks on the last and most important tune. There had to be a song for Judy Garland,

Continued on page 122

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A Broadway Legend: Harold Arlen

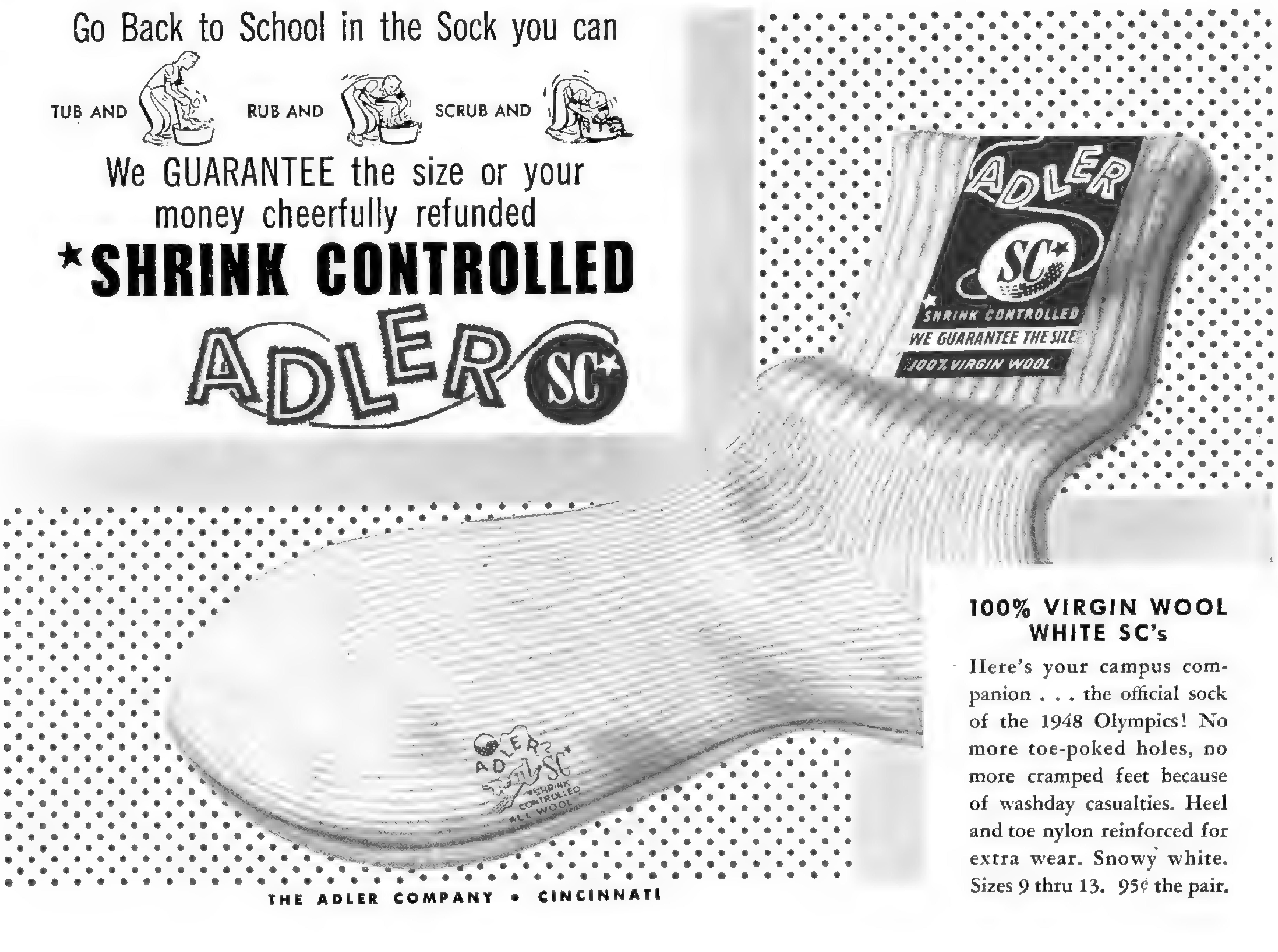
Continued from page 121

expressing her wistful longing to be elsewhere when she was in Kansas, and to be home in Kansas when she was in Oz. The two writers wrestled with this problem for nearly three months. Harburg's words were always too sophisticated to suit Arlen, and Arlen's melodies seemed lifeless to Harburg. The two were growing desperate.

One night while driving to Grauman's Chinese Theatre with his wife, Arlen began to look sick. He asked his wife to take the wheel. He got out, leaned against a lamppost, and began jotting notes on a crumpled sheet of ruled music paper he always carries. It is typical of Arlen to look ill when he is taken with a momentous idea for a song and can't write it down instantly, so his wife was pleased. However, when Arlen played the new tune for Harburg later, the lyricist was lukewarm. Arlen was about to throw it away. But the other big-name song writers in Hollywood, always interested in one another's assignments, urged Harburg to accept it; Ira Gershwin was particularly voluble in his praise of the melody. So Harburg finally wrote the words for *Over the Rainbow*, and it became the 1939 Academy Award-winning song.

Arlen's songs are not always born of sudden sickness. *Blues in the Night*—considered by some authorities the best blues music since *The St. Louis Blues*—was a cold-blooded and long-studied piece of routine work. He wrote it because a movie studio bought a story that called for a low-down jailhouse song, and assigned him to the musical chores. So this boy whose parents were born in Russia, this son and grandson of Jewish cantors, sat down and wrote the generation's most authentic expression of the American black man's wail. He put it deliberately together after listening to blues records and reading Negro stories during two days locked in his study; but his music and Mercer's words caught the weary wearies, the down-yonders, the miseries, the all overs as no one except the Negro W. C. Handy ever had before.

Most of Hollywood's top song writers are golf-playing cronies and congregate frequently at a pitch-and-putt course in Holmby Hills which is also frequented by such ill-assorted dignitaries as Somerset Maugham, Bertrand Russell, and Joe Louis. "It's a cruel mob," one of the composers remarked recently. "We kid each other relentlessly, and Harold is on the grill as much as anyone. He laughs loudly, when an ex-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pert kidder like Harry Warren is frying him, but he doesn't enjoy it much. I suspect he's a bleeder—one of those outwardly calm guys who tortures himself internally. When anyone says anything unkind to Harold, I believe he loses sleep over it."

The song-writing circle is almost unanimously on record, however, with glowing comments about Arlen's talent. "Harold's best is the best," Irving Berlin remarked recently. "One of the very few composers with a highly individual style," is Ira Gershwin's accolade. Oscar Hammerstein II has gone into more detail: "There is a wonderful quality in some of his melodies: a sudden soaring that takes place sometimes in the middle of the refrain. You are listening to sweet and caressing notes when suddenly the tune flies up and away and you are carried with it. It's thrilling." Bing Crosby, describing Arlen in a personal letter, once wrote: "Harold has a good sense of humor, loves to laugh it up, and will sing at the drop of a hat—and sing very good, too. I've always considered him one of the best stylists I've ever heard. In the cool of the evening, when the lights are low, and the rum is flowing, he's a very nice type of fellow to have at the piano, singing those soft blues he does so well."

Johnny Mercer believes that some of Arlen's best songs are yet to be discovered by the public. "He's written a lot of stuff that's years ahead of popular taste. Someday I think several of his little-known songs will be revived, and really hit. There's one he wrote for Ethel Waters, called *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe.* And another, *Last Night When We Were Young,* which he did for Lawrence Tibbett, but was cut out of a movie. *Reverend Johnson's Dream, Let's Take the Long Way Home,* and *Another Night Alone* are going to happen sooner or later. And I have a hunch about the show, *St. Louis Woman.* I think it could be *The Barber of Seville* all over again: a flop at first, but a light classic later on."

In Arlen's filing cabinet at his home in Beverly Hills are more than fifty cards, each bearing an original melody or fragment which may someday be another hit. Arlen works with demoniac energy, constantly thinking up tunes even when he has no assignment. These tunes he files away against the day when he may need one to fill a hole in a show; he hopes never again to be caught as he was in *The Wizard of Oz.* Some of his recent scores are sprinkled with songs he wrote ten years ago and saved for appropriate spots. *Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive* was one of those he had plucked from his file after

Continued on page 124

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A Broadway Legend: Harold Arlen

Continued from page 123

yellowing there for half a decade.

Arlen has a sad, sensitive face, but is considered a rather droll fellow by intimates. "Come in, come in," he gloomily greeted a friend who arrived while he was being interrogated for this article. "A magazine writer is here, so today I am being an interesting man." He generally feels happy and healthy, which is fortunate, because he has discovered that he can write sad songs—still his forte—only when he is in excellent spirits.

Most of the time Arlen is dead serious about whatever he does. When he took up golf eight years ago, he arose daily at 6 a.m., took an early golf lesson, played a full round, then drove to another course and played another round in the afternoon. Between times he practiced putts on his carpet. "If the Olympic Games ever had a golf-club-throwing contest, Harold could have won permanent possession of the trophy," Ira Gershwin recalls. "Nowadays he doesn't throw clubs, just stands and stares tragically at the ground awhile."

Arlen also, of course, takes music seriously—he once drove a band leader from his New York apartment with a shower of books for asking "Who the hell is Stravinsky?"—but he is not considered a prima donna by collaborators. He is elaborately tactful in working with a lyricist, and will always suggest changing his own music rather than changing the words to fit his melody. Although he denies it, his friends report that he suffers excruciatingly at the opening of each new Arlen show. And in the old days, at Cotton Club openings, Arlen used to put on a better show than the performers. "His eyes were so red they were almost bleeding," one of his intimates recalls. "He would stride up to casual acquaintances, before the show went on, and lecture them—in fact, almost berate them. 'You don't realize how hard Calloway worked on these songs,' he'd say belligerently. 'People never stop to think that the whole cast puts its lifeblood into a new show: You ought to realize this is no trivial matter! Don't forget—' and so on until you'd think he wanted to pick a fight."

Perhaps, unconsciously, Arlen is a fairly spectacular individualist a good part of the time. He cultivates minor eccentricities, such as breakfasting in a Beverly Hills delicatessen on corned beef, pickles and strawberry pop. He wears cravats with a knot as big as a hen's egg; he affected coats without lapels before the cardi-

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gan jacket became known; in New York he used to carry a walking stick (but was so chastened by indelicate comments of the song-writing fraternity that he deposited the cane at a small umbrella shop before entering Tin-Pan Alley). He habitually uses a few pet words, such as "wondrous" and "righteous" for okay, and "bell ringer" or "cannon" for a big noisy song, which set him apart from the multitude. His colleagues believe that these idiosyncrasies help Arlen to be a top song writer. "To succeed in this business, you've got to have a certain amount of ham, a true appreciation of your own value, good or bad, and a terrific desire to be a hit," Irving Berlin asserts. "Harold has all these traits, just as the rest of us do."

However, no one who knows him would call Arlen self-centered. He is forever trying to find a job for some impoverished acquaintance. He spends hours listening to the hard-luck stories of cadgers and often goes to great lengths to help them. One Broadway idler, who used to pick up an occasional ten-spot by peddling a gag to Ben Bernie whenever he thought of one, faced starvation when he gradually lost his ability to think up gags. Arlen, one of those whom he had frequently touched, finally heard that he was in jail for vagrancy. Arlen hurried to the jail, bailed him out, bought him clothes, brought him to Hollywood, and tried to get him a studio job. The man couldn't seem to make connections with work. Finally, Arlen, who worries constantly about his little circle of hangers-on, realized that his financial help was encouraging the mendicant to stay idle. Instead of cutting off his support, Arlen got the man a job on a farm, and put several hundred dollars in his bank account. He has never heard from the fellow since.

Other Arlen beneficiaries have turned out better. One is now a thousand-a-week radio writer. Jimmy Van Heusen got his start through Arlen; he wrote recently, "Harold fed me when I was hungry, allowed me to live in his apartment, and caused my first song to be published."

The question continually arises whether Arlen will ever again sing for the public. Recently he was asked point-blank, "Exactly how much money do you want to go on the air?" His reply was, "I won't do it for any amount." Shortly afterward he sang with André Kostelanetz. Arlen, like most people in show business, says he never will perform and always does perform, if adroitly coaxed. The last word from him on this subject is that he is off the radio and off the stage forever. Listen for the sound of his voice. ⧻

Continued from page 47

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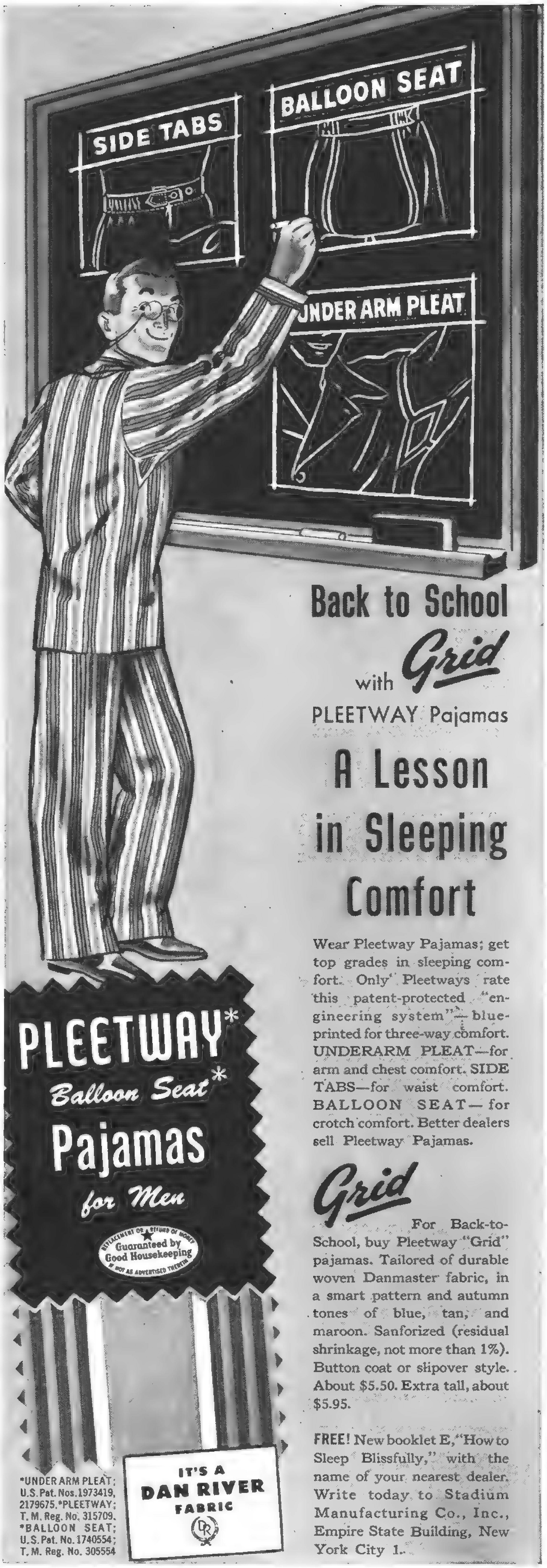

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Murder Is Her Crooked Smile

Continued from page 54

kindest regards to Miss Eve."

She had heard everything, and I asked her who this guy was. She said that she knew him slightly and that I had met him too. I didn't remember. It must have been a couple of years before, when Eve and I had first met. Before I had ever seen Ann. It seemed that he had tried to sell Eve an interest in his scintillant personality on several previous occasions. But this I wouldn't know about. I hadn't seen her, until the night before, for the entire time Ann and I had been married. Eight months in all.

Whoever he was, he had the whole setup well catalogued. And he knew what he was talking about; he had probably followed us home the night before. I knew he could lessen the value of a certain whiskey distillery to me with a five-cent phone call. Ann's father owned the distillery. She was his only child and he was sick, with maybe the better part of a year to live. Okay, that was why I married her. Or part of it. But this fat guy could blow the whole thing.

Maybe you're thinking I'm no good from the word go. And maybe you've got something. But how bad Eve was made me look like a choirboy. I had to tell her about why I had married Ann. She already knew. But me telling her made her feel as though she was in on it. I guess in my mind she always had been.

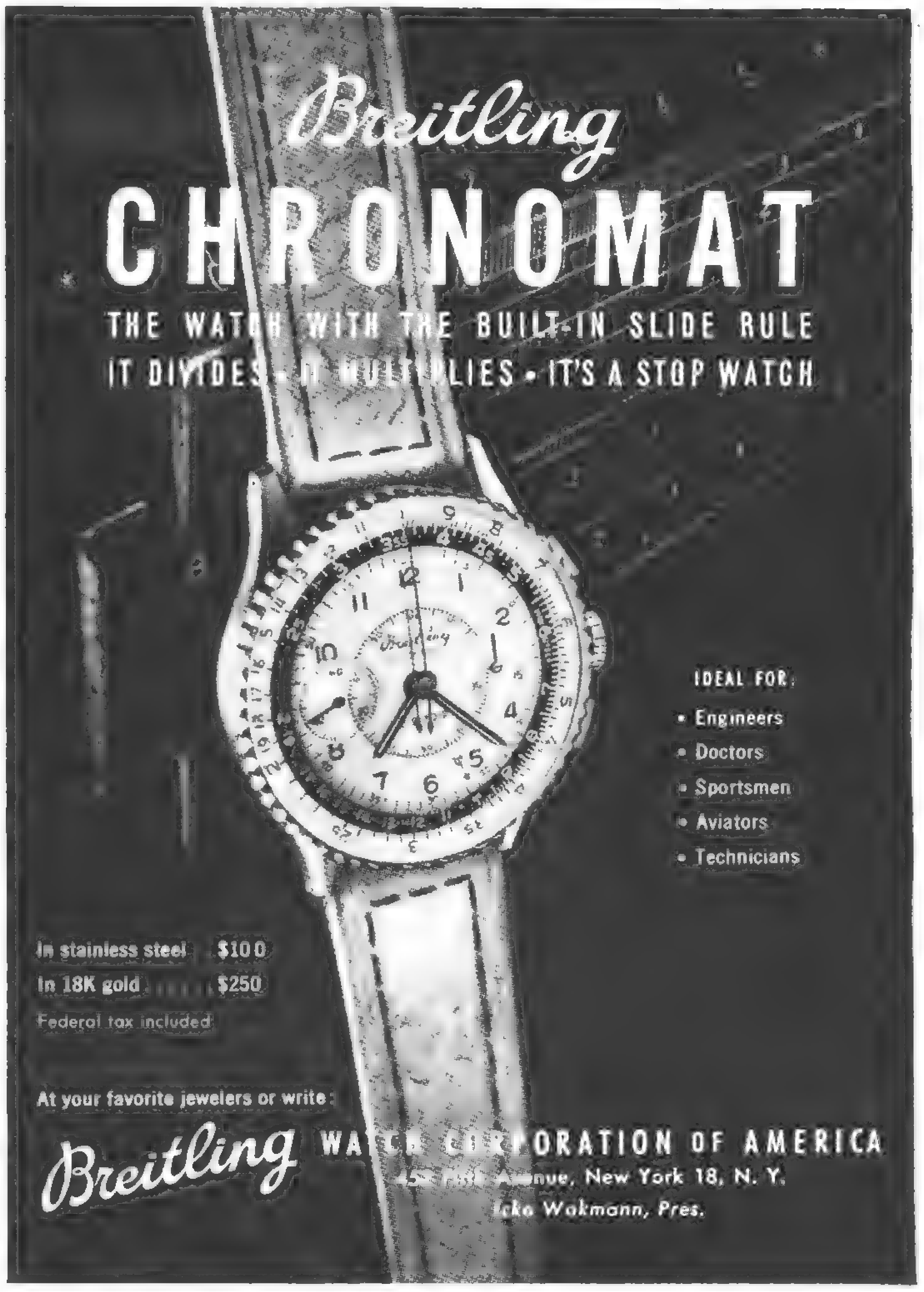
It all came down to three basic things, the way I told it that morning. One, Eve was no good for me. Two, Ann would be an independently rich woman someday soon. Three—and maybe you're laughing—there was something in Ann. A goodness. A sweet, virgin goodness. Maybe I was reaching for that too.

Of course I softened it up when I told it to Eve. Particularly the first item. But I know now that she could have chewed it raw. Because she only went for part of it. The middle part. The part I hated to say to myself even in a whisper. But Eve dug it out of everything else, as though money had been a special word in my marriage vows.

She played those lawless and heat-laden eyes into mine. "It would be wonderful, George," she said. Then, with a steady, unshakable something in her voice, "And we mustn't let it slip through us. Nothing must take our chance from us now."

Maybe it scared me. But I didn't know it until later.

I looked at her and wasn't talking. I was listening with a feeling that if she didn't talk no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one would. She said, "Phone him, George."

That was all. She said it quietly, but I guess we both knew what the other was thinking. It was hazy and vague then, but it would become crystal clear soon. Too soon.

I drove her as far as Culver City, where she insisted on taking a bus into L.A. It was okay with me and I drove up LaCienega till I hit Wilshire. Then to my office on Cahuenga. It said George Landree, Real Estate Agent, on the door. That was my business. But I didn't expect to be proving it for the rest of that day.

The day was stale beer and loaded with that old nothing feeling until around four in the afternoon. Then I called him. "Maybe we can talk someplace," I said.

"You have the proposed sum?"

"Not yet." It would sound phony otherwise.

"When, then?"

"Tomorrow. How about your place?" I knew any place I would suggest would get a freeze from him. Which was how I wanted it.

"I'd prefer yours," he said.

"All right."

"What time?"

"Make it around ten."

"Why so late?"

"I have to get the money in Fresno. I won't be back before."

He agreed and that closed it.

We waited for him the next night. It was just like the night before. Light rain leaking from a dark sky. And we waited.

I was beginning to feel as well poised as a barroom brawl when we heard his car drive in under the porte-cochere in front of the garage. About two minutes later he was knocking at the door. I opened it at once.

"Good evening," he said.

"Come on in."

He stepped inside and glanced toward Eve.

"Ah, Miss Eve. A pleasure indeed to see you again," he said. "The saving grace of such a dismal night."

He never said another word. I

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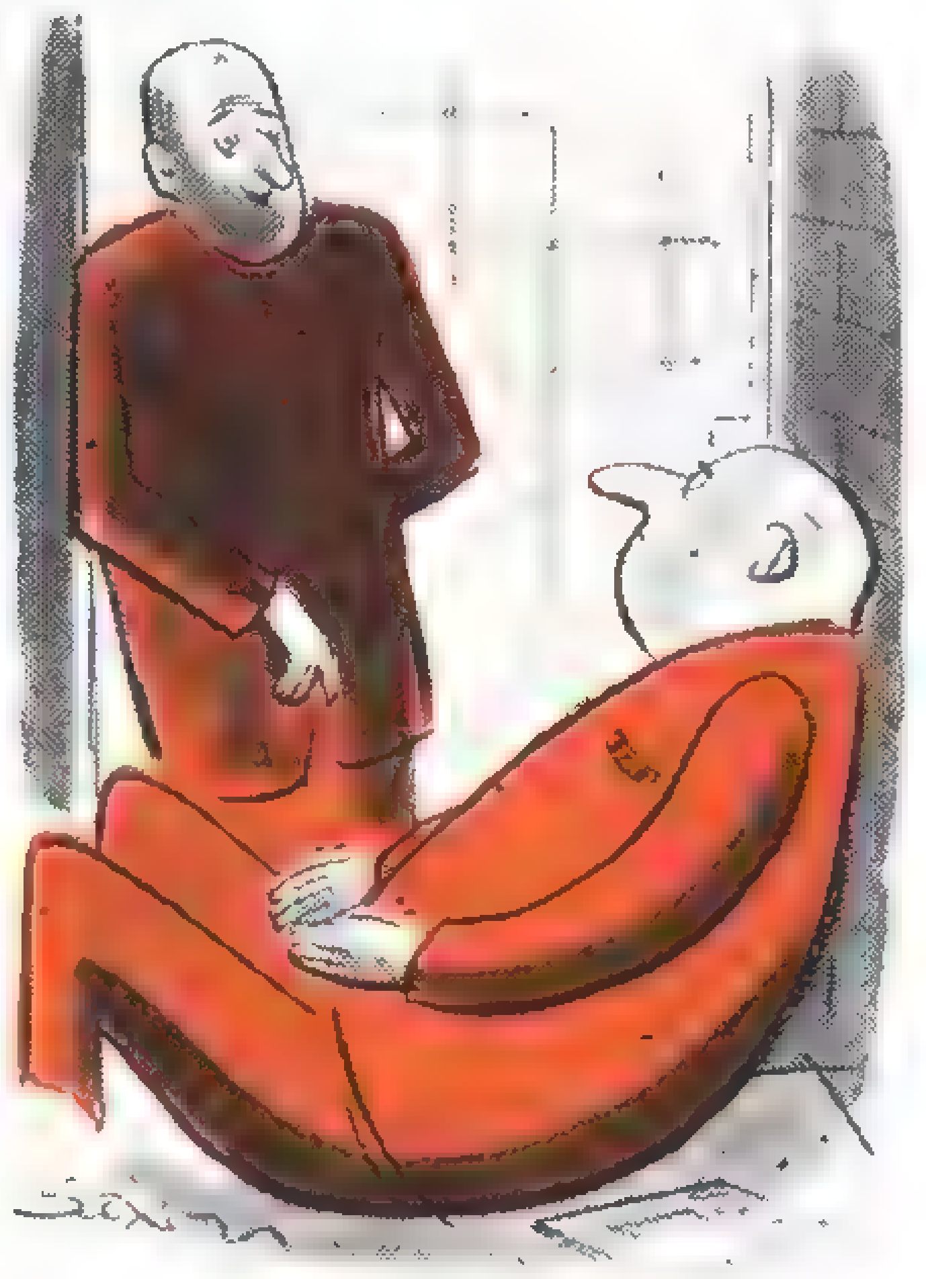

"They were really lucky to get me up here. Three other states wanted me"

gladiator*

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Murder Is Her Crooked Smile

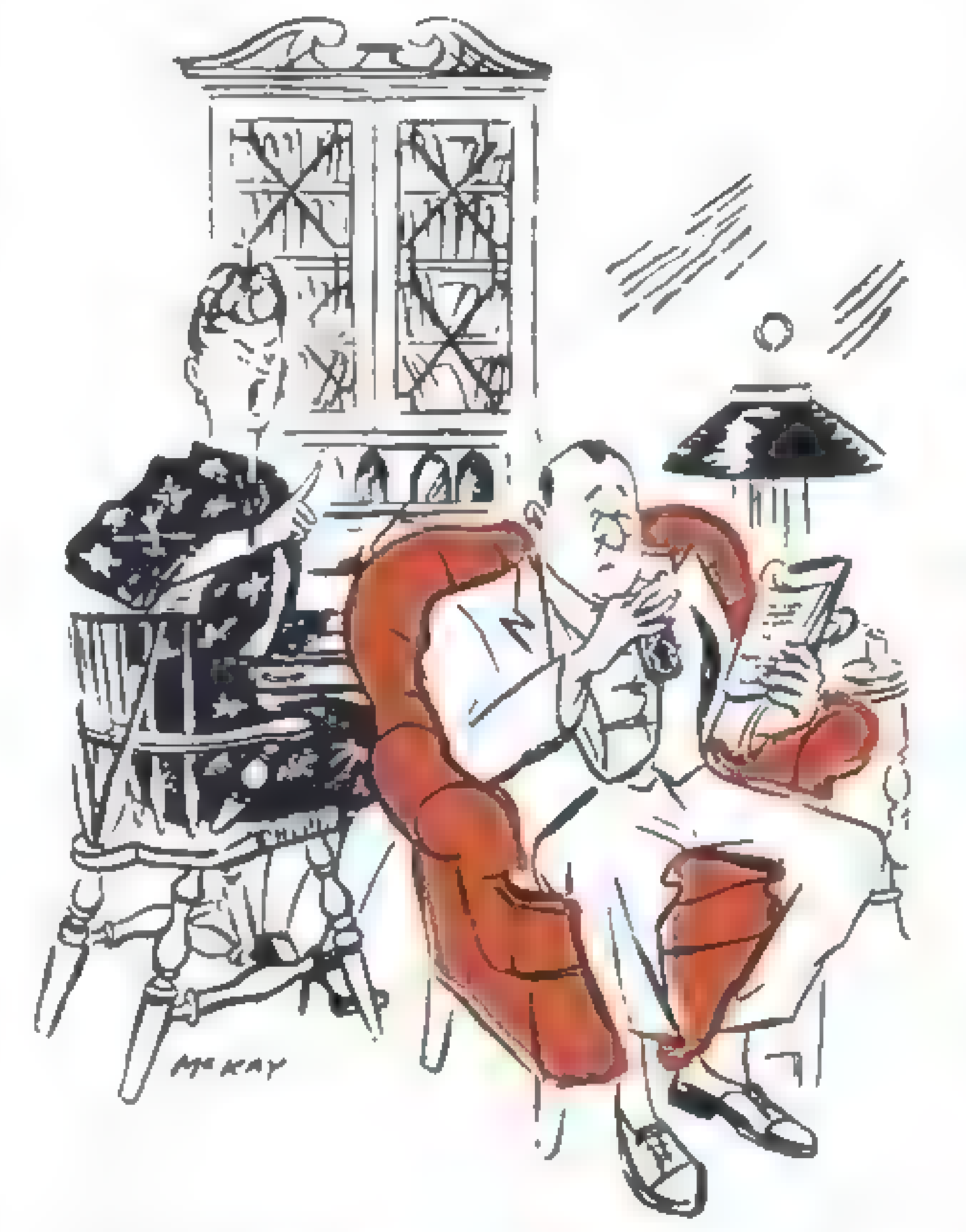
Continued from page 127

hit him, swinging like the bases were loaded and this was the three-two pitch. And he hit the floor, cushioning the fall with his stomach. He didn't move. I got lucky with a punch and he just lay there with his face turned to one side as though he had fallen into a deep sleep.

I looked at Eve and I guess I was shaking a little. But she hadn't moved. Just sat there looking as though an uninteresting Ginhand was her immediate concern. Then we moved along step by step, as we had planned.

We got him to his car. And if you'd never done a day's work in your life, carrying or dragging this guy made up for it. I did a little of both. We found his keys in a pocket that also carried a friend he'd brought along, shaped like a .38 automatic. It was a fair-weather friend and we left it where it was. Then Eve took the keys to my car and I backed DeVoester's, with him next to me, out of the driveway. She followed with mine. I decided to take his gun for a while in case he woke up. And he did—or showed signs of it. I let him have it on top of the head with the butt. I didn't want any marks anywhere on the back of him, so I hit him on top of his head and a little toward the front. I knew he would stay put now until we got to where we were going. And suddenly, as I aimed the car downhill, a trayful of ice cubes decided to make their home in my stomach. Everything took on an unreal and a frightening aspect, and I knew this was the stuff from which nightmares were made.

I didn't really start to shake until we got to the spot Eve and I had picked near Malibu. Then I stopped the car and something rippled through me. It was a cold finger dragging along the rutted surface of a washboard right where my windpipe met my



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stomach. I heard Eve cut the motor of the other car behind me. I just sat behind the wheel, and then the other car's door opened and closed. I could hear her footsteps on the wet gravel coming toward me. It was dark out there and gay—like a shot of embalming fluid in your coffee. It was a sheer drop of about a hundred feet to the black water below. And we were parked close to the edge.

I got out from behind the wheel and looked at Eve. Her face was dim and I could barely make her features out. We didn't speak. Just looked for a moment. Then we both looked at DeVoester. He was piled into a corner in the front seat of his car.

"Eve, I can't . . ."

"We can't stop now."

"I can't . . ." The words were running together like shifting gears without a clutch.

"George," she said. "George, listen to me. Life is short any way you look at it. If it wasn't this way, it would be some other way. If it wasn't us, it would be someone else."

"I don't know what to say . . ."

"Don't say anything. This is all that stands in our way now. With luck, you can declare yourself in for a hundred thousand dollars. Even more. But if she finds out there'll be nothing. Don't you see? This makes up for all the time I spent hating you and myself. This makes up for her. It's the only way." A slight pause. Then, in a deliberate tone, "We're that kind of people."

I heard all the things she was saying and I knew how bad they were. But I couldn't drag her. She had me weighted down with the pattern of how she tasted and how she smelled and how she looked. A pattern I knew and couldn't fight. All I managed to say was, "Eve, this is murder."

"Not murder, George. An accident." It was horrible, the way she said it. Like: Not blue, George. Green. Or, not silk, George. Nylon.

I was shaking again. It stopped and started. And I could hear the beckoning voice of the water below us. DeVoester's car was pointed at the edge of the crag.

I couldn't swear to what happened right at that moment. But suddenly she was gone, and I was standing alone. I was in a wet, cold, glassy-eyed trance to a point where I never knew it. Not until I heard her start the other car and move it directly in back of DeVoester's, bumper to bumper. And then she nudged DeVoester's car a little. It moved hard. So she pushed harder. Then, with one great heave in low, it grumbled reluctantly to the edge. And then over. There must have been nine feet of water at that point, and it made a splash like nothing you'll ever hear in your bathtub. I stood riveted to the

Continued on page 130

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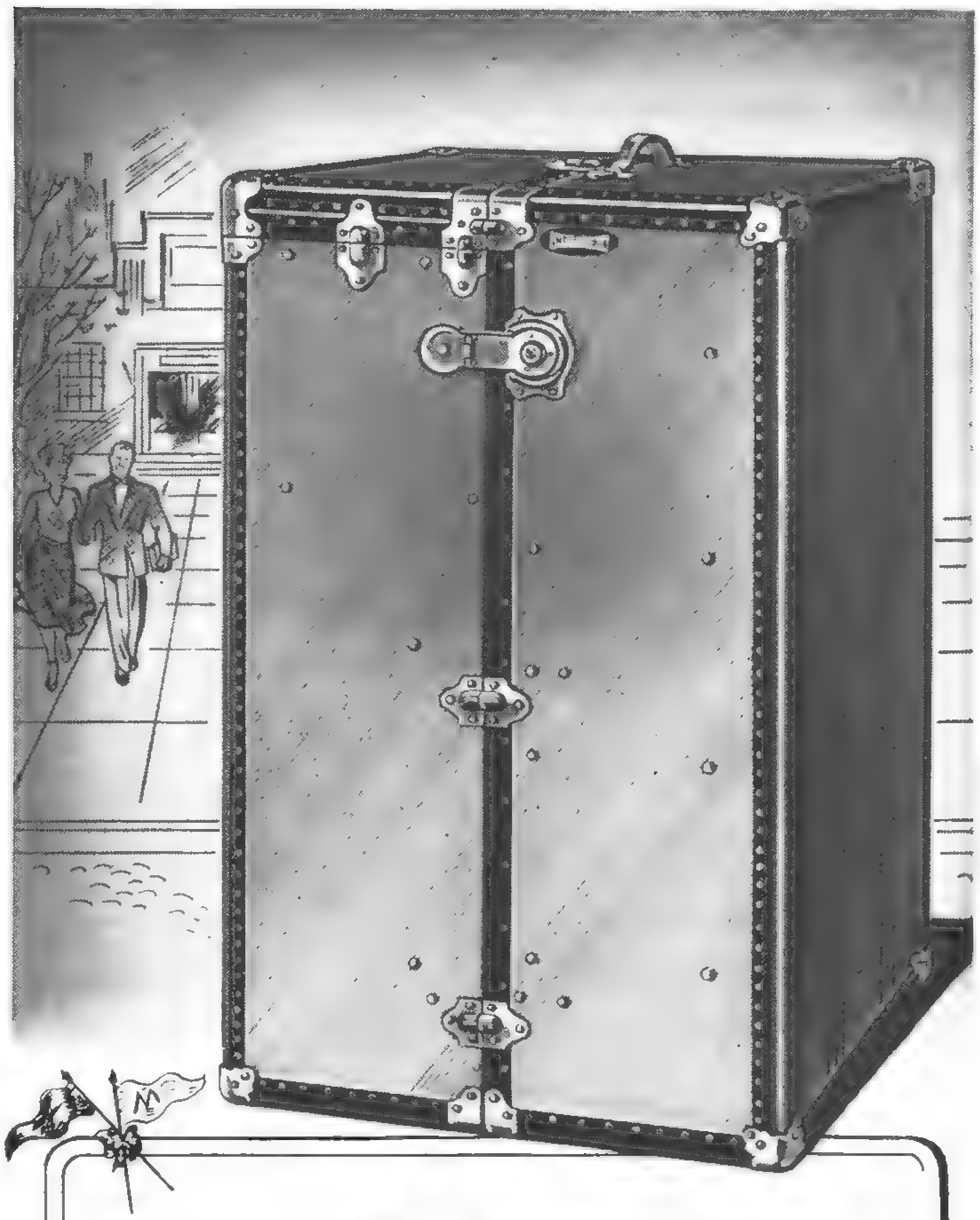

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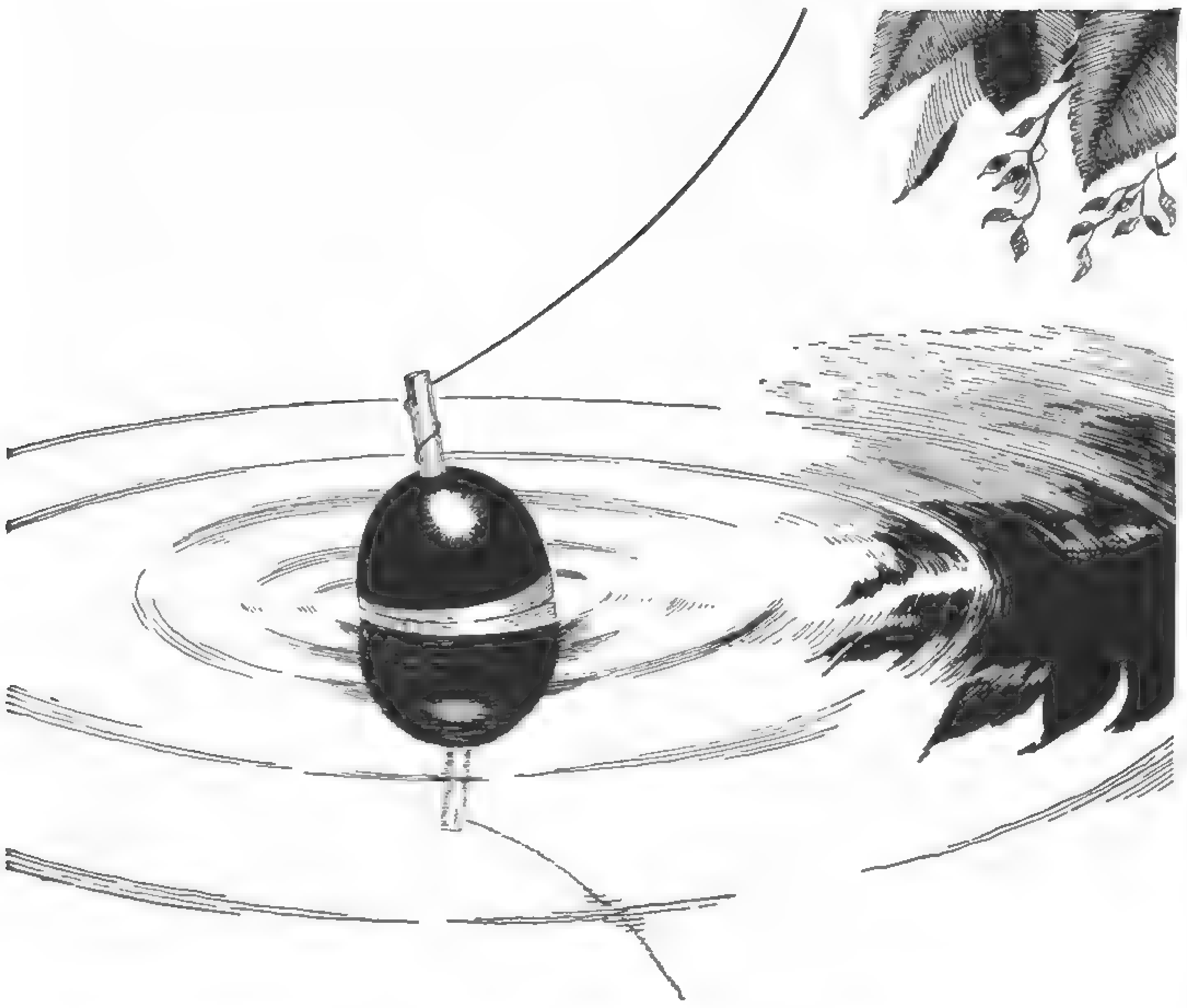

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM
This is fisherman's paradise—where only a drowsy eye is needed to watch the bobber—where a fellow has all the time in the world to enjoy a cigar as fine as a Dutch Masters.

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

Murder Is Her Crooked Smile

Continued from page 129

spot. I guess I found things out about Eve right in that smoldering instant. Things I could only guess at before. I knew that this was a woman who could do murder with less compunction than some women can make love. I was fascinated by it—and maybe drawn to it. And I also knew, right at that moment, that she was either really nuts or the cagiest item turned loose since the Trojan Horse.

"It's done, now," she said.

She had seen me freeze and decided to pinch-hit. She had brought the run in. I guess I felt a little sick.

I was still that way when we got back to the house. Then I put about four fingers of brandy where it would do the most good, or bad, in one quick uncompromising belt. My clenched fist pressured the top of the cellarette, which did its best to keep me off the floor. And I stood like that for a minute or maybe less, and then ferreted some more brandy from its quietude in the slim-necked decanter. Then I felt Eve's fingers touch the back of my wet neck and her hand came to rest on my shoulder. Both of us turned me slowly around until I faced her. There were faint traces of a smile on her lips, as though I had met with mild business reverses and she was about to comfort me. She saw how it was with me and how Jack the Ripper and I had practically nothing in common.

She was standing very close to me and holding my hand, which had stopped dancing. With the fingers of my other hand, I brushed some beads of sweat from my upper lip.

"Natural psychological phenomenon," I said, whispery-like.

"It's all over, darling."

"Sure. I always feel this way when I kill a guy," I said. "Everyone does. All the best books on the subject will tell you that." A little scared. A little bitter.

We stood like that for a moment. Her silence was eloquent. It did its best to make me know she was there. And it could have held two other jobs while it was doing that. Because suddenly the ice melted and fell into a quiet stream flowing along a moss-covered bank with eucalyptus trees on either side. The next thing I knew I was mashing my mouth against hers. Her hands enveloped my face and neck as if my head was a coconut and she was drinking from a hole punched in it, and then we were on the sofa. "You're not afraid," she murmured.

"No." I would have believed

• Everyone can tell us who Radio's Miss Hush is
• But who can guess the name of Esquire's Miss Luscious?

I'm sleek and I'm glossy. I'm colorful, too.
I catch both your eye and your mind.
I fit in your home and your office, as well.
And I keep you from falling behind.

You'll find the answer in the NOVEMBER issue of Esquire

anything right at that moment.

"And you love me?"

"You know I do."

"Nothing else matters but us?"

"Nothing else."

It was like a secret oath. All we left out was pricking our fingers and letting our blood run together.

Then she was smiling. That smile. It could lead me to the black abyss of death and convince me it was a lawn party. And that's just what it had done.

The next morning I drove her all the way into L.A. and said I would see her that evening. Then I went to the office. But once I was alone I got that feeling again. About ten-thirty I left, and by noon I was ready for the hatchery. I don't recall where I spent the rest of the day, but it wasn't at the office.

Around eight o'clock I called for Eve and we drove to the house. Ann wasn't due back for a couple of days, so we expected to have plenty of time and privacy. But at around ten o'clock it happened. Ann walked in on us. And there was nothing formal about our attire. A taxi had brought her in from the station. We had heard it as we lay in the darkness, but took it for a passing car.

Ann's face was shabby with a wide-eyed horror as she walked into the bedroom. She stared for a moment, mute and almost paralyzed. Then she backed slowly from the room.

She must have been in the rear of the house when Eve and I left through the front door, and we didn't see her. I drove Eve back to her place, making most of the trip with two wheels off the ground. "I'll call you tomorrow," I said when we drove up in front of her apartment house.

"Better not. Wait a day." And that was all she said. She wasn't feeling loquacious and I think she was scared. Not for anything else but that hundred grand she could see taxiing down the runway for a take-off. Then she left me. I gunned back to the beach like Ben Hur.

Ann was in the bedroom when I got there. I could hear her having a well-bred attack of hysterics through the closed door. I didn't go near her. This was no time for it. I parked on the sofa in the living room for the night.

There isn't much to say about the next morning. There were no scenes. No outbursts. Not even a cream, sugar, how-would-you-like-your-eggs conversation. Just an incident marked with the funereal quality of silence. A heavy, clinging silence. What else could it be? All I was left with was a prayer—and I was saving that. So there was silence.

There was a wire under the door when I got to the office. It was from Ann. It said that she

Continued on page 132

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18-inch Businessman's Overniter $37
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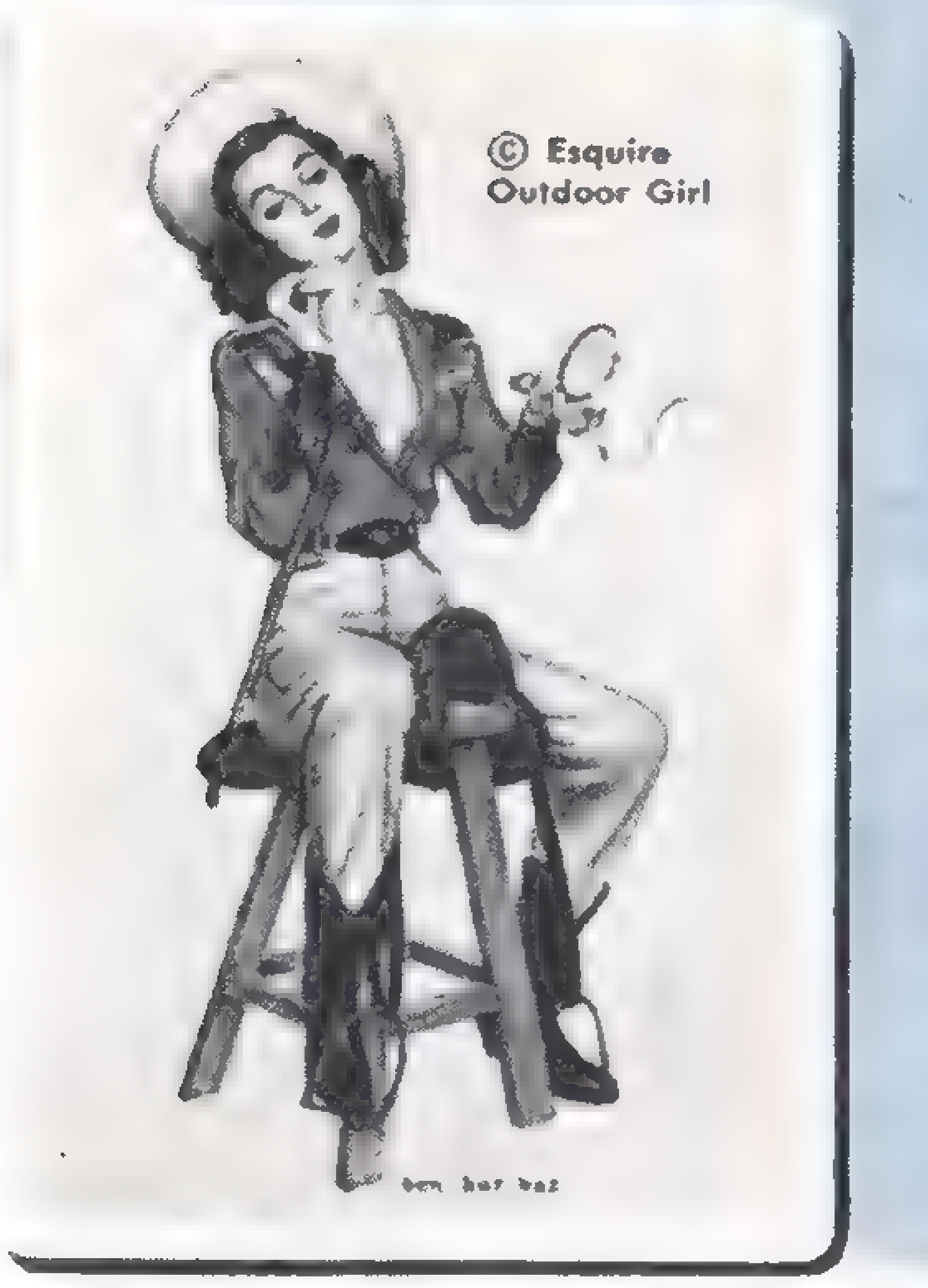
Indoor Girl
ben-hur baz



They're chip-proof, fray-proof, washable, all-plastic—with a pleasure-to-play-with touch. The carefree "Outdoor Girl" and the exciting "Indoor Girl" are now available as a set in a gleaming ebony and scarlet plastic container—an ideal gift for yourself or for a valued friend. The set complete: $9.00. Orders of 2 sets: $8.75 ea.; 3 sets: $8.50 ea; 4 sets: $8.25 ea; 5 sets: $8.00 ea; 6 sets or more: $7.75 each.

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Enclosed is $______in check or money order according to the price list below:

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Please send__________sets Esquire Plastic Cards with container to:

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Murder Is Her Crooked Smile

Continued from page 131

was cutting her visit short and taking a noon train out of Frisco. The wire had evidently arrived after I had left, the day before. I looked at it for longer than it took to read and then shaped it into an unkempt lump in my fist and scored a basket with a shot that rolled along the rim. I could feel everything crowding in at once, the way a mob of housewives converge on a butcher shop during a meat shortage.

The morning walked by like it was window shopping, and I had to fight off a constant impulse to call Eve. I had the same problem during the better part of the afternoon. Then, just before I was leaving (for where I didn't know) the shadow of a man with a slouching, unevenly shaped fedora threw itself against the frosted-glass panel door. The man brought himself inside.

He was tall and heavy-set, and when he took his hat off and dropped it unceremoniously on my desk, I saw he had black curly hair, flecked with grey. "I'm Ben Levitt, Los Angeles Homicide," he told me. He flashed a badge. "Like to ask you one or two questions if you don't mind."

"What about?" I said, my heartbeat and breathing becoming irregular actions. Because I knew what about.

"About a man we picked out of the water up around Malibu early this morning." And he told me all about it. I never got straight the part about how they found him, but that wasn't important. The important part was that he was identified by his license number and his residence was quickly established. Among his belongings was a card with the name George Landree on it. A possibility I had overlooked. But it was too late to worry now. I was linked. Maybe not a strong link, but a link.

"I don't know the guy," I said.

"Think hard," Levitt said. "Walton DeVoester. Big fellow, about forty-five. Must have weighed two-fifty."

I shook my head slowly. "Sorry, I can't help you. There must be a couple of thousand people in this town interested in real estate who have my name."

He was staring into space as though he had a secret pact with someone out there. Then he said, "That's true. But we haven't much else to go on and we'll talk to anyone who knew him."

"I didn't know him."

"Or anyone who might have known him." He got up from the chair he had been seated in. "Thanks for your co-operation. If anything should come to you, something you may have forgotten, let us know. We'd appreciate it."

"Why not?" I said casually. And then as he reached the door I said, "What did the guy do?

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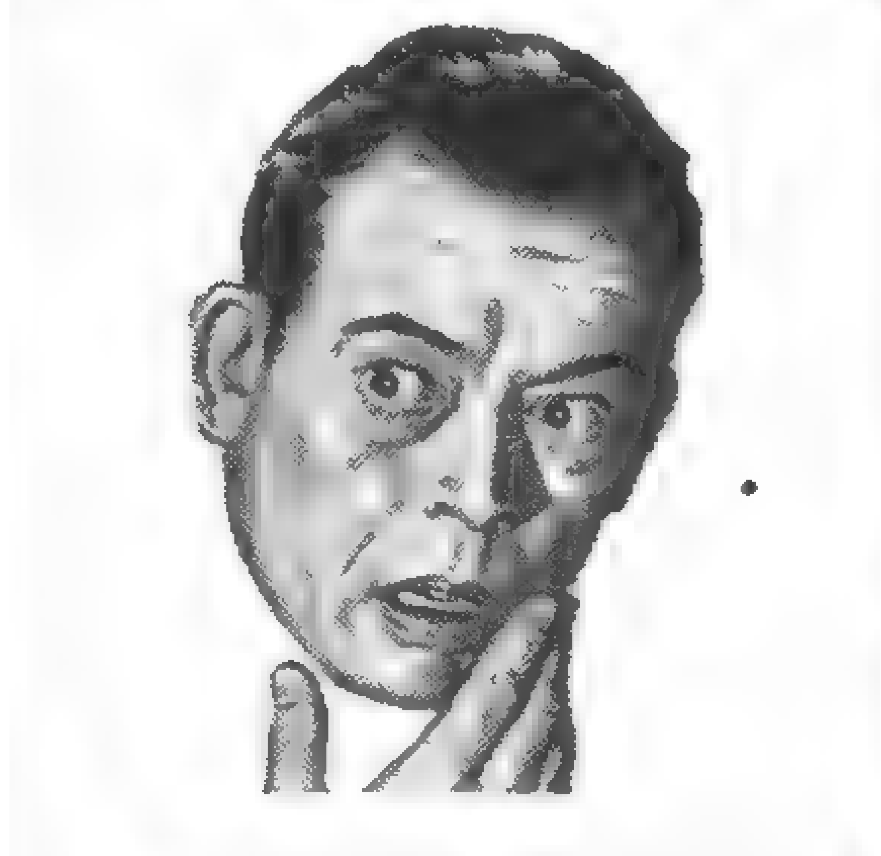

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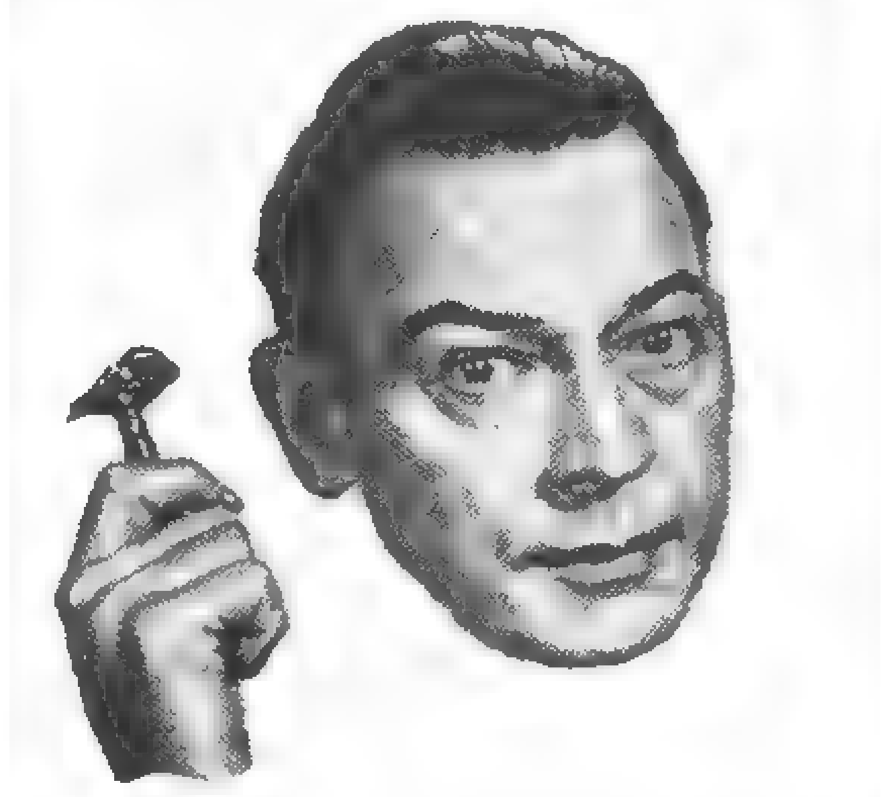

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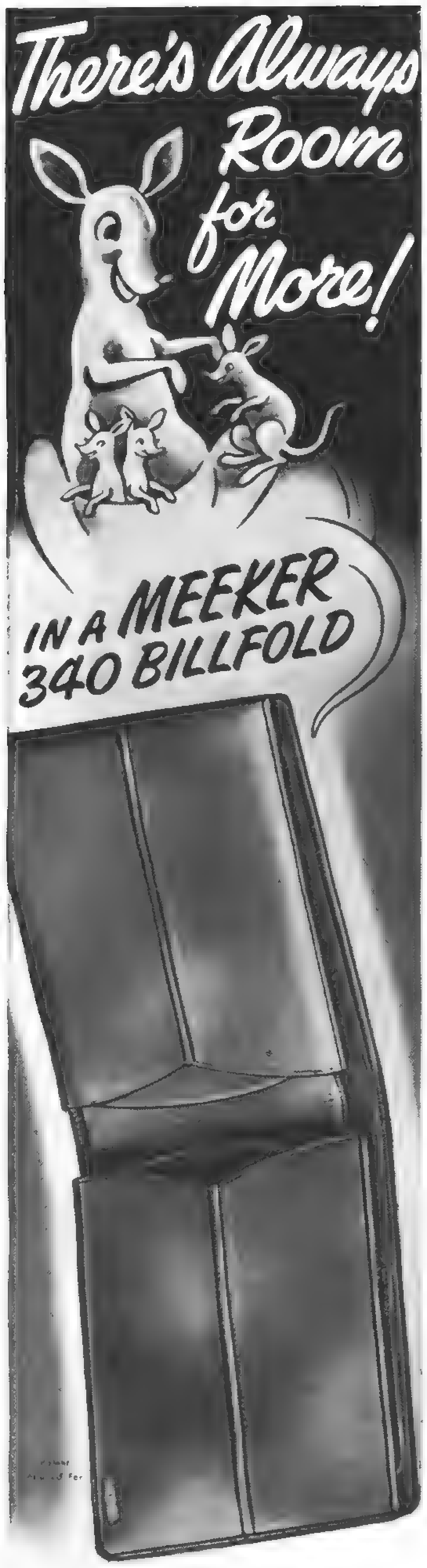
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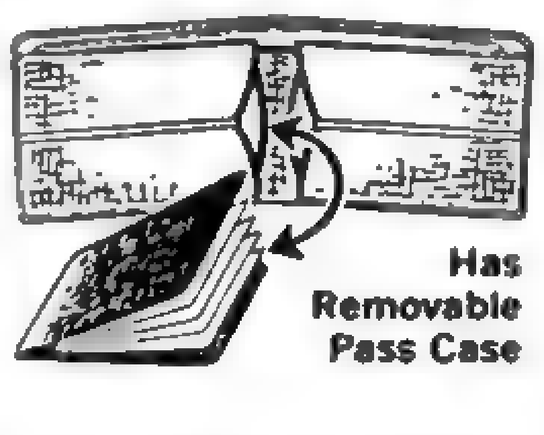

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Did he drive his car off a cliff?"

He turned toward me, his dark eyes looking as though they stayed open even when he slept, and said, "Not this guy. He was pushed."

My heart stalled, then started again, moving faster than before. I said, "He was? You mean he was murdered?"

"I would say so. Yes."

"Do you mind if I ask how you can tell?"

"Not at all. His emergency brake was on. And whoever pushed him didn't know it. A murderer sometimes becomes either too anxious or overconfident. He might overlook a detail. A small one, just like this. Specially an amateur. You see, if he had driven himself off, either by accident or deliberately, his brake would certainly have been released, because he couldn't have had enough momentum to go over by accident with it on. And if it was suicide, he would have made sure it was off."

As simple as that. The car had moved like a piano without casters. And this was why.

I got home a half-hour later. Ann wasn't there, and, after a quick inventory, it was plain to see who would do the cooking that night and probably every night from there on in. More than half of her belongings were gone and I was sure she would send for what was left. I knew that my next contact with her would be a litigant one. Her attorneys would call at dawn and the field of dishonor would be the Los Angeles Courthouse.

I called Eve.

"I told you not to call. You'll queer everything," she said.

"Everything is queered," I said. "I've got to talk to you."

"Make it quick."

"Not on the phone."

So we set a time and place. At about eight o'clock I picked her up at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Western, where she was waiting for me. Then we drove. Far. Almost out to Canoga Park. I didn't talk until we had stopped the car, parking off the main road near a low, rocky embankment. It was dark. I cut my lights and made it darker. Then I said, "They found DeVoester and they know it's murder. Also, Ann's left me. Which do you want first? They're both short."

She didn't answer and I could hear the sound of her soft, evenly paced breathing in the dark next to me. I didn't wait. I gave her the whole thing from start to finish, leaving out nothing and adding to the facts some interpretive comment of my own. "You know what that leaves us with, don't you?" I said. "It leaves us with one dead man whom we made that way. Nothing else."

"All right. Maybe it does," she said. "So what do we do now? Beat a tambourine and ask forgiveness?"

"Maybe *you* know. I don't."

"All I know is that you were

Continued on page 134

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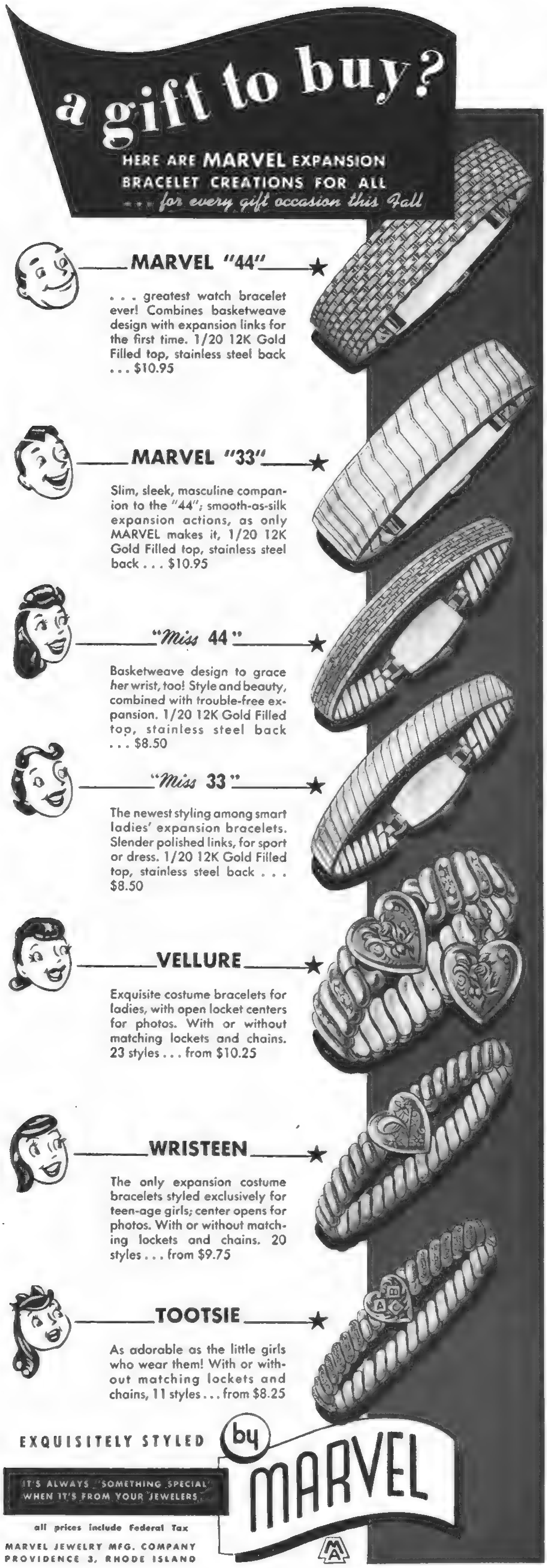
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Murder Is Her Crooked Smile

Continued from page 133

crazy to call me at this time."

"You're damn right. I'm so crazy I need a strait jacket."

"You'll sell yourself an idea yet," she said.

"I've already sold it. Because I must have been nuts from the start. Nuts to listen to you. We killed a man for nothing. Can you get that through your head?" I was almost shouting.

"Is that what you brought me all the way out here for?"

"I brought you out here because I'm not going to sit by myself and wait for this guy Levitt to come along and go all over it with me a step at a time, winding up with an expense-paid trip to the gas chamber. He's a bright guy. You can tell that just looking at him. And if he decides it's us he wants he'll be putting in overtime till he gets us."

"What do you mean—us? He'll never even know me unless you tell him."

"He'll get to you without that."

"You're a bundle of nerves. Drive me home."

"Maybe he'll find some blank verse DeVoester conjured up in the dark recesses of his classical mind. Sex stuff dedicated to you. He was hot for you, you know. That was half of why he tried to lower the boom on me."

"Drive me home or I swear I'll get out and flag someone who will." And she meant it.

"You make a move to get out of this car and you'll wish you hadn't," I said. "We're going to talk."

"We've talked enough. Take me home and forget you ever saw me."

"That's okay with you now, huh?" I said, grinding my teeth together. "Now that the buried treasure stays that way, it's okay to stay apart." She didn't answer, and I said, "Is that the way it is?"

"Yes, that's the way it is. It wasn't before. But it is now." Then, "Let's get out of here."

I nodded. "Sure. We'll get out of here right now."

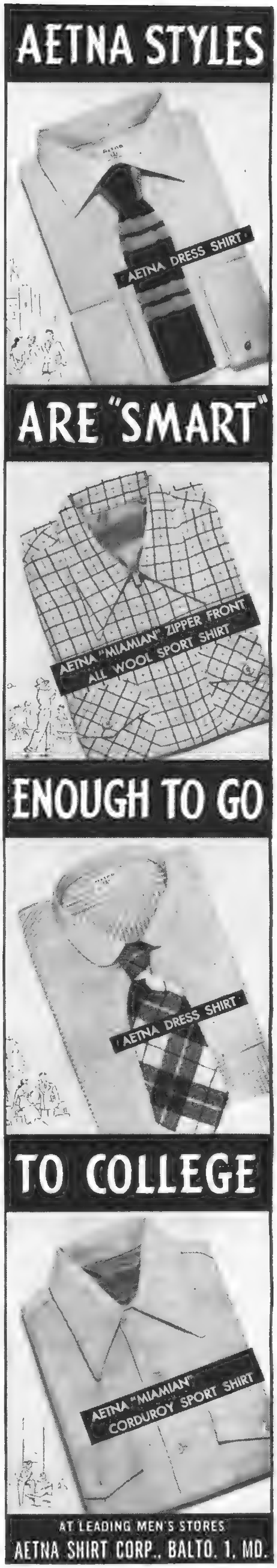
And we did. But not the way she wanted to. Not the way I wanted to either. But the way I decided we would.

"Where are you driving?" she said as I headed from Sepulveda.

I didn't answer. Just gunned the speedometer up to where the arrow kissed sixty. She said it again, and this time I answered. "We're about to bring our fascinating and somewhat blood-streaked careers to a close, baby. Sleepless nights wouldn't be a good thing for either of us, at least not for me." I spoke fast and in a tense pitch as I watched the road rushing dizzily under us.

You didn't have to spell things phonetically for her. She got the idea. "You're going to the police," she said; telling, not asking.

I didn't say anything and we kept moving. Then about two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minutes later she was jamming something into my ribs. And it wasn't her long, playful fingers. "Turn right at the next crossroads," she said.

"No dice, darling."

"Turn, baby," she said.

"Not a chance, sweets."

The tone of conversation was bizarre in its levity.

Then the frightening seriocomic touch crumbled. She jerked forward to the edge of her seat, twisting her lovely torso so that she completely faced me, with the gun in my side. "Turn, you son-of-a-bitch," she snarled. "I'll kill you if you don't."

"And yourself," I said quietly. "Where'd you get that silly thing?"

I hadn't suddenly become a hero. This was just another form of shakes with me. And I kept driving. But not for long. Because Eve, who stopped at nothing except red traffic lights and not all the time with them, kept faith with her choicely worded threat. Or tried to. She fired the gun. I have a faint recollection of shattering glass, plenty of noise, and an impact beyond description. Nothing else.

Somebody said we turned over three times. Eve picked the crossroads to let me have it, and a truck smacked us broadside as I slumped over the wheel and lost control of myself and the car.

They had to saw her out. She had a sliver of windshield glass buried about two inches into her throat. Her skull was crushed. Don't think for a minute she wasn't dead. And the way she was, any one of a dozen separate things could have killed her. I never saw her. They told me about it a little while ago.

Right now I'm lying in bed in the Los Angeles City Hospital. I don't think Ann will have to go through with divorcing me. I don't think Levitt will ever get me into a courtroom. Or a gas chamber. But it won't make any difference, because I've saved them both a lot of grief. Ann, you know how. And Levitt is on his way over here right now. I sent for him. If he gets here too late he'll have the whole story anyway, since I'm dictating it to a very kind woman who is my nurse. I wish I could see her, but I can't. My eyes are bandaged. As is most all of my body.

Funny part is that I don't think I could have gone through with confessing anything to the police. It was a long drive from where we were, with lots of time to change your mind in. And I didn't think she would do it. Guess I should have used a ouija board.

Just one more thing. I wasn't always the kind of a guy I turned out to be. But everyone has his Achilles' heel. And you know pretty well what mine was. Only I got fooled all around. Because the things I thought I saw in Eve's crooked smile were never there. All that was there was murder. #

Continued from page 54

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Let Your Body Pick Your Sport

Continued from page 33

better give up the idea of bulling your way through the center of the line for the touchdown that wins the game. Skip weight-lifting and wrestling, too, for the cards are stacked against you in these sports. The ligaments and tissues which support the joints of ectomorphs are weak and easily injured.

Finally, there are the endomorphs, the fat boys. In general they are broad of beam and short-armed, with small hands and feet. Because of the pounding their feet take, they often suffer from foot weaknesses. They're best at low-powered activities like cycling, bowling, and swimming. They may do well in water sports, where the water supports part of their weight, and they frequently become punishing water-polo players.

These are the basic types, but the average person has characteristics of all three in his make-up. The medium-body types, who combine features of all three types in a fairly even ratio, are often supposed to make the best all-around athletes. Such persons—not too fat, not too thin, not too heavily muscular—do well in sports like baseball, basketball, and boxing. In track, they are the star operators in the pentathlon and the decathlon.

But when you have discovered what your basic body type is, you have only begun to find out where you fit in the athletic picture. Over-all size counts in such sports as basketball and football. Long arms for leverage help in throwing the javelin and in hurling a baseball. But, other things being equal, small people are relatively more powerful than big ones, and they also tend to be quicker. There's a lot to be said from an engineering point of view in favor of the good little man.

There's elementary mechanical engineering too in the operation of the arms and legs. Your arms and legs are third-class levers, levers actually more suited for distance and speed than for power. Long legs combined with a slender body often mark good runners and jumpers. Incidentally, high-jumpers are also likely to be tall and long-legged and, surprisingly, to have broader-than-average feet. One of the most thorough studies of runners ever made was that of a German scientist named Kohlrausch, who went over runners at the 1928 Olympics with a tape measure and a notebook. The twenty-two best sprinters at that meet averaged almost 142½ pounds in weight and a shade under five-feet-eight in height. The average quarter-miler was over an inch taller and almost a pound and a half heavier. The middle-distance runners averaged a trifle over 146½ pounds in weight and slightly under five-feet-nine in height. More important, their

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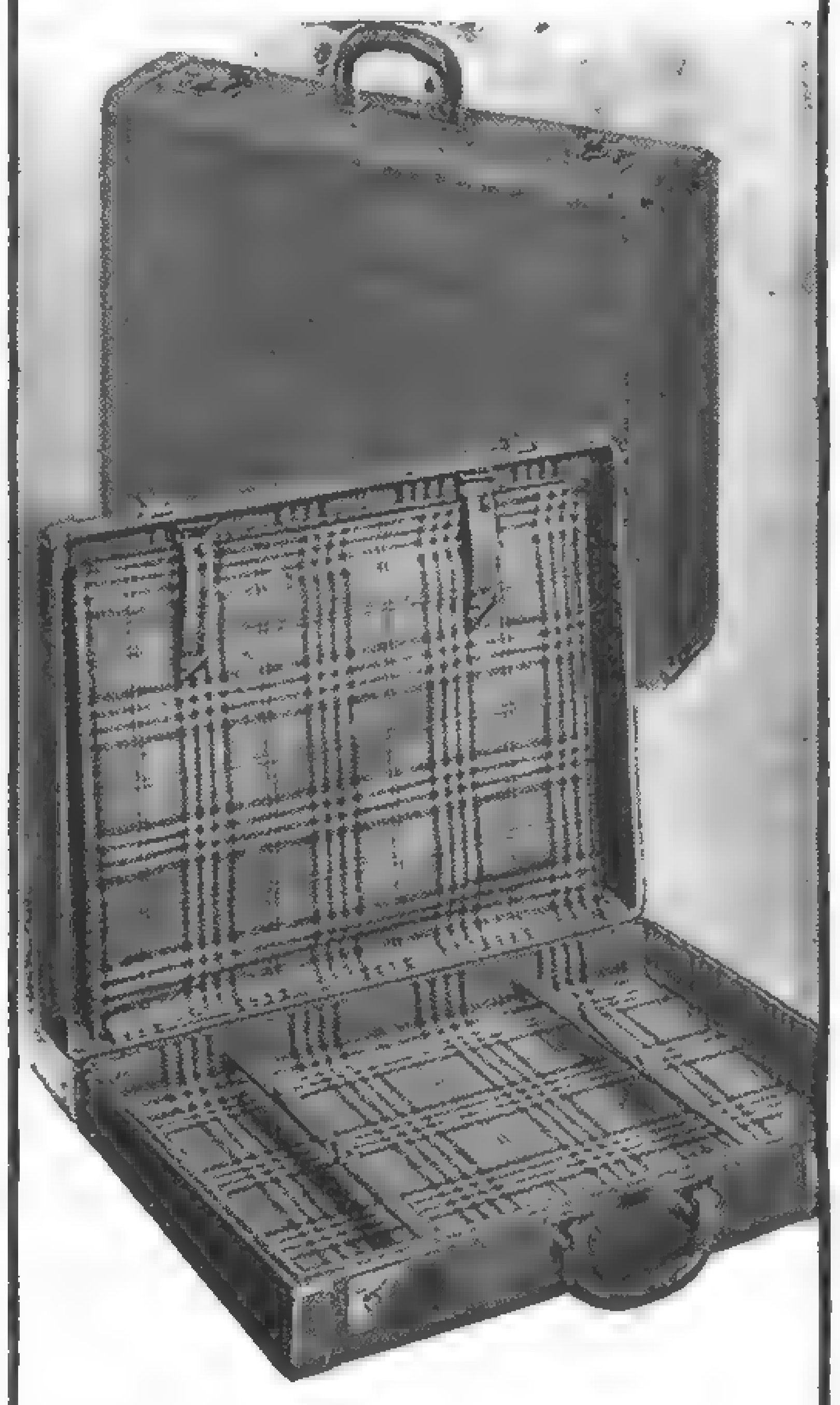

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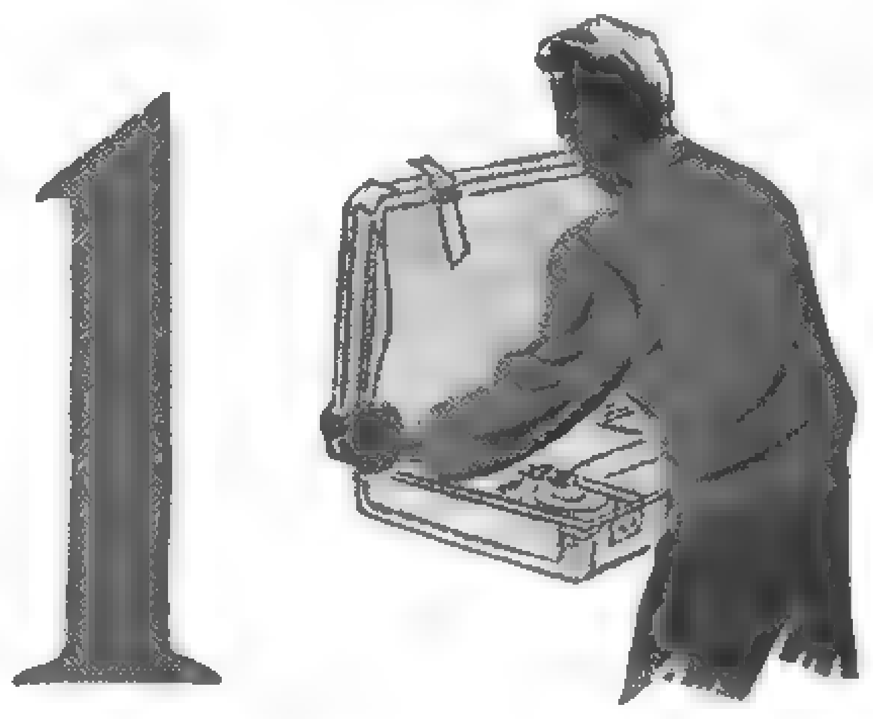

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lung capacity was greater than that of the others. Lightweights among the Olympic runners, according to Kohlrausch, were the distance champions—shrimps around five feet seven, weighing on the average 132 pounds.

Other studies seem to have borne out the fact that runners on the whole are slender. (But there are exceptions to every rule: Buddy Young, who sprinted fast at Illinois before he went in for professional football, is of the short, stocky type.) Swimmers, on the other hand, tend to be of the medium-body type, not conspicuously extreme in any of their physical development. But different specialists in swimming seem to differ from one another just as runners do. In an examination of Olympic swimmers, Dr. Thomas Cureton of the University of Illinois found that sprinters tend to have exceptionally strong arms and legs. Miyazaki, the Japanese 100-meter champion, had an arm-pulling strength of 95.1 pounds. (College students majoring in physical education have an average arm strength of 68.3 pounds, and high-school girls average a trifle over 31 pounds.) Middle-distance swimmers tested by Dr. Cureton had a greater lung capacity than the sprinters and ran a little more to fat. They floated well—which indicates light bone structure and much body fat.

The whole problem of muscle strength is closely bound up with athletic success. In general, it's true that the bigger your muscles, the stronger they will be—except where fat built up inside the muscles cuts down on their over-all strength. A man with small muscles can, nevertheless, learn to use what muscular equipment he has with the utmost efficiency. It's possible for anyone to acquire muscular skills and to improve his rating in the dynamometer tests that are used to determine muscular strength.

However, your muscles need constant exercise to keep at their best. Dr. Cureton figures that two hours or so of exercise a day are needed just to keep in shape. But even less time, spent intelligently, can work wonders. Cureton warns, though, against violent exercise for anyone out of condition. It takes time and patience to get the muscles back into shape and to adjust the body to unaccustomed violent strains. In fact, if you're over thirty-five it might be wiser to forget all about violent games and competition with younger men—unless you've managed to keep in tiptop physical condition.

And this problem of age does affect your muscles. Tests made by a couple of scientists out in California recently showed that the strength of your muscles begins to decay around twenty-five. You gradually get stronger up to this point, and then you start slipping. By the time he hits sixty, the average man has lost about fifteen per cent of his muscular strength. And your muscles re-

Continued on page 138

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Let Your Body Pick Your Sport

Continued from page 137

spond to a lot of other factors, including your diet and your ability to fight off disease. In fact, they are so sensitive that tests of muscle strength may tell whether or not a person is coming down with a cold as much as three days before other symptoms appear.

In our discussion of body type, structure, and muscles, we've only touched a part of the story. Every major sport is a sort of physiological recipe, which needs, as ingredients, varying amounts of endurance, agility, body flexibility, balance, strength, and co-ordination. In strenuous sports, for example, you won't be worth much if you don't have the right kind of heart and lungs, the proper organs to keep your body operating even after you want to quit. Take the heart, for instance. One of the best ways of figuring the efficiency of your heart is by counting the pulse rate—even though the pulse normally goes skyrocketing during strenuous exercise. The quicker your pulse gets back to normal after violent exertion, the more efficient your heart and lungs. Trained athletes often have a slower pulse rate than the average person because their hearts are more efficient and pump more blood with each beat than the average heart. Actual figures vary, but by and large the average person has a pulse rate of 72 a minute, which decreases in old age. Trained athletes have about nine less pulsebeats a minute than persons who aren't in training. One survey has shown that the pulse of athletes averaged 69 during the first year of training, dropped five beats the second year, and an extra eight beats during the third.

Pulse rates also vary with the sport. Sprinters have been found to have pulse rates of 66, while the marathon boys, who run those grueling uphill and downdale miles, average pulse rates of only 59. Great distance runners have slow, powerful hearts. Obviously the answer seems to be that while exercise undoubtedly helps to lower the pulse and make the heart more powerful, a low pulse and powerful heart are a starting advantage in endurance sports.

Furthermore, the hearts of trained athletes often tend to be larger than those of nonathletes. The record seems to show that, in particular, a big and efficient heart is needed for all sports that test endurance. Exercise can make the heart bigger as it enlarges the total physique, particularly up to the age of seventeen or eighteen. After that the heart rarely grows.

The lungs are just as important as the heart if you're thinking of an athletic career. Measuring vital capacity, the amount of air that can be taken in at one breath is one way of measuring how well the lungs work. The vital capacity of an average man is two and eight-tenths quarts. Back in 1936,

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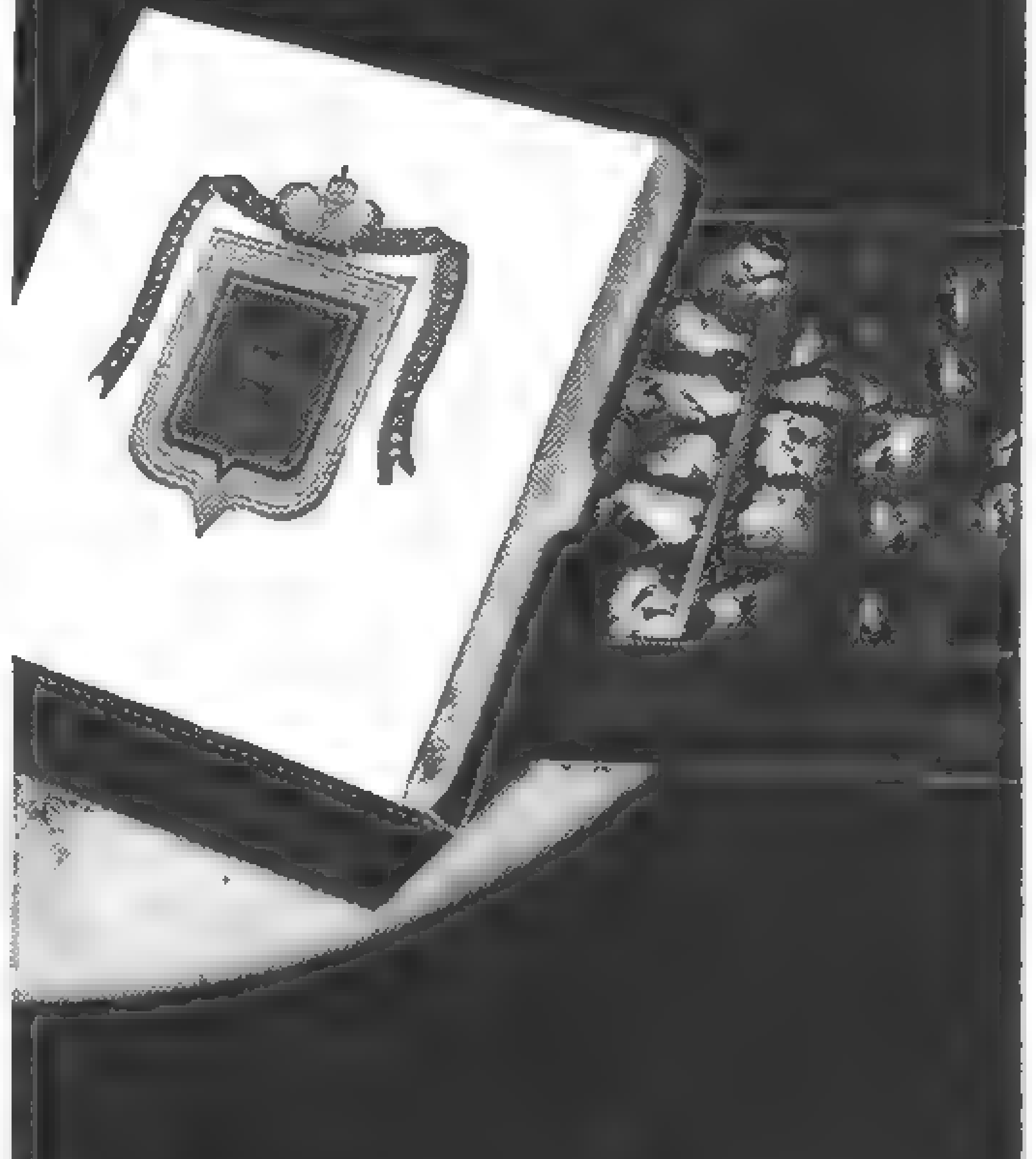

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the thirteen best American Olympic swimmers were found to have an average vital capacity of around five and a third quarts of air. Swimmers tend to have a larger vital capacity than other athletes. Vital capacity is something exercise can improve. Tests have shown that training and exercise will sometimes send the vital capacity up as much as fifty per cent. On the other hand, if your vital capacity is low, stick to sports that don't require much endurance.

There are other parts of the body, too, that help to determine a man's athletic efficiency, and studies are constantly being made of every possible factor in the over-all picture. These studies, scientists believe, will have remarkable results: eventually there will be less wasted effort on the part of athletes and quicker channelizing into sports where the best accomplishment is possible. But still, as far as we've gone, the entire problem is by no means cut and dried. As Dr. Franklin Henry believes, success in running, for example—and this sounds like a good bet for other sports as well—is about twenty per cent psychological. That means self-confidence, the old do-or-die spirit. It's this psychological factor that helps make a champion runner out of a Glenn Cunningham, whose legs were badly burned in childhood, or which makes a one-armed fighter win a boxing tournament.

Twenty per cent of sports success depends on skill and technique, says Dr. Henry. When doctors examined Gunder Haegg and Arne Andersson, the great Swedish runners, they looked for unusual development in their bodies. Since they didn't find any, they came to the conclusion that what physiological differences there were resulted from training, that technique and judgment contributed as much as physique to their fabulous running skill.

Forty per cent, according to Henry's figures, is physiology. This includes a host of factors: the way your body uses up energy, how efficient your heart and lungs are, how your muscles operate, the amount of lactic acid produced in the tissues during exercise, and how this lactic acid is disposed of. Physiology includes, in addition, such things as the body's ability to draw oxygen from its tissues during a race, and to replenish the oxygen at the race's end.

The final twenty per cent? Well, Doctor Henry is forced to admit that so far he doesn't know what the final twenty per cent of sports success depends on. But this percentage of what makes a great athlete is being steadily tracked down. There are entire problems of temperament and character that need study as well as factors of climate, air pressure, and the like. As each of these separate questions is answered, we get closer and closer to the heart of the problem of what makes athletes tick. #

Continued from page 33

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